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**HEINRICH HEINE'S
MEMOIRS**

THE WORKS OF HEINRICH HEINE

Translated (Vols. I. to VIII.) by CHARLES GODFREY LELAND; (Vol. IX.) by T. BROOKSBANK; (Vols. X. to XII.) by MARGARET ARMOUR. Uniformly bound in twelve volumes. Crown 8vo, Price 5s. each.

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THE FAMILY LIFE OF HEINRICH HEINE

Illustrated by 122 hitherto unpublished letters. Edited by Baron LUDWIG VON EMDEN and Translated by CHARLES GODFREY LELAND. In One Vol. Demy 8vo, with Portraits, Price 6s.

LONDON

WILLIAM HEINEMANN, 21 BEDFORD ST., W.C.





Heine
(1840)

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

FROM HIS WORKS, LETTERS,
AND CONVERSATIONS

EDITED BY GUSTAV KARPELES

ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
GILBERT CANNAN



IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

WITH PORTRAIT

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WILLIAM HEINEMANN

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

For many years after Heine's death the rumour was current that he had left complete memoirs of his life, and considerable disappointment was felt when only a small fragment of these was published in 1884 by Dr. Edward Engel, more especially as this fragment was a very exquisite piece of intimate self-revelation. Since then many letters of his have come to light, showing vital indications of his extraordinary personality and interesting episodes have been related in the writings of others, notably in Camille Selden's charming recollections of Heine's last years. There thus exists a mass of material of a personal kind concerning Heine's life, than which probably no more intimately pathetic record of any man of letters could be found in the range of modern literature; for was there ever a human being so full of laughter and tears as Heinrich Heine?—from the days of exuberant youth, filled with love and song, down to the wretched end in Montmartre.

Some twenty years ago the editor of the present volume collected a large amount of this material and formed it into a consecutive, though still imperfect, narrative. In the intervening years still more isolated facts have come to light, further correspondence has been published, so

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

that now, when little, if anything, more can be expected, a really complete life of the poet appears in these self-revelations, which, though they were not written as a consecutive record, form nevertheless memoirs as complete as if they had been put together by Heine himself.

It is curious that the earlier version, which ran through several editions, should never have attracted a translator in England, though one of the early fragmentary editions was translated in America. This could however anyhow not suffice to-day in view of the recent publication of the complete work, and the publishers of these volumes are persuaded that English and American readers will find this picture of a great soul in joy and in suffering as irresistible as it appears to Germans.

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BOOK I
CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH
(1799-1819)



INTRODUCTION

INDEED, dear lady, I have endeavoured to set down as truthfully and faithfully as may be the memorabilia of my time in so far as I myself in my own person have been concerned with them as an onlooker or as a victim.

I have however been compelled, partly from tiresome family considerations, and partly from religious scruples, almost by one half to destroy these notes to which I have complacently given the title of "Memoirs."

I have been at some pains meagrely to fill up the gaps which have appeared, though I am afraid, being constrained thereto by posthumous obligations or disgust and self-torment, of delivering up my Memoirs before my demise to a new *auto-da-fé* and that what is then spared by the flames will perhaps never see the light of publicity. . . .

Upon such a confession as this, dear lady, you will perceive that I cannot, as you would have me, grant you the privilege of reading my Memoirs and writings.

And yet, being, as I have ever been, a humble courtier of your gentleness, I cannot altogether deny you anything that you may ask, and in testimony of my goodwill I am disposed in another fashion to pacify that passive curiosity which comes from your tender interest in my lot.

To this intent I have written the following pages, and you will find those biographical notes which have an interest for yourself set down quite royally in their fulness. Everything that is pregnant and characteristic is here

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

faithfully communicated, and the interplay of outward circumstance and inward happenings of the soul reveals to you the sign manual of my being. The veil falls from my soul and you may see it in its lovely nakedness. There are no stains, only wounds. Ah! only wounds dealt by the hands of my friends, not of my enemies!

The night is still. Outside is only the spattering of the rain on the roofs and the melancholy moaning of the autumn wind.

My poor sick room is at this moment almost home-like in its pleasantness, and free from pain I sit in my great chair.

Enter a fair vision without stirring the latch of the door, and thou takest thy place on the cushion at my feet. Lay thy fair head on my knees and listen, but look not up at me.

I will tell thee the fairy-tale of my life.

If great drops of water fall on thy tresses, give no heed to them; it is not the rain oozing through the ceiling. Weep not, only in silence press my hand.

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD

THE last moonbeams of the eighteenth and the first red dawn of the nineteenth century played about my cradle.

My mother tells how, during her pregnancy, she saw an apple hanging in some one else's garden but forebore to take it that her child might not be a thief. Wherefore all my life long I have had a secret longing for fine apples, together with a respect for the property of another and a horror of thieving.

For the date of my birth I set down that, according to my certificate of baptism, I was born on December 13, 1799, and at Düsseldorf on the Rhine.

As all our family papers were destroyed by fire at Hamburg, and as, for reasons that I decline to state, the date of my birth as it stands in the archives of Düsseldorf cannot be accurate, the above is alone authentic, and in any case more authentic than my mother's recollections, for her decaying memory cannot supply the place of those lost papers.

Place and time are things of great moment. I was born at the end of the sceptical eighteenth century, and in a town where not only the French, but also the genius of the French, ruled during my childhood: at Düsseldorf on the Rhine.

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

Yes, dear lady, there was I born, and I make this observation expressly with an eye on the contingency that after my death seven towns—Schilda, Krähwinkel, Polhwitz, Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen, and Schöppenstedt, may wrangle for the honour of being my native city. Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine: 16,000 men and women live there, and many hundreds of thousands of men and women besides lie buried there. And among them are many of whom my mother says that it were better were they still alive; for instance, my grandfather and my uncle, old Herr de Geldern and young Herr de Geldern, who were both such celebrated doctors, and saved so many men from death, and yet had to die themselves. And the pious Ursula, who bore me in her arms as a child, she lies buried there also, and a rose-tree grows on her grave—she loved the scent of roses in her life, and her heart was all scent of roses and kindness.

The wise old prebendary, he lies buried there too. Dear Lord, how wretched he looked when last I saw him. He was all mind and plasters, and day and night he studied as though he were anxious lest the worms should find some ideas too few in his head. Little William lies there too, and for that I am sorry. We were schoolfellows at the Franciscans, and played on that side of the monastery where the Düssel flows between stone walls, and I said: "William, save the kitten that has fallen into the water," and bravely he went down to the planks that lay across the stream, snatched the kitten from the water, but fell in himself, and when they fished him out he was drowned dead. The kitten, however, lived for a long time.

CHILDHOOD

The pearl for the first, for the second the cover
O William Wisetzki, your life was soon over—
But the kitten, the kitten was saved.

He climbed the plank, but it split asunder,
And drowned he lay in the water under—
But the kitten, the kitten was saved.

We followed his bier! the boy of our love;
They laid him where May flowers bloomed above—
But the kitten, the kitten was saved.

Ah, wise were you who a shelter won
Ere the storms of life were well begun—
But the kitten, the kitten was saved.

Ah yes, you were wise to escape so quick;
You were cured of your ill before you fell sick—
But the kitten, the kitten was saved.

As my years have mounted, more and more
I have thought of you sadly, and envied you sore—
But the kitten, the kitten was saved.

The town of Düsseldorf is very fine, and when one has been born there and thinks of it from far away, there is a power of thought in his head. I was born there, and I feel now that I must forthwith go home. And when I say "go home," I mean the Bolkerstrasse and the house where I was born. This house was, once upon a time, very remarkable, and I have told the old lady who owns it that she must not sell it on pain of her life. For the whole house she would not get so much as the tip that the green-veiled, gentle Englishwomen give to the maid when she shows them the room where I first saw the light of the world, and the hen-coop in which my father used to confine me when I had stolen grapes, and the brown door

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

on which my mother taught me to write the letters of the alphabet with chalk. Heavens, dear lady, if I have become a famous writer, it cost my poor mother trouble enough !

But my fame sleeps still in the marble quarries of Carrara. The waste-paper laurels with which my brows are decked have not yet scattered their scent over all the world, and, at this time, when the green-veiled English-women come to Düsseldorf, they leave the famous house unvisited and go straight to the market-place to see the colossal black equestrian statue which stands in the middle of it. This is supposed to represent the Elector John William. He wears black armour and a heavy hanging periwig.

He is said to have been a brave man, a great lover of art, and, even to have been very clever. . . .

In those days Princes were not the harassed fellows they are now, and their crowns were set firmly on their heads, growing there, and at night they drew night-caps over them and slept peacefully ; and peacefully at their feet slept their people, who, when they awoke in the morning, said : " Good morning, father ! " and the Princes answered : " Good morning, dear children ! "

But suddenly all that was changed. When we awoke one morning at Düsseldorf and were about to say " Good morning, father ! " our father had gone away and in all the town was nothing but stunned disquiet. Everywhere was a sort of funeral mood, and the people slunk in silence to the market-place, and read the long bill on the door of the council house. It was wild weather and yet the thin tailor, Kilian, stood in his nankeen jacket, which it was his habit to wear in the house, and his cotton stockings hung down so that his bare legs peeped out uneasily, and his thin

CHILDHOOD

lips trembled while he muttered to himself the contents of the placard. An old Palatine pensioner read a little louder, and at certain words a bright tear trickled down into his venerable white moustache. I stood by him and wept with him and asked him why we wept. To this he answered: "The Elector gives thanks," and then he read further and at the words, "for the approved loyalty of his subjects," "absolves you from your obligations," he wept the more. It is a wonderful sight to see so old a man in faded uniform and with seared soldier's face suddenly brought to such bitter tears. As we read, the electoral flag was taken down from the council-house, and everything seemed then so utterly dreary and it was as though we were awaiting an eclipse of the sun: the Councillors went about so downcast and so slowly, and the almighty beadle looked as though his authority were at an end, and he stood there calm and indifferent, although Aloysius the Fool strutted and with crazy grimaces chattered forth the names of the French generals, while Gumpertz the drunken crook-back danced about in the gutter and sang: "*Ça ira ! Ça ira !*"

I went home and wept, and cried aloud: "The Elector gives thanks!" My dear mother was distressed, but I knew what I knew; nothing was to be got from me, and I went weeping to my bed, and in the night I dreamed that the world was come to an end—the fair flower-gardens and the green meadows were taken from the ground like carpets and rolled up; the beadle climbed a tall ladder and took the sun down from the heavens; Kilian the tailor stood by and said to himself: "I must go home and dress myself up, for I am dead and am to be buried to-day"—and darkness grew; a few stars glimmered wanly, and even they fell down like yellow autumn leaves. Gradually men

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

and women disappeared, and I, poor child, wandered in torment until at last I stood before the willow-hedge of a barren farm, and there I saw a man digging up the earth with a spade, and by his side an ugly, spiteful woman, who had something like a human head in her lap; and it was the moon, and she laid it with sorrowful care in the open trench. And behind me stood the Palatine Pensioner sobbing and stuttering: "The Elector gives thanks."

CHAPTER II

AT SCHOOL

THE next day the world was restored to order and just as before there was school, and just as before the lesson was learned by heart—the Roman kings, the dates, the nouns in *im*, the irregular verbs, Greek, Hebrew, Geography, German, mental arithmetic—my head whirled with it—everything had to be learned by heart. And much of it stood me in good stead in later days. For if I had never known the Roman kings by heart, it would not have mattered a straw to me whether Niebuhr had or had not proved that they never existed. And had I not known those dates how could I ever have found my way in later days in Great Berlin where one house is as like another as a drop of water is to another, or a grenadier to his fellows, and where it is impossible to find acquaintances unless one has the number of their house in his head. . . . As I have said, dates are absolutely essential; I know men who had no more than a couple of dates in their head and were able therefore to find the right houses in Berlin, and are now professors in ordinary. But for my part I had trouble with figures! And with arithmetic my case was even worse. At my best I was able to grasp subtraction, and there is a very practical rule for that: “4 from 3 won’t go, borrow 1”—but I advise anybody in such a case to borrow a few pennies more, for you never can tell——

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

As for Latin, dear lady, I have not the least idea how that became so complicated. The Romans would not have had much time left for the conquering of the world if they had first had to learn Latin. These fortunate people knew from their cradles what nouns have the accusative in *im*. I, on the contrary, had to learn them by heart in the sweat of my brow; but it is just as well that I do know them. To take an example: If, on July 20, 1825, when I gave a public disputation in Latin in the Hall at Göttingen—dear lady, it were well worth your while to have been present—I had said *sinapem* instead of *sinapim*, the freshers there might have noticed it, and it would have been my lasting shame. *Vis, buris, sitis, tussis, cucumis, amussis, cannabis, sinapis*—these words which have made so great a stir in the world, accomplished the feat of belonging to a definite class and yet remaining an exception: wherefore I was wary of them, and that I have them at my finger-tips, in case of a sudden need of them, is a thought that gives me inward calm and comfort in many a troubled hour of life. But, dear lady, the irregular verbs—they are distinguished from the regular verbs in that they are more productive of thrashings—they are indeed horribly difficult. In the dim cloisters of the Franciscan monastery, not far from the schoolroom there hung at that time a great crucified Christ of grey wood, a dreary form, that even now at times strides through my dreams of a night, and gazes mournfully at me with blank and bloody eyes—before this I used often to stand and pray: “Thou poor, thou ever-tormented God, if everything is possible for Thee, then do thou look to it that I keep the irregular verbs in my head.”

Of Greek it is not my intention to speak: for my irritation would wax too great. The monks of the Middle Ages

AT SCHOOL

were not altogether so far short of the truth in maintaining that Greek was an invention of the Devil. God knows the suffering which I endured because of it. I was on better terms with Hebrew, for I had ever a great predisposition for the Jews, though to this very hour they have not ceased to crucify my good name; but I was not so successful with Hebrew as my watch which had much intimate intercourse with pawnbrokers, and therefore adopted many Jewish customs—for instance, it did not go on Saturdays—and learned the blessed tongue, and even the grammar of it; as I often heard to my amazement on sleepless nights, when it ticked away to itself: *katal, katalta, katalti—kittel, kittalta, kittalti—pokat, pokadeti—pikt—pik—pik—*

Meanwhile I had a firmer grasp of the German tongue. And that is no child's play. For we poor Germans, plagued with having soldiers quartered on us, with military duties, with poll-taxes, and a thousand and one imposts, have taken upon our shoulders in addition the burden of the aristocracy, and we torture ourselves with the accusative and dative. I learned much of the German tongue from the old rector, Schallmeyer, a fine old clergyman, who was devoted to me from my childhood on. But I learned something also from Professor Schramm, who wrote a book on Eternal Peace, and in his class was for the most part bothered with my schoolfellows . . .

Writing away in pursuit of a train of thought, and thinking of all kinds of things by the way, I have unwittingly chattered my way into tales of my schooldays, and I seize the opportunity of showing you, dear lady, how it was not my fault if I learned so little of geography that in later life I could not find my way about the world. At that time, you must know, the French had broken all

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frontiers, and every day new light was thrown upon the countries of the map ; what had once been blue had now suddenly become green ; many were blood red : the souls of the prescribed school-books were so changed about and mixed up that never a devil could tell one from another ; and also the products of the countries were altered—chicory and beetroot growing where formerly only hares and young squires a-hunting were to be seen ; even the characters of the nations were transformed ; the Germans became pliant, the French ceased to pay compliments, and the English no more threw their money out of window, and the Venetians were not clever enough . . .

In short, in such times it is impossible to go very far in geography.

Things are a little better in natural history, for there cannot come to pass so many changes in that, and there are absolutely definite engravings of apes, kangaroos, zebras, rhinoceroses, &c. With such pictures lingering in my memory, it very often happened to me in later days that many human beings seemed at first sight to resemble my old acquaintances.

Things went well in mythology also. I took very great pleasure in the rabble of gods ruling the world in their jolly nakedness. I do not believe that any schoolboy in ancient Rome ever learned better by heart than I the chief articles of the old catechism, as, for instance, the loves of Venus. . . . But best of all for me was the French class of the Abbé d'Aulnoi, a French *émigré*, who had written a number of grammar books, and wore a red wig and hopped about gaily as he held forth on his *Art Poétique* and his *Histoire Allemande*. In all the school he was the only one to teach German history.

It can easily be imagined that there must come open

AT SCHOOL

hostility between myself and the old periwig. He denied in me all sense of poetry, and called me a barbarian of the forest of Teutoburg. It is still a horror to me that I was set to translate the speech of Caiaphas to the Sanhedrin from the hexameters of Klopstock's *Messiad* into French Alexandrines, taking the extract from the Professor's Anthology! It was a refinement of cruelty, surpassing even the agony of the Passion of the Messiah, and even He would not have borne it in peace. God forgive me; I cursed the world and the foreign oppressors, and I came near to being an eater of Frenchmen. I might have been able to die for France, but to make French verses—never!

The quarrel was pacified by the Rector and my mother. My mother was not at all pleased that I should learn to make verses, even if they were only French. She was in the greatest fear that I might become a poet—that was the worst, she used to say, that could happen to me. The notions bound up with the name of poet in those days were not particularly honourable, and a poet was a poor devil out-at-elbows, who supplied occasional verse for a few shillings, and in the end died in the hospital. . . .

The French tongue also has its difficulties, and to the learning of it are needed much quartering of soldiers, the rattle of many drums, much *apprendre par cœur*, and above all the scholar must by no means be a *Bête allemande*. There was many a bitter word—I remember as well as though it were only yesterday that I had many an unpleasant experience through *la religion*. Quite six times was the question put to me: "Henry, what is *der Glaube* in French?" And six times did I answer: "It is *le crédit*." And at the seventh time the examiner, raging and cherry-brown in face, cried: "It is, *la religion*"——and blows rained and all my class-mates laughed. Dear

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

lady! from that moment I have been unable to breathe the word *Réligion* without my back growing blue with fear and my cheeks red with shame, and I do honestly confess that *le crédit* has stood me in better stead in my life than *la religion*.

It is necessary to learn the spirit of a language, and this is best come by through the sound of drums. *Parbleu!* What do I not owe to the French drummer who was quartered on us, and looked like a devil, but was in truth as good-hearted as an angel, and drummed quite excellently. He had a little mobile face with a fearsome black moustache, under which his red lips curled defiantly, while his piercing eyes darted hither and hither. I, tiny boy that I was, stuck to him like a burr and helped him to polish his buttons till they shone like a mirror, and to whiten his waistcoat with chalk—for Monsieur Le Grand set out to please—and I followed him even upon guard, to the roll-call, and on parade—nothing but the glitter of arms and merriment—*les jours de fête sont passés!* Monsieur Le Grand had only a little broken German, no more than the necessary expressions—bread, kiss, honour—but he could very cleverly make himself understood on his drum; for instance, when I did not know what the word *liberté* meant then he would drum the march of the Marseillaise, and I understood him. . . .

In the same way he taught me recent history. I did not understand the words that he spoke, but as he drummed in illustration of what he was saying, I knew what it was that he wished to express. Really that is the best method of teaching. The history of the storming of the Bastille, the Tuileries and the rest is only understood rightly when one knows how they drummed on those occasions. . . .

My damned heedless feet! They played me a trick

AT SCHOOL

once when I was attending the lectures of Professor Saalfeld at Göttingen, and he with his stiff movements was jumping about in his chair and lashing himself up to a good set blackguarding of the Emperor Napoleon—no, poor feet, I cannot think ill of you for drumming then: nay, I never would for one moment have thought ill of you, if in your stupid simplicity you had stamped out even more clearly what you had to say. How could I, the pupil of Le Grand, hear the Emperor slandered? The Emperor! The Emperor! The Great Emperor! When I think of the Great Emperor then all is summer green and golden in my thoughts; a long avenue of limes blooms forth into my vision, and in the bowers of their branches sit singing nightingales: a waterfall roars, flowers stand in round beds and dreamily nod their lovely heads—and I was in wonderful nearness to it all. The painted tulips greeted me with beggarly pride and condescension; the nerve-sick lilies nodded tender and woe-begone; the drunken red roses greeted me laughing from afar, the night-violets sighed—I was not yet acquainted with the myrtles and laurels, for they lured not with glowing blossoms, but I was on particularly good terms with the mignonette, with whom I now stand so ill—I am speaking of the palace garden at Düsseldorf, where often I lay on the turf and listened eagerly while Monsieur Le Grand told me of the warlike deeds of the great Emperor and, as he told, beat out the marches that had been drummed during the doing of those deeds, so that I saw and heard everything vividly. Monsieur Le Grand drummed so that he well-nigh broke the drum of my ear. . . .

But what it was to me when I saw him, I myself, with thrice blessed eyes, his very self. Hosannah! The Emperor.

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It was in the avenue of the Palace garden at Düsseldorf. As I thrust my way through the throng, I thought of the deeds and the battles which Monsieur Le Grand had drummed to me, and my heart beat the march of the General—and yet at the same time I thought of the police order prohibiting riding through the avenue, penalty five shillings—and the Emperor with his suite rode down the middle of the avenue, and the scared trees bowed as he passed, and the sunbeams trembled in fear and curiosity through the green leaves, and in the blue heavens there swam visibly a golden star. The Emperor was wearing his modest green uniform and his little cocked hat known the world over. He was riding a little white horse that paced so calmly, so proudly, so securely, and with such an air . . . Listlessly sat the Emperor, almost loosely, and one hand held high the rein, and the other tapped gently on the neck of the little horse. . . . The Emperor rode calmly down the middle of the avenue. No agent of the police opposed him; behind him proudly rode his followers on foaming steeds, and they were laden with gold and adornments; the drums rattled, the trumpets blared; near me Aloysius the Fool threaded his way and babbled the names of the Generals; not far off sottish Gumpertz bellowed, and with a thousand thousand voices the people cried: “Long live the Emperor!”

CHAPTER III

MY MOTHER

My mother had in her mind great, ambitious projects for me, and her whole plan of education was directed to that end. She played the chief part in the history of my education, she mapped out the programme of my studies, and even before my birth she had begun her plans. I followed her express wishes obediently, but I confess that she was to blame for the unfruitfulness of most of my endeavours and strivings in citizenly employment, for it was never in accord with my nature which, far more than material circumstances, decided my fate.

The stars of our fortune are in ourselves. At first it was the splendour of the Empire that dazzled my mother, and when the daughter of a hardware manufacturer of our neighbourhood, a friend of my mother's, became a duchess and told her that her husband had won many battles and would shortly be promoted to kingship—ah, then my mother dreamed for me of the most golden of epaulettes or the most elaborately embroidered office at the Emperor's Court, to whose service she designed to devote me. Therefore I had to pursue a course of such studies as would promote such a career, and although quite enough attention was paid to mathematical science at the *lycée* and I was properly crammed by dear old Professor Brewer with

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

geometry, statics, hydrostatics, and so forth, and though I swam in a sea of logarithms and algebra, yet I had to take private tuition in such mental exercises as would set me on the way to becoming a great strategist, even, if need be, an administrator of conquered provinces.

However, with the fall of the Empire my mother was compelled to renounce the glorious career which she had dreamed for me. . . .

She never exercised any control over my own way of thinking and was always compassionate and loving towards me.

Her religion was a strict deism which was altogether adapted to her prevailing good sense. She was a pupil of Rousseau, had read his "Emile," suckled her children herself, and education was her hobby. She herself had enjoyed a learned education and had been the companion in his studies of one of her brothers who became a distinguished physician, but died young. When she was quite a little girl she used to read Latin dissertations and other learned works to her father, and often she astounded the old man with her questions.

Her reason and her sensibility were sanity itself, and it was not from her that I inherited my disposition for the fantastic and romantic. She lived, as I have mentioned, in dread of poetry, snatched from me every romance that she found in my hands, never allowed me to go to the play, forbade me to take part in popular sports, kept an eye on the company I kept, scolded the maids if they told ghost-stories in my presence, and in short did everything possible to keep me from superstition and poetry.

She was frugal, but only in her own concerns; she could be extravagant to give pleasure to others, and, as she did not care for money, though she appreciated it, she gave

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with a free hand and often astonished me by her benevolence and generosity.

What sacrifices she made for her son when in hard times she gave him not only the programme of his studies but also the means for it! When I went to the university my father's affairs were in a very poor way, and my mother sold her jewels, her valuable necklace and ear-rings, in order to ensure for me a revenue for my first four years.

I was not the first of my family to eat up jewels and gobble down pearls at the university. My mother's father, she told me once, accomplished the same feat. The jewels which adorned his dead mother's prayer book had to wrestle with the expenses of his maintenance at the university, for his father, old Lazarus de Geldern, had been brought to great poverty by a lawsuit concerning some succession or other with a married sister, and he had inherited from his father a property of the greatness of which one of my great aunts has told me so many marvels.

Her words rang in my boyish ears like a tale of the thousand and one nights when she told me of the great palaces and the Russian carpets and the massive gold and silver plate which the good man, who had enjoyed so many honours at the court of the Elector and the Electress, lost so unhappily. This town-house was the great hotel in the Rheinstrasse: and what is now the hospital in the new town was his, and so was the castle at Gravenberg, and in the end he had hardly a place whereon to lay his head.

CHAPTER IV

KITH AND KIN

NEXT to my mother her brother, my uncle, Simon de Geldern, was most busied with my development. He was a queer fish, of unprepossessing and even foolish appearance. A little stoutish figure he had and a pallid stern face, with a nose that was Grecianly straight, but by one-third longer than the Greeks were accustomed to wear their noses.

In his youth it was said that his nose was of ordinary length and had only been so elongated by his bad habit of pulling it incessantly. If we children asked my uncle if it were true, he would hotly rebuke us for such disrespectful words and then pull his nose again.

He wore clothes of an old French fashion ; short breeches, white silk stockings, buckled shoes, and, after the old mode, a longish pigtail which, when the little man tripped through the streets, used to hop from one shoulder to another, cutting all sorts of capers and seeming to make a mock of its own master.

Often when my uncle was sitting lost in thought or reading the newspapers a naughty longing would creep over me by stealth to seize hold of his pigtail and tug at it like a bell-pull, whereupon my uncle would grow very angry and wring his hands over the younger generation which was lost to all respect, and was to be held in check

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neither by human nor divine authority, and would end by profaning the Holy of Holies.

However, if the man's exterior was not of a sort to inspire respect, the inner man, the heart of him, was the more worthy of regard, and he was the honestest and most generous fellow that I have ever met upon this earth. There was an honesty of purpose in the man which called to mind the stern sense of honour of the old Spanish drama, and for loyalty he was like unto the Heroes themselves. He never had occasion to be the "physician of his honour," yet he was a "resolute Prince" in knightly greatness, although he did not declaim in four-foot trochees, and did not languish for the palm of death, and instead of a gleaming knightly cloak wore a dull coat with the tail of a water-wagtail.

He was by no means an ascetic enemy of the senses; he doted on fairs and the bar-parlour of Rasia the inn-keeper, where he loved to eat fieldfares and juniper-berries—but he would sacrifice proudly and firmly all the fieldfares of this world and all the pleasures of life if it were a question of an idea which he knew to be good and true. And he would make his sacrifice so unpretentiously, and so almost bashfully, that it was never remarked what a martyr lay concealed under the cover of his chatter.

From the material standpoint his life was a failure. Simon de Geldern had pursued the so-called humanist studies—*humaniora*—at the college of the Jesuits, but when the death of his parents gave him free and full choice of a career he made none, renounced every practical study in foreign universities, and preferred to remain at home at Düsseldorf in the "Noah's Ark," as the little house was called, that his father left him, and had over its

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door a Noah's Ark quite charmingly carved and gaily coloured.

A man of untiring industry, he gave himself up to all his learned hobbies and cranks, to his bibliomania and, especially, to his passion for writing, which had its chief outlet in political news-sheets and obscure periodicals. It should be mentioned that not only writing but also thinking was the greatest effort for him.

Perhaps this passion for writing arose from the impulse to be of general use. He took part in all the questions of the day, and the reading of journals and brochures became quite a mania with him, not for his own scholarship indeed, but because his father and his brother had been doctors of medicine. And the old wives could not be dissuaded from believing that the son of the old doctor, who had so often cured them, must have inherited his father's skill in healing, and when they fell ill came bustling to him, weeping and wailing, with their phials of urine for his inspection, so that he might tell them what ailed them. When my uncle was thus disturbed in his studies, he would quite likely be angry and wish the old trolls with their phials of urine at the devil and drive them away.

This uncle had a great influence on my mental development, and for that I can never cease to thank him. However different our points of view, and however laborious his literary efforts may have been, yet perhaps it was they that roused in me the desire to attempt to write.

My uncle wrote in a stiff, formal style, such as is taught in the Jesuit schools, where Latin is the chief subject, and could not bring himself to look with a friendly eye upon my mode of expression, which seemed to him too light, too frivolous, and too irreverent. But the zeal with which he

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pointed out for me the means of intellectual development was of the greatest use to me.

When I was quite a boy he presented me with the finest and most costly works, he placed his library at my disposal—it was very rich in classical books and weighty tracts for the times—and he even allowed me to burrow in the chests in the attic of the Noah's Ark, which contained the old books and manuscripts of my grandfather.

What sweet glee leaped in my boyish heart as I passed whole days in that attic, a real garret of a place.

It was not a charming haunt, and its only inhabitant, a fat Angora cat, was not scrupulously clean, and only occasionally did she sweep a little of the dust and cobwebs from the lumber that was piled up there.

But my heart was so blooming, so young, and the sun shone so brightly through the little dormer window that everything seemed to be flooded in the light of phantasy and the old cat herself was to me an enchanted princess who, freed from her brutish shape, must show herself in her old fairness and splendour, while the attic would change into a gorgeous palace, as always happens in all the tales of magic. But the good old times of the fairy tales are gone. Cats remain cats, and the attic of the Noah's Ark remained a dirty lumber-room, a hospital for incurable household goods, an almshouse for old pieces of furniture which have reached the last extremity of decrepitude, but cannot be put out of doors for some sentimental attachment and consideration for the pious memories which are bound up in them.

Among the antiquities of the attic were globes, the most wonderful pictures of the planets, and soldering irons and retorts, calling to mind astrological and alchemistic studies.

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In the chests among my grandfather's books were also many writings relating to such secret sciences. Most of the volumes were trashy old medical books. There was no lack of philosophical tomes, but along with the arch-reasonable Cartesius were the Phantasies of Paracelsus, Helmont and Agrippa von Nettesheim, whose *Philosophia Occulta* I came upon for the first time.

The greatest and most precious find that I made in the dusty chests was a note-book written by a brother of my grandfather, who was known as the Chevalier or the Oriental, and of whom my old aunts used to sing and tell many things. This great-uncle, whose name was Simon de Geldern, must have been a strange fellow. He was nicknamed "the Oriental" because he had travelled much in the East and when he returned always wore Oriental clothes. He seems to have sojourned most in the coast-towns of North Africa, in Moroccan territory, and there he learned the armourer's craft from a Portuguese and thrived upon it. He made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where he took part in the ecstasy of the prayer on the mountain of Moria. What did he see? He never disclosed that. An independent tribe of Bedouins, who were not allied to Islam, but to a sort of Mosaicism, and had their house of call in one of the unknown oases of the North African desert, chose him to be their leader or Sheikh. These warlike people lived at feud with all the neighbouring tribes and were the terror of caravans. To speak plain European, my great-uncle, the pious visionary of the holy mountain of Moria, was a robber chief. It was in this gentle company that he came by that knowledge of horse-breeding and the art of riding with which he created so much astonishment when he returned to the West.

At the various Courts at which he stayed for a long time

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together, he was distinguished as much by his personal beauty and dignity as by the splendour of his oriental dress, which casts its spell particularly over the ladies. He made his most striking impression by his pretended secrets, and so no one dared disparage the mighty necromancer to his exalted patrons. The spirit of intrigue feared the spirits of the Black Art. Only his own arrogance could bring him to ruin, and my old aunts used to wag their grey heads as they muttered of the "Oriental's" gallant relations with a very exalted lady, the discovery of which compelled him speedily to quit the court and the country. Only by flight and the desertion of all his belongings could he escape death, and he owed his deliverance to his skill in riding.

After this adventure he appears to have found in England a refuge more secure though more sorrowful: so much I imagine from a pamphlet of my great uncle's printed in London, which I came upon by good luck when I clambered to the highest shelf in the Düsseldorf library. It was an exhortation in French verse entitled: "Moses on Horeb," and was perhaps concerned with the aforesaid vision. But the preface was written in English and dated from London; the verses, like all French verses, were lukewarm water in rhyme, but in the English prose of the preface there was betrayed the dejection of a proud man who finds himself in straitened circumstances.

A puzzling phenomenon, difficult to grasp, was this great-uncle. He led one of those wonderful lives which have only been possible at the beginning or in the middle of the eighteenth century: he was half fanatic, making propaganda for cosmopolitan Utopias to bring blessing upon the world, half knight errant, who in the consciousness of his own strength breaks through or overleaps the rotten

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confines of a rotten society. In any case he was altogether a man.

His quackery, which we do not cloak, was of no common order. He was no ordinary charlatan to draw the teeth of the peasants in the market-place, but he thrust his way into the palaces of the great and plucked out their very back teeth for them, as once upon a time Sir Huon of Bordeaux did for the Sultan of Babylon. Puff is part of the trade, says the proverb, and life is a trade like any other.

And what man of any consequence is not a bit of a charlatan? The quacks of modesty are the worst of all with their conceit of their humble doing! If any man wishes to work upon the mob he must have quack ingredients. The end sanctifies the means. . . .

However that may be, my great-uncle busied his young relative's imagination to an extraordinary degree. Everything that was told of him made an ineradicable impression on my young intelligence, and I was so steeped in his wanderings and fortunes, that often in the clear light of the sun I was seized by an uncanny feeling, and it seemed to me that I myself might be my deceased great-uncle, and was living only a continuation of a life long since laid down.

In the night the same idea was reflected in my dreams. My life at that time was like a great journal of which the upper half contained the present, each day with its news and debates, while in the lower half in a succession of dreams the poetic past was recorded fantastically like a series of *feuilletons*. In these dreams I identified myself completely with my great-uncle, and it was a horror for me to feel that I was some one else and belonged to a different time. There were in that region relationships which I had never

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before suspected, and yet I wandered there sure of foot and mien.

There I met men strangely garbed in bright-hot colours, men with wild adventurous faces, whom I took by the hand like old acquaintances ; I understood their barbarous, unfamiliar language, and answered them to my own astonishment in the same, while I gesticulated with a vehemence not my own and said things violently opposed to my habitual mode of thought.

This wonderful state of things lasted for about a year, and though I altogether recovered my singleness of being, yet there remained secret traces of it in my soul. Many idiosyncrasies, many extremely annoying sympathies and antipathies not at all in accordance with my nature, and many practices contrary to my habit of mind I explain to myself as after-effects of that time of dreams when I was my own great-uncle.

When I make mistakes, the origin of which seems inexplicable to me, I lay them to the account of my oriental double. When I mooted such an hypothesis to my father by way of extenuation of some small misdeed he observed waggishly that he hoped my great-uncle had not put his name to a bill of exchange which might be presented to me for payment.

No such oriental bill of exchange has been presented to me and I have a long enough account with my own occidental obligations. . . .

Into that I don't intend to open up an inquiry, but in pursuit of my personal confessions I prefer to make use of this opportunity to show by example, how at times the most harmless actions have been used by my enemies to further their malicious insinuations. They pretend to have made the discovery that in my biographical writings

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I have said a great deal of my mother's family and nothing at all of my father's, and they set that down for wilful emphasis and elision, and accuse me of the same vain sort of *arrière pensée* as was laid at the door of my late lamented colleague Wolfgang Goethe.

It is true that in his memories he took a peculiar pleasure in speaking of his paternal grandfather, who presided as a stern chief magistrate in the *Römer* at Frankfort, while his maternal grandfather, a reputable jobbing tailor, who squatted on his work-table in the *Bockenheimer Strasse*, mending the old breeches of the republic, was never so much as mentioned.

It is not my affair to defend this blinking of facts of Goethe's, but it is my concern to rectify those malicious interpretations and insinuations which have been so often spread of me, that I am to blame for never having mentioned my paternal grandfather in my writings. The reason is quite simple. I have never known very much to tell of him. My late father came as a stranger to Düsseldorf, my birthplace, and had no relations there; none of those old aunts and cousins who are the old wives' chroniclers, chanting day in day out old family legends with epic monotony for the younger generation, supplying the place of the bag-pipes obbligate of the Scottish bards with the snuffling of their noses. My youthful mind could only receive impressions of the champions of my mother's clan from this source and I listened devoutly to the tales of these old Tibbies and Tabbies.

My father was a very monosyllabic person, spoke little, and once when I was a little boy at the time when I spent the working days at the prim school of the Franciscans and the Sabbath at home, I seized an opportunity to ask my father who my grandfather was. He answered my

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question half laughing, half cross ; " Your grandfather was a little Jew and he had a long beard."

Next day, as I entered the class-room where I found my schoolmates gathered together, I made haste to tell them the great news that my grandfather was a little Jew and had a long beard.

Scarcely had I made the communication than it flew from lip to lip, and was repeated in every different tone of voice to an accompaniment of mimic animal cries. The boys jumped over tables and forms, tore down from the walls the calculating tables, which toppled down to the floor among the ink-pots, and they laughed, bleated, growled, roared, croaked—pandemonium, in which the refrain was my grandfather, who had been a little Jew and had a long beard.

The master of the class heard the noise, and came into the room blazing with anger and asked who was the creator of the uproar. As always happens in such a case, every one attempted feebly to exculpate himself, and at the end of the inquiry, it came about that luckless I was pitched upon as having caused the whole bother by my communication concerning my grandfather, and I paid for my offence with a considerable thrashing.

They were the first blows I had ever come by on this earth, and upon this occasion I made the philosophic observation that the good God who created blows also looked to it in his dear wisdom that he who deals them should grow weary in the end, else in the end they would be insupportable.

The stick with which I was thrashed was a yellow cane, but the weals that it left on my back were dark blue. I have not forgotten them.

Nor did I forget the name of the master who beat me so

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unmercifully : his name was Father Dickerscheit ; he was soon after dismissed from the school for reasons which I remember, but will not tell.

Liberalism has often cast unjust aspersions upon the priesthood, and it is as well to show it some charity when an unworthy member commits crimes, which, after all, can only be ascribed to natural or rather unnatural man.

Together with the name of the man who gave me my first beating there remained in my memory also the cause of it, my unlucky genealogical communication, and the influence of those early youthful impressions is so profound, that whenever I heard tell of little Jews with long beards, an uncanny recollection of it all crept over my back. "A scalded cat fears the boiling kettle," says the proverb, and it should be easy to understand that I have, since that time, had no great inclination to receive more particular information concerning my doubtful grandfather and his pedigree, or to make to the great public as to the small, any communication so fraught with consequence.

I will not however pass unmentioned my paternal grandmother, of whom also I have little to say. She was an extraordinarily beautiful woman and the only daughter of a banker at Hamburg, celebrated far and wide for his wealth. The circumstances lead me to suspect that the little Jew, who led the beauty from the house of her opulent parents to his own dwelling-place, Hanover, had no very great possessions besides his long beard, and must have been very respectable.

He died early, leaving a young widow with six children, all boys, of a most tender age. She returned to Hamburg, and died there at no very great age either.

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I once saw my grandmother's portrait in the bedroom of my uncle, Solomon Heine, at Hamburg.

The artist, who aimed at effects of light and shade in the manner of Rembrandt, had given the picture a black nunnish head-dress, a dark gown, almost as severe, and an inky background, so that the round-cheeked face with its double chin shone like a full moon from out the clouds of night.

Her features bore still the traces of great beauty : they were at once gentle and serious, and in particular the *morbidezza* of the complexion gave to the whole face an expression of distinction of quite an individual character : if the artist had given the lady a great cross of diamonds upon her breast the portrait might have stood for that of a noble abbess of some great protestant foundation.

Only two of my grandmother's children, so far as I know, inherited her remarkable beauty, my father and my uncle Solomon Heine, the late head of the Hamburg banking house of that name.

In my father's beauty there was a weak, characterless, almost effeminate quality. His brother's was rather of a masculine order, and he was indeed a man the strength of whose character was shown in his nobly proportioned and regular features, imposing, and at times even startling.

All his children without exception blossomed into the most entrancing beauty, but death took them in their flower, and of all this lovely nosegay of men and women only two are now living, the present head of the banking house and his sister.

I was fond of all these children, and I loved their mother much, she who was so beautiful and died so young, and all of them have cost me many tears. Indeed, at this very

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moment, I am constrained to shake my jester's cap in order to drown my tearful thoughts in the ring o' bells.

I have already said that my father's beauty was somewhat effeminate. But I do not mean to say that he was less than a man; that he often proved to the contrary in his youth, and indeed I am a living witness to it. Let it be understood that the expression casts no slur; I had in my mind only his physical appearance, which was not rigid and stiff but rather soft and tender. The contour of his features lacked definiteness, and was mistily vague. He was stout in his later years, but even in youth he seems never to have been thin.

In this conjecture I am confirmed by a portrait which was lost in a fire in my mother's house, representing my father as a young man of eighteen or nineteen, in a red uniform with a powdered bag-wig on his head. The type of beauty expressed in his features called to mind neither the severe and chaste ideality of Greek art, nor the spiritual and visionary style, impregnated for all that with Pagan joy, of the Renaissance: no, the aforesaid portrait bore rather the character of an age that had no character and loved beauty less than prettiness, daintiness, and coquetry; an age that brought insipidity even into its poetry, the sweet age of the rococo with all its flourishes, which is called the age of the bag-wig, and wore for token not on its brow but on the back of its head a bag-wig. Had the aforesaid picture of my father been painted on a smaller scale it might have been ascribed to the excellent Watteau painted to make a show, scrolled about with fantastic arabesques of bright jewels and leaf of gold, on a fan of Madame de Pompadour.

It is, perhaps, worthy of remark that even in his later years my father remained faithful to the old French mode

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of powder, although he had the finest hair conceivable. His hair was fair, almost golden, and of a softness such as I have only found in Chinese floss-silk.

He would gladly have kept to the bag-wig, but advancing time was inexorable. In his dilemma my father found a means of pacifying his conscience. He sacrificed only the block and kept the little black bag (*sachet*); he wore his own long hair as a broad-plaited chignon fastened to his head with little combs. From the softness of his hair, and with the powder these plaits were hardly noticeable, and so my father was not really a renegade from the old bag-wig, and like so many crypto-orthodox people, he had only outwardly appeased the dreadful Genesis of Time.

The red uniform in which the counterfeit of my father appears in the aforesaid portrait betokens his official capacity in Hanover. My father was in the train of Prince Ernest of Cumberland at the beginning of the French Revolution and accompanied him on the campaign in Flanders and Brabant in the capacity of a store-master or commissary, or, as the French call it, an *officier de bouche*: the Prussians call it a "meal-worm."

The young man's real office, however, was that of favourite of the Prince, a Brummel *au petit pied* and without a striped cravat, and to the end he fulfilled the destiny of such a toy of princely favour. My father, to the end of his life, remained firmly convinced that the Prince, who later became King of Hanover, had never forgotten him, but he could never explain why the Prince had never sent for him, or made inquiries for him, since he had no means of knowing that his former favourite was not living in a condition in which he might have need of his help.

In that campaign were begotten many of my father's tastes from which my mother was able only gradually to

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wean him. For instance, he was easily induced to play high, and he used to patronise dramatic art, or, rather, its votaries, and he had a passion for dogs and horses. When he arrived in Düsseldorf, where out of love for my mother he set up as a merchant, he brought with him a dozen most beautiful horses. But he exchanged them on the express wish of his young bride, who brought to his notice that such four-footed capital devoured too much fodder and brought in nothing at all.

It was more difficult for my mother to dismiss the stableman, a strapping fellow, who used to lie with some stray rascal or other in the stable playing cards. He went finally of his own accord together with a gold repeater of my father's and a few other valuable trinkets.

When my mother was rid of the rogue she gave my father's hunting dogs their liberty, with one single exception, a dog called Joli, though he was hideously ugly. He found favour in her eyes because he had nothing of the sporting dog in him and was capable of being a faithful, respectable, and virtuous house-dog. He lived in the empty stable in my father's old calèche, and when my father met him they used to exchange meaning glances. "Yes, Joli," my father would say, and Joli would mournfully wag his tail.

In my father's camp days was also begotten his boundless love for the soldiery, or rather for playing at soldiers, and his delight in that gay, idle life, in which spangles and scarlet caps conceal the emptiness inside and tickled vanity can strut as courage.

What happiness then for my father when the citizen army was raised at Düsseldorf and, as an officer, he could don his fine dark-blue uniform, with sky-blue satin slashings, and march past our house at the head of his column. With

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the finest of bows he saluted my mother as she stood blushing at the window, the plume on his three-cornered hat waved so bravely, and brightly shone his epaulettes in the light of the sun.

My father was even more happy when it came to his turn as commanding officer to mount guard and look to the safety of the town. At such times pure *Rüdesheimer* and *Assmannshäuser* of the best vintages flowed in the guardroom, all at the expense of the commanding officer, whose generosity could not be sufficiently lauded by his citizen guards, his Cherethites and Pelethites.

My father enjoyed among them a popularity as great as the enthusiasm with which the old guard exulted round the Emperor Napoleon.

Unbounded love of life was a predominant characteristic of my father; he was a seeker after pleasure, gay and sanguine. In his mind was constant festival and if the dance music was not very noisy the violins were always in tune. There was always blue sky for him and brightness, lightheartedness and tantara! Careless he was and never gave a thought to the day that was gone or the day that was to come.

His disposition was a most wonderful contrast with the gravity of his stern calm countenance, which was displayed in his beauty and in his every movement. Any one who did not know him, seeing for the first time this serious powdered figure, might well have taken him for one of the seven wise men of Greece. In truth his gravity was not borrowed, but it did call to mind those old bas-reliefs in which a merry child is holding a great tragic mask before his face.

Indeed he was a great child with a child-like naïveté, which dull psychologists might easily take for simplicity,

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but it often betrayed in some subtle expression a most remarkable perception.

He would divine with his mental feelers what it took wise men much time and pondering to grasp. He thought less with his head than with his heart and he had the dearest heart conceivable. His smile which often played about his lips, contrasting with the fullest grace with the aforesaid gravity, was the sweet reflection of his good-heartedness.

And his voice, though comely and resonant, had a child-like quality, almost I might say a quality calling to mind the sounds of the woods, or the call of the redbreast, and when he spoke his voice went straight to the heart as though it had no need to find its way through the ears.

He spoke the dialect of Hanover, where, and in the country to the south of the town, the best German is spoken. It was a great advantage to me to have my ears accustomed in early childhood to a good pronunciation of German through my father.

Of all men he was the most beloved on this earth. He has been dead now for more than twenty-five years. I never thought that I must one day lose him and even now I can scarcely believe that he is indeed lost to me. It is so hard to convince ourselves of the death of those creatures whom we have loved much. But indeed they are not dead but live on in us and have their dwelling in our souls.

There has never been a night when my father has not been in my thoughts and when I awake in the morning I often seem to hear the ringing sound of his voice like the echo of a dream. And then the idea comes to me that I must quickly dress and hurry down to him in his room as I used to do when I was a boy.

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My father used to rise very early and apply himself to his business, winter and summer, and I used to find him usually at his writing-table and without looking up he used to hold out his hand for me to kiss.

Sometimes there was more than the kiss of the hand and my father would take me between his knees and kiss me on the forehead. One morning he embraced me with extraordinary tenderness and said: "I dreamed fine things of you last night and am well pleased with you, my dear Harry." As he said these naïve words a smile played about his lips which seemed to say: however naughtily Harry may behave in reality, I will always dream fine things of him so that I may love him undisturbedly.

Harry is the familiar name of the English for those who are called Henry and corresponds exactly to my German baptismal name—"Heinrich."

And out of compliment to one of his best friends in England my name was anglicised by my father. Mr. Harry was my father's agent in Liverpool: he knew the best factories there where velveteen was made, an article of commerce that lay very near to my father's heart more from ambition than from self-interest, for although he maintained that he made much money by it, it always remained very problematical, and my father would perhaps have invested even more money in it, if it came to a question of selling velveteen in better quality and greater quantity than his competitors. My father had really no head for business or accounts, although he was always making them, and trade was to him rather a game, just as children play at soldiers or cooking.

His occupation was indeed only unceasing business. Velveteen was his particular pet, and he was happy when the great waggons were unloaded and the hall was thronged

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with all the trading Jews of the neighbourhood, as soon as they began to unpack, for the Jews were his best customers, and among them his velveteen found not only its best sale but also recognition of its virtues.

As, dear reader, you do not know perhaps what velveteen is, then permit me to explain that it is an English word meaning something like satin, and indicates a sort of satin made of cotton, from which very fine breeches, waistcoats, and even jackets are made. This clothing is also called "Manchester" after the manufacturing town where it was first made.

Because my father's friend who was a very skilled buyer of velveteen, bore the name of Harry, I received this name and I was called Harry in my family and by intimate friends and neighbours.

Even now it gives me great pleasure to be called by that name, although I owe to it much mortification and perhaps the most grievous of my childhood.

Only now that I no longer live among the living and all social vanity is blotted out from my soul am I able to speak of it controlledly.

Here in France immediately on my arrival in Paris my German name "Heinrich" was translated into "Henri," and I had to adapt myself to it and had even so to style myself here in this country, for the word Heinrich is not pleasing to Frenchmen and the French do make everything in the world pleasant for themselves. Even the name "Henri Heine" they were unable to pronounce, and most of them called me M. Enri Enn: many contracted this to Enrienne and some called me M. Un Rien.

I suffer by it in many of my literary relations, but I do gain certain advantages. For instance among my noble fellow countrymen who come to Paris there are many who

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would gladly slander me, but as they always pronounce my name in German it does not occur to the French that the villain, the poisoner of the wells of innocence, who is so roundly abused, is no other than their friend, M. Enrienne, and these noble souls in vain give rein to their virtuous zeal: the French do not know that they are speaking of me, and transrhenish virtue has in vain shot the bolts of its calumny.

But there is, as I have said, a sort of embarrassment in hearing one's name mispronounced. There are men who are extremely touchy when it occurs.

For myself, I have never felt anything of the sort.

Heinrich, Harry, Henri—all these names sound well when they come tripping from pretty lips. Best of all sounds Signor Enrico. So was I called in those clear blue summer nights, spangled with great silver stars, of that noble and unhappy land which is the home of beauty, and brought forth Raphael Sanzio of Urbino, Joachim Rossini and Princess Christiana Belgiojoso.

As my physical condition robs me of all hope of ever again living in society, and as society in truth no longer exists for me, I have stripped myself of the fetters of that personal vanity which imprisons every man who has to go among men, into the world, as it is called.

I can therefore speak unreservedly of the mishap which was bound up with my name of Harry, and embittered and poisoned the fairest years of the springtime of my life. The facts of the case are these. In my native town there lived a man who was called the Scavenger because every morning he drove through the streets of the town with a cart to which a donkey was harnessed, and stopped before every house to take up the refuse which the servants gathered together in orderly heaps, and carried

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it out to the dumping-ground. The man looked like his trade, and the donkey, who resembled his master, stood still in front of the houses or moved on according to the tone of voice in which the scavenger cried the word *Haarüh*.

Was that his real name or only a catchword? I know not, but this much is certain that I had to endure an extraordinary amount of suffering at the hands of my schoolmates, and the children of our neighbours because of the resemblance of the word to my name Harry. To tease me they pronounced it exactly as the scavenger called to his donkey, and when I grew angry the rascals would take on an expression of innocence and asked me to teach them, in order to avoid confusion, how my name and the donkey's should be pronounced; but they were deliberately dense and would have it that the scavenger usually drew out the first syllable and cut short the second, while sometimes on the contrary his call sounded exactly like my name, and while the brats practised the most nonsensical variations, mixing up the donkey and myself, there were mad *cogs à l'ane*, at which everybody else laughed, while I was brought to tears.

When I complained to my mother, she said that I must try to learn much and to be discreet, and nobody would take me for an ass.

But my homonymity with the despised long ears remained my bugbear. The big boys used to pass me, greeting me with *Haarüh*, and the small boys did the same, though from a distance. In school the same theme was turned to account with subtle cruelty; whenever a donkey cropped up they squinted at me and I always blushed, and it is incredible how skilful schoolboys are in discovering or bringing personalities into prominence upon the least occasion.

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For example, one would ask another: "What is the difference between the zebra and the ass of Balaam, son of Boaz?" Came the answer: "One speaks the zebraic, the other the Hebraic tongue." Then came the question: "What is the difference between the scavenger's donkey and his namesake?" and the impertinent answer was: "We do not know the difference between them." Then I wished to make an onslaught on them, but I was restrained, and my friend Dietrich, who drew very beautiful holy pictures, and has since become a celebrated painter, used, on such occasions, to try and comfort me by promising me a picture. He painted a Saint Michael for me—but the rascal wickedly made game of me. The archangel had the features of the scavenger, his steed looked like his donkey, and instead of a dragon his lance pierced the carcase of a dead cat.

And fair-haired, gentle, girlish Franz, whom I loved so dearly, betrayed me also. He took me in his arms, and laid his cheek tenderly against mine and we remained for a long time sentimentally breast to breast—suddenly he whispered a mocking *Haarüh!*—and as he ran away shouted the contemptuous word so that it rang through the cloisters of the monastery.

I came in for even more scurvy treatment at the hands of some of the children of our neighbourhood, guttersnipes of the lowest class, who are known as *Haluten* in Düsseldorf, a word which would certainly lead etymologists away from the helots of Sparta.

Such a *Halut* was little Jupp, whose name was Joseph, and I will also give his patronymic, Hader, so that he may not be confused with Jupp Rorsch, who was quite a jolly infant, and, as I am glad to learn, is still living as postmaster at Bonn. Jupp Hader always carried a long fishing-

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rod with which he struck at me when we met. He took a delight in throwing horse dung at my head, picking it up in the street piping hot just as it came from nature's oven. But he never ceased to call in every possible tone of voice the fatal *Haarüh* !

Zippel was the name of a person of no very great age—her real name was Sibyl—who was my first nurse and stayed on with us. She was in the room, by chance, on the morning when old mother Hader, Jupp's mother, bestowed such praises upon, and expressed wonder at, my beauty. When Zippel heard these words, there awoke in her the old superstition that it is harmful for children to be so praised, since they are brought by it to sickness or some evil chance, and in order to avert the evil with which she believed me to be threatened, she resorted to the method recommended as infallible by popular belief, which consists in spitting three times at the child who has been praised. She came bouncing towards me, and hurriedly spat three times on my head.

The spitting was only a provisional precaution, for those who are wise in these matters maintain that when the perilous words of praise have been pronounced by a witch the baleful spell can only be broken by a person who is also a witch, and Zippel resolved the very same day to go to a woman whom she knew to be a witch. This woman, as I learned later, had been of great service to Zippel through her secret and forbidden art. The witch cut off a few hairs from the crown of my head and then stroked the place with her thumbs which she had moistened with spittle: in the same way she stroked other places while she murmured all kinds of mystical abracadabra nonsense, and that was how at such a tender age I was ordained priest of the devil.

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This woman, with whom I continued my acquaintance, instructed me in the secret art later on, when I was grown up.

I did not myself become a wizard, but I know the tricks of the trade, and I do know witchcraft when I see it.

This woman was known as the Woman of Goch, because she was born at Goch, where her late husband lived and plied the infamous trade of executioner, and was called in from near and far to exercise his office. It was known that he left his widow many *arcana nostra*, and she knew well how to spread her reputation.

Our Zippel was on terms of intimacy with the Mistress, and though she no longer bought love-potions of her she often consulted the arts of the Woman of Goch when she wished to avenge herself upon some fortunate rival who had wedded an old flame of hers. . . .

Here's the refrain of the good old song,
My nurse was for ever singing ;
"Sun, art a flame of mourning," the words
Like hunter's horn were ringing.

The thought of the song doth bring back to me
The thought of that dear old creature ;
I see once more her brown wrinkled old face,
With lines about every feature.

She was a native of Münsterland,
And had a store most splendid
Of stories of ghosts most horrible—
Her tales and songs ne'er ended.

My heart used to leap as the ancient dame
Told tales of the old king's daughter ;
Who sat alone on the barren heath,
And her golden hair streamed about her.

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And oh ! there would come a catch in my breath,
As I heard her solemnly, slowly
Unfold the tale of old Red beard,
The hidden Emperor holy.

She told me for truth that he was not dead,
Spite of learned men and others ;
But lay concealed in a mountain, he
And his old-time warrior brothers.

How jolly they are the old wives' tales,
How sweet the young mind's dawning—
My simple heart that believes them all,
Cries " Sun, art a flame of mourning."

CHAPTER V

JOSEPHA THE PALE

BUT, indeed, it was not witchcraft that took me to the house of the Woman of Goch. I continued my acquaintance with her, and I was about sixteen years old when I took to going more frequently than before to her house, attracted by a spell more potent than all her bombastic Latin *Philtraria*. She had a niece who was barely sixteen, but having suddenly shot up and grown very tall, seemed to be much older, and because of her sudden growth she was very thin. She had that slimness of figure which is to be found in the quadroons of the West Indies, and as she wore no corsets and very few under-garments her close-fitting gown was like the wet cloth of a statue. No marble statue could vie with her in beauty, for she revealed life itself, and every movement showed forth the rhythm of her body and, I fain would say, the music of her soul. Not one of the daughters of Niobe had a face more nobly moulded: its colour, like that of all her skin, was of a changing white. Her great, deep, dark eyes looked as though they had asked a riddle and were waiting tranquilly for the answer to it; while her mouth, with its thin, arching lips and chalk-white teeth, rather long, seemed to say: "You are stupid and will guess in vain."

Her hair was red, red as blood, and hung in long tresses below her shoulders, so that she could bind them together

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under her chin. When she did that she looked as if her throat had been cut and the red blood were bubbling forth in red streams.

Josepha's voice—the pretty niece of the Woman of Goch was called Red Sefchen—was not particularly sweet of sound, and sometimes her organs of speech were so muffled as to make her voice almost toneless; but suddenly, when passion came into it, there would break forth the most ringing sound, which particularly enraptured me, because Josepha's voice so much resembled my own.

When she spoke I was sometimes afraid and thought that I heard myself speaking, and when she sang I was reminded of dreams in which I had heard myself sing after the same fashion.

She knew many old folk-songs and perhaps she called into being my taste for such songs, as she certainly had the greatest influence on the poet waking in me, so that my first poems of the "Dream Pictures," written soon after this time, have a grim and gloomy tinge like the relationship which at that time cast its bloody shadow on my young mind and life.

Among the songs which Josepha sang was a folk-song which she had learned from Zippel, who had often sung it to me in my childhood; so that I recollect two verses which I am all the more ready to set down as I have not found the poem in any existing collection of folk-songs. This is how they run—first, wicked Trajig speaks:

Ottilia mine, Ottilia dear,
You will not be the last I fear—
Say will you hang from yon high tree?
Or will you swim the ocean blue?
Or will you kiss the naked sword
That is given by the Lord?

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Whereupon Ottilia answers :

I will not hang from yon high tree,
I will not swim the ocean blue,
But I will kiss the naked sword
That is given by the Lord.

Once when red Sefchen was singing the song and came to the end of this verse, and I saw the emotion that was in her, I was so moved that I suddenly burst into tears, and we fell into each other's arms sobbing, while the tears ran from our eyes and we saw each other through a veil of tears.

I asked her to write the verses down for me and she did so, but she did not write them in ink but in her blood. I lost the red autograph, but the verses remained indelibly imprinted on my memory.

The husband of the Woman of Goch was the brother of Sefchen's father, and was also an executioner, and as he died young the Woman of Goch adopted the child. But when her husband died soon afterwards she gave the child to her grandfather, who was also an executioner and lived in Westphalia.

Here in the Free House, as they used to call the executioner's house, Sefchen stayed until she was fourteen and then her grandfather died, and the Woman of Goch once more gave a home to the orphan. From the dishonour of her birth Sefchen had to lead a lonely life from childhood until she became a girl, and in her grandfather's house she was cut off from all company. Hence came her shyness, her sensitive drawing away from contact with strangers, her mysterious day-dreams, together with the most obstinate truculence, the most insolent stubbornness and wildness.

Strange that even in her dreams, as she once confessed

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to me, she lived not with human beings but always dreamed of animals.

In the loneliness of the executioner's house she could only find occupation in her grandfather's old books. He taught her to read and write but he was extremely poor of words.

Often he would be away for several days with his assistants, and the child remained alone then in the house, which was in a very solitary situation near the gallows of a forest country. There remained only three old women with grey heads, palsied, who whirled their spinning wheels, coughed, shivered and shook, and drank a great deal of brandy.

It was grim for poor Sefchen in the lonely house, particularly on winter nights when the wind outside shook the old oaks and howled violently in the wide flaring chimney, for then she feared the coming of thieves, not the living but the dead, those who had been hanged and had wrenched free of the gallows and came knocking at the window panes of the house asking admittance to warm themselves a little. They made such pitiful frozen grimaces. But you can frighten them away by fetching a sword from the iron room and threatening them with it, and then they whisk away like a whirlwind.

Only on the days when her grandfather was preparing for a great execution did his colleagues come to see him, and then they brewed and baked meats, and feasted and drank, spoke little and sang not at all. They drank out of silver cups, while on ordinary occasions only a tankard with a wooden lid was fetched for the despised executioner or his assistants from the inns which they frequented, and the other guests were given to drink out of tankards with pewter lids.

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When Sefchen was eight years old, she told me, an extraordinary number of visitors came over to her grandfather's house, although there was no execution or customary unpleasant official duty to be set in train. There were more than a dozen of them, almost all of them very old men with iron-grey or bald heads, and they wore their swords under their long red cloaks, and their clothes cut in old French fashion. They came, as they said, to hold council, and the best of kitchen and cellar was laid before them for their mid-day meal.

They were the oldest executioners from the most distant regions, and they had not seen each other for a long time and they kept on shaking hands. They spoke very little and often cracked jokes in a secret code of speech, and they *moulaient tristement*, as Froissart said of the English who gave a banquet after the battle of Poitiers. At nightfall the master of the house sent his assistants away, bade the old housekeeper bring from the cellar three dozen of his best Rhine wine and put it on the stone table in front of the great oaks that stood in a semi-circle by the house: he bade her also hang up the lanterns for the pine-oil lamps, and finally he made some excuse to send the old woman together with the two other old crones out of the house. He even stopped up with a horse-cloth an opening in the planks of the watch-dog's kennel: the dog was carefully chained up.

Sefchen's grandfather let her stay in the house, but told her to rinse out the great silver goblet carved with the sea-gods and their dolphins and conches, and to place that also on the stone-table—but when that was done he gave her strict orders to go to her little room and to bed.

Sefchen rinsed out the Neptune goblet obediently, and

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put it on the table with the bottles of wine, but she did not go to bed, and, impelled by curiosity, she hid behind a bush near the oaks, from which she could hear little, but could see everything that happened.

The strange men came solemnly two by two with her grandfather at their head, and sat in a semicircle round the table on high blocks of wood, and the lights were lit and showed in grisly fashion their grim faces, hard as stone.

They sat for long in silence, or rather each muttering to himself, perhaps praying. Then her grandfather filled the goblet with wine, and each drank from it and passed it, refilled at each turn, to his neighbour, and as each man drank they shook hands solemnly.

Finally her grandfather made a speech of which she could hear little, and understood nothing at all, but apparently some very melancholy business was toward, for large tears dropped from the old man's eyes, and the other old men began to weep bitterly, and this was a dreadful sight, for these men looked as hard and withered as the stone figures on the porch of a church and now tears oozed from their blank stony eyes, and they sobbed like children.

And the moon peeped so sadly from her veil of clouds in the starless sky that the heart of the eavesdropper was like to break for pity. Especially was she touched by the sorrow of one little man who wept more convulsively than the rest, and cried out so loudly that she could hear every word that he said. He kept on saying, "O God! O God! misery endureth so, that it is more than human heart can bear. O God, thou art unjust, unjust." His companions seemed to be able to soothe him only with great difficulty.

Finally, the meeting rose, the old men threw off their red cloaks, and each holding his sword under his arm they

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marched two and two behind a tree where there stood ready an iron spade, and with this in a few moments one of them dug a deep trench. Sefchen's grandfather stepped forward—he had not like the others thrown off his red cloak—and produced from under it a white parcel, which was very narrow, but about a Flemish ell in length, and wrapped round with a sheet; he laid it carefully in the open trench, which [he quickly filled up again.

Poor Sefchen in her hiding-place could endure it no longer; at the sight of the secret burial her hair stood on end, and in her anguish the poor child hurried away to her room, hid herself under the bedclothes, and went to sleep.

Next morning it all seemed a dream to Sefchen, but when she saw the freshly turned-up soil behind the tree she knew that it must all be true. She puzzled long over what might be buried there: a child? a beast? a treasure?—but she never told any one of the doings of that night, and with the passing of the years it slipped further and further back in her memory.

It was not until five years later, when her grandfather died, and the Woman of Goch came to fetch the girl to Düsseldorf, that she dared reveal the secret to her aunt, who, however, was neither shocked nor amazed by the strange story, but was hugely delighted by it. She said that neither child, nor cat, nor treasure was buried in the trench, but it must be her grandfather's executioner's sword with which he had struck off the heads of a hundred poor sinners. She said that it was the usage and custom among executioners not to keep or use any more a sword which has been used a hundred times in the exercise of their penal office; such a sword is not like other swords, for in the

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course of time it has come by an inner consciousness, and in the end has need of the peace of the grave like a human being.

And the Woman of Goch declared that the most wondrous feats of magic can be performed with such a sword, with its hundred-fold slaughter, and the very same night she made haste to disinter the buried sword, and she kept it ever after among her other charms in her den.

Once when she was not at home I asked Sefchen to show me this curiosity. I had not long to ask and she went to the room and came back with a monstrous sword which she swung mightily in spite of the weakness of her arms, whilst she sang, half in menace and half in roguery :

Wilt thou kiss the naked sword
That is given by the Lord ?

And in the same tone of voice I replied : " I will not kiss the bright, bright sword, I will kiss red Sefchen ! " and as she could not withstand me from fear of hurting me with the fatal steel, she had to let me kiss her, and very warmly I laid hands on her slender hips and kissed her defiant lips. Yes, in spite of the executioner's sword with which a hundred poor rascals had been beheaded, and in spite of the infamy which comes upon those who come in contact with any of the condemned race, I kissed the lovely daughter of the executioner.

I kissed her not only because of my own tender feeling for her, but in scorn of society and all its dark prejudices, and in that moment there flared up in me one of the first flames of those two passions to which my later life has been devoted ; the love of fair women, and the love of the

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French Revolution, the *furor francese*, with which I also was seized in the struggle with the feudal landlords.

I do not intend to pursue more closely my love for Josepha. But this much I will confess, that it was the prelude to the great tragedies of my riper period. So is Romeo in calfish love for Rosalind before he sees his Juliet.

And now let me return to my father, to whom some mild old gossip had denounced my frequent visits to the house of the Woman of Goch and my disposition towards Sefchen. These denunciations however had no other result than to give my father an occasion for displaying his own dear courtesy. For Sefchen told me that when she was out walking she had met a distinguished gentleman with powdered hair who, when his companion whispered in his ear, had looked at her in a friendly way, and as he passed had doffed his hat to her.

When she gave me a more minute description I recognised in the man who had saluted her my dear kind father.

He did not show the same consideration for me when certain irreligious jests which I had let slip were reported to him. I was accused of blasphemy, and my father delivered the longest homily that he ever made. It sounded something like this: "My dear son! Your mother makes you study philosophy with Rector Schallmeyer. That is her affair. For my part I have no liking for philosophy, for it is sheer superstition, and I am a merchant and need my brains for my business. You can be as much a philosopher as you please, but I ask you not to say in public what you think, for it would injure me in my business if my customers were to hear that I have a son who does not believe in God: the Jews especially

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would buy no velveten of me, and they are honourable people and pay promptly, and do quite rightly cling to their religion. I am your father and therefore older than you, and therefore more experienced: you must believe me when I tell you that atheism is a great sin."

For my part I have always had a preference for Catholicism, a preference that has its origin in my youth and was inspired in me by the amiable qualities of the catholic priests. One of them was a friend of my father and master of philosophy at my school. . . . And because in this way I have been accustomed to see open-mindedness and catholicism so united, the catholic ritual has always been to me a beautiful thing and a lovely memory of my youth, and has never seemed to be a thing inimical to the idea of the evolution of man. . . . And another early recollection is bound up with it. When my parents left the little house in which we had first lived my father bought one of the most imposing houses in Düsseldorf, which was charged with the erection of an altar at the times of the processions, and he made it a point of honour to deck out the altar as beautifully and magnificently as possible. The days when the altar was furnished forth for the procession were holidays for me. However, this only lasted until the Prussians came to Düsseldorf, and then they took the right away from us. . . .

I honour Herr Schallmeyer, worthy man, though he is dead now—in life he was a Catholic priest and Rector of the school at Düsseldorf—as the first to train my mind and heart. I had the benefit of his especial teaching from the time when I joined his school and made my way in turn through all his classes, and I only left that asylum of knowledge when the top class of the school was deserted by all its members at the outbreak of the

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second war against the French. The greater part of the pupils (and myself among them) offered their services to the Fatherland, which made little use of our offers, for very soon afterwards the Peace of Paris was concluded.

CHAPTER VI

MY FIRST READING

STRANGE! "The Life and Adventures of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha, set down by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra," was the first book that I read when I came to an age of youthful understanding and was in some measure acquainted with the alphabet. I have a very clear recollection of that time when, a very small boy, I stole from the house in the early morning and hurried away to the Palace gardens, there to read Don Quixote in peace. It was a fine May day: Spring in bloom lay listening in the still morning light and had her praises sung by the nightingale, her sweet flatterer, who sang her song of praise with such soft caress, such melting sounds, that the most timid birds sprang up, and the amorous grass and the scented sunbeams made haste to kiss, and trees and flowers shivered in sheer delight. But I sat upon a mossy old bench of stone in the Avenue of Sighs, as they call it, not far from the waterfall and charmed my little heart with the brave adventures of the bold knight. In my childish heart I took it all in earnest and however laughably the poor hero might be the sport of Fate, I thought that it must be so, that it must be the way of heroes to bear ridicule as well as the wounds of the body, and I was brought to suffering by it, I shared it in my soul. I was a child and knew not the irony

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which God has begotten in his world, and the great poet in his little world of print imitates—and I was able to shed the most bitter tears when the noble knight for all his magnanimity only came by ingratitude and blows ; and, as I pronounced every word aloud, being still unpractised in reading, birds and trees, stream and flowers were able to hear everything, and as such innocent creatures, like children, know nothing of the irony of the world, they too, even as I, took everything in earnest and wept with me for the sorrows of the unhappy knight, and an old veteran oak sobbed, and the waterfall wagged his white beard the more and seemed to cry out upon the wickedness of the world. We felt that the heroic temper of the knight deserved no less admiration because the lion having no desire to fight, turned his back on him, and that his deeds are all the more worthy of praise for the weakness and emaciation of his body, the rottenness of the armour that protected him, and the sorriiness of the nag that bore him. We despised the base mob that treated the poor hero so roughly, but even more that mob of nobles decked in gay silken cloaks, who with their fine powers of speech and great titles, made mock of a man so vastly their superior in intellect and nobility of temper. Dulcinea's knight rose higher and higher in my esteem and won ever more my love the longer I read the wonderful book, and this I did every day in the garden, so that by the autumn I had come to an end of the history—and never shall I forget the day when I read of the sorrowful encounter in which the knight was so shamefully laid low !

It was a sad day. Ugly clouds scudded across the grey sky, the yellow leaves fell down drearily from the trees, heavy tear drops hung upon the last flowers, mournful and faded, drooping their dying heads ; the song of the

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nightingales had died away; on all sides I was forced to see the signs of mortality, and my heart was like to break, when I read how the noble knight, crushed and confounded lay upon the ground, and without raising his visor, as though he spoke from the grave in a sick weak voice said to the victor, "Dulcinea is the most beautiful lady in the world and I am the most unfortunate knight upon the earth, but it is not seemly that my weakness should blaspheme this truth—therefore, knight, make an end with thy lance!"

Alas! This famous Knight of the Silver Moon, who overcame the bravest and noblest man in the world, was a barber in disguise!

That is a long time ago . . . so much has happened since then! How bitterly I have been put out of conceit with all that was so splendid to me then—the chivalrous and catholic existence of those knights, those gentle pages, and those modest ladies of high degree, those northern heroes and minnesingers, those monks and nuns, those ancestral sepulchres with the warning tremors, those pale sentiments of renunciation to the sound of bells and the eternal mourning of woe.

Many a Spring has blossomed forth, but always they lacked their mightiest charm, for I, alas, believe no more in the sweet lies of the nightingale, Spring's flatterer. I know how quickly her splendour slips away, and when I see the young rosebuds I have a vision of them blooming red with sorrow, then growing pale and being blown away by the wind. Everywhere I see winter in disguise.

But in my breast there blows yet that flaming love, that rises in longing over all the earth, boldly rushes through the wide, gaping spaces of the sky, there to be hurled back by the cold stars, and to sink once more upon the little

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earth, where, amid sighing and glad shouts, it must tell that in all création there is nothing better or more lovely than the heart of man. This love is the spirit which acts ever in god-like fashion, whether in wise or foolish affairs. And so the little boy by no means shed his tears in vain over the sorrows of the foolish knight, any more than the youth who, on many a night in later days, wept in his little room over the death of the most blessed heroes of freedom—King Vegis of Sparta, Caius and Tiberius Gracchus of Rome; Jesus of Jerusalem, and Robespierre and St. Just of Paris.

CHAPTER VII

AT FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN

Now my mother began to dream of a brilliant future for me in another direction.

The house of Rothschild, to the head of which my father was related, had already at that time entered upon its fabulous prosperity; and other princes of banking and industry had arisen in our neighbourhood, and my mother declared that the hour had come when a man of brains could attain an incredible height in business, and could raise himself to the loftiest pinnacle of temporal power. She resolved, therefore, that I should become a power in finance, and I was set to study foreign languages, especially English, geography, book-keeping; in short, all the sciences relating to commerce by land and sea, and to trade.

In 1815 my father left me in Frankfort on the Main for an indefinite period. In order to learn something of exchange and colonial goods, I had to go to the counting-house of one of my father's bankers and the warehouse of a great wholesale grocer. I did the first for three weeks, the latter for four, but I learned how to draw a bill of exchange, and what nutmeg looks like.

A celebrated merchant with whom I was to become *un apprenti millionnaire* was of the opinion that I had no talent for business, and I laughingly confessed that he was very probably right.

AT FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN

I lived for two months in Frankfort, and, as I have said I spent only three weeks in the banker's office. That may have given rise to the mistake which I once read in a German newspaper, that I had spent two years in the service of a banker at Frankfort. God knows I would gladly have been a banker; it was at one time my dearest wish, but I could not encompass it. I perceived very early that the lordship of the world would one day fall into the hands of the bankers . . .

It was in the year 1815 after the birth of Christ, that I first heard the name of Börne. I was with my father in the market in Frankfort, whither he had taken me with him, in order that I might look about me and see what was to be seen: to improve my mind, as he said.

One day my father took me to the reading-room of one of the Δ lodges or \square lodges where he often used to sup and drink coffee, and play cards, and perform other such duties of freemasonry. While he was deep in reading his newspaper, a young man sitting near me whispered:

"That is Dr. Börne who writes against the play-actors."

Looking up, I saw a man who passed up and down the room several times seeking a newspaper, and soon went out again. Little time though he stayed, yet the whole being of the man lingered in my memory, and even now I could imitate him accurately enough.

He was neither short nor tall in stature; neither thin nor fat; his face was neither red nor pale, but of a reddish paleness or palish redness, and its predominant expression was one of exclusiveness and distinction, of disdain such as one finds in men who feel themselves to be superior to their station, but have doubts of public acknowledgment of it. It was not that inner majesty which one sees in

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the countenance of a king or a genius hiding under an incognito in the throng, but rather that revolutionary and more or less titanic discontent which one finds in the faces of pretenders of all sorts. Are there extraordinary men surrounded by the rays of their spirit? Do our minds tell us of such glory as we cannot see with our eyes? The moral storm in such an extraordinary man has, perhaps, an electric effect on young unformed minds coming into contact with him, much as a material storm has an effect on cats. A flash from the eyes of this man touched me, I know not how, but I never forgot it, and I never forgot Doctor Börne who wrote against play-actors.

Yes, he was at that time a dramatic critic and tilted against the heroes of the world behind the footlights. Just as my university friend, Dreffenbach, when we were students at Bonn, used to cut off the tails of dogs and cats when he caught them, for the sheer pleasure of cutting, wherefore we contemned, but were glad later to forgive him when this lust for cutting made him the greatest surgeon in Germany, so Börne sharpened his claws on the play-actors, and many a youthful piece of arrogance which he displayed at the expense of the Heigels, Weidner, Ursprungs, and such-like harmless brutes, must be condoned in him for the sake of the greater services which he was able to render afterwards as a great political surgeon with his whetted criticism.

CHAPTER VIII

HAMBURG

I'm drawn to the North by a golden star,
Farewell my brother ! Think of me from afar !
Be true, be true to poetry !
Ne'er let thy sweet bride lonely be !
And keep in thy heart as a treasure trove,
The German tongue that we two love !
And when thou comest to this northern land
Then listen on this northern strand :
And listen until there's a distant bell
That rings its note o'er the blithe waves' swell ;
Then comes to thee as it well may be
The song of the singer thou knowest in me.
Then do thou take thy stringèd lute,
And give me song and tidings to boot ;
And tell me how my singer doth fare,
And how they fare my dear ones there,
And how doth fare the pretty maid
Who hath fluttered the heart of so many a blade !
And send the tidings aglow and fine,
The flowering rose on the flowering Rhine !
And give me news of the Fatherland.
If still it be sweet true Love's land,
If the old God still in Germany dwell
And no man serves the evil—tell.
And as thy sweet song ringing free
Brings merry tales across to me,
Across the waves to the distant strand
Then glad am I in the Northern land.

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The city of Hamburg is a good city, full of solid houses. Shameful Macbeth is not ruler here, but Banquo. The ghost of Banquo rules everywhere in this little free state, whose visible chief is a wise and noble Senate. Indeed it is a free state and the greatest political freedom exists in it. The citizens can do as they will, and the noble and wise Senate can do as it will; every man is here the free lord of his affairs. It is a republic. If Lafayette had not had the fortune to find Louis Philippe, he would certainly have recommended to the notice of his Frenchmen the Senators and Aldermen of Hamburg. Hamburg is the best republic. Its customs are English and its food is from Heaven. In truth there are dishes between the table and the dung-heap of which our philosophers know nothing. The people of Hamburg are good fellows and they eat well. Their opinions in religion, politics and science are very various, but there is the most beautiful concord in the matter of eating . . . Hamburg was built by Charles the Great and is inhabited by 80,000 little people, not one of whom would change places with Charles the Great, who lies buried at Aix. Perhaps the population of Hamburg approaches 100,000. I do not know exactly, although I spent a whole day in parading the streets in order to observe the men and women in them. And I have most certainly overlooked many a man, for the ladies called for so much of my particular attention. The ladies I found not thin but for the most part plump, but for all that charmingly pretty and, taking one with another, they had a certain comfortable sensuality which not at all displeased me. If they do not seem to be altogether extravagant in romantic love, and to give little hint of the greatest passion of the heart, that is not their fault, but the little god Cupid is to blame, who often sets the sharpest of love's darts to

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his bow but from naughtiness or clumsiness shoots too low and hits the women of Hamburg not in the heart but in the stomach. As for the men, I saw for the most part stunted figures, clever cold eyes, low foreheads, pendulous red cheeks, jaws particularly well developed, hats that seemed to be nailed on to their heads, and their hands in their breeches pocket, as who should say : "What have I to pay?"

All in the wondrous month of May,
When every bud was blowing,
Then deep within my bosom
The tender love was growing.

All in the wondrous month of May,
When birds sang late and early,
I told my love and longing
To her I love so dearly.

The rose and the lily, the dove and the sun,
With a passionate love I once loved every one.
I love them no more—but I love the completest,
The neatest and meetest, discreetest and sweetest.
She herself is love's well-spring, and other there's none.
For she's rose and she's lily, she's dove and she's sun.

When as I gaze into thine eyes,
Then every pain and sorrow flies;
But when my lips are pressed to thine,
Then perfect health and joy are mine.

And when upon thy heart I rest,
Heaven's ecstasy o'erfloods my breast;
But when thou sayest—I love but thee,
Then I do weep most bitterly.

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I will bathe my spirit rejoicing
Deep in the lily's bell ;
The lily shall thence be voicing
A song to my bonnibel.

The song shall leap and quiver,
As on her mouth the kiss,
Which she gave me once and for ever
In a moment of wondrous bliss.

On wings of song I'd bear thee
Away whom I loved so well ;
Away to the Ganges' prairie ;
I know where 'tis fair to dwell.

There in the still noon is sleeping
A gorgeous-flowered grove ;
The lotus-flowers are keeping
Watch for the sister they love.

The violets prattle and flutter,
And gaze at the stars above ;
In secret the roses utter
Their fragrant stories of love.

Lithe, gentle gazelle, come bounding
Nearer to list to the rose ;
Afar you may hear resounding,
The Sacred Stream as it flows.

There will we slumber, sinking
Beneath the palm to rest ;
Love and repose in-drinking,
And dreaming dreams thrice-blest.

HAMBURG

Thou lov'st me not—thou lov'st not me,
That's unimportant, very !
To gaze upon thee is to be
More than a monarch merry.

Thou hatest, hatest me indeed—
Thy rosy lips declare it ;
But lend them me to kiss at need,
And, child, I well may bear it.

Like the ocean-foam-born goddess
Shines my love with beauty decked,
For of some unheard-of stranger
She's the little bride-elect.

Oh my heart, thou patient sufferer,
Bear no grudge that she's untrue ;
Bear, bear with her and forgive her,
All the pretty fool may do.

I know no grudge though my own heart should break,
Oh ! my lost Love, no grudge for thy sweet sake
Beam as thou wilt in all thy diamonds bright,
No beam can shine to cheer thy bosom's night.

I've known it long. I saw thee in my sleep,
And o'er thy heart night brooded dark and deep.
I saw the serpent gnawing at thy breast,
And knew thee of all women wretchedest.

Heigho ! what music entrancing !
Flutes, fiddles, and trumpets, and all !
And see where my love is dancing
A dance at her wedding ball.

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Heigho ! what a clamour and droning !
How the trumpets bray thro' the hall !
But hark to the sobbing and groaning
Of the good angels all.

If they knew, the tiny flowers,
How bleeds my wounded heart,
Their tears would mingle in showers
With mine, to heal the smart.

And if the nightingales knew it,
How sad and sick is my soul,
They would burst into song to renew it,
And make my spirit whole.

To the golden stars were it given
To know of my sorrow and pain,
They would quit their lofty Heaven
To bid me take heart again.

How should these know it, I wonder !
One only knows my smart ;
It is she who herself rent asunder,
Rent asunder my heart.

They have borne you tales of your lover,
Of slanders what a host !
But never could they discover
What wrung my soul the most.

They made a pother uncivil,
With doleful shake of the head ;
They whispered I was the devil,
And you believed all they said.

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But none of them knew wholly
What far surpassed the rest—
The greatest evil and folly
Lay hid in my own breast.

The nightingale sang, the lime was in flower,
The sun was laughing with hearty glee ;
Your arms were about me, you kissed me that hour,
On your heaving bosom you cradled me.

The raven croaked, and the lime-leaves fell,
The sun's salute was a peevish light ;
We bade to each other a frosty "Farewell,"
And you curtsied politely a curtsy polite.

There stands a lonely fir-tree
Far north on a naked height ;
He slumbers—the ice and snowdrifts
Enfold him in mantle white.

He is dreaming of a palm-tree
That far in the Eastern land
Grieves lonely and uncomplaining
On a waste of scorching sand.

I have loved thee, still love thee, and evermore
Amid a world's undoing,
The flames of my love for thee shall soar
From out the shattered ruin.

My brethren have angered me sorely,
Tortured me early and late ;
Some of them with their loving,
Some of them with their hate.

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Into my cup dropped poison,
They poisoned the bread I ate ;
Some of them with their loving,
Some of them with their hate.

But she who has tortured and crushed me,
And grieved me all others above—
She never gave me her hatred,
She never gave me her love.

When comes the hour of parting,
Then tears stream from the eyes ;
Then hands grasp one another
With endless sobs and sighs.

We two wept not at parting ;
We made no sigh, no moan !
Our sighs and tears, my darling,
They came when all was done.

Beauteous cradle of my sorrow,
Beauteous grave where peace I knew,
Beauteous town, I go to-morrow ;
To thee all I cry Adieu !

Fare thee well, thou garden holy,
Where my pensive love doth pace !
Fare thee well, thou threshold lowly,
Where I first beheld her face.

Hadst thou never looked upon me,
Oh ! my spirit's beauteous Queen,
Woe had never fallen on me,
Wretched I had never been.

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Never did I seek to woo thee,
Never love from thee entreat ;
Only peaceful days near to thee,
In the air thou breathest, sweet.

But sharp words in anger spoken
By thy lips compel me hence ;
And my heart is sick and broken,
Frenzy stirs my every sense.

Fare thee well ; a pilgrim dreary
I will go my mournful way,
Till bowed head and limbs so weary
In a distant grave I lay.

My songs, so old and bitter,
My dreams, so vile and drear,
Come, bury them for ever,
What ho ! a coffin here !

Much will I lay within it
Which yet I may not tell.
The size of Heidelberg's famed tun
That coffin must excel.

See that a bier be furnished
Of stout and seasoned pine ;
Let it be longer than the bridge
At Mainz that spans the Rhine.

And summon me twelve giants,
Men of a mightier mould
Than Christopher the Sainted,
In Köln's cathedral old.

Let these bear forth the coffin
And drown it in the sea ;
For to so huge a coffin
The grave as huge must be.

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Wouldst know wherefore the coffin
Must be so strong and vast ?
There all my love and anguish
I'll lay to rest at last.

I dreamed that I was once more young and merry
And in the country, high upon a hill,
And down I ran, adown the path, and very
Light-hearted were we, tiny Jack and Jill.
How fine she was, how fairly made, my cousin
With sea-green eyes that lured like nixey's eyes
She stood so firm upon her feet ; and thus in
Her were grace and strength allied in wondrous wise,
The sweet sound of her voice is true and tender,
One seems to see into her inmost heart,
And all she says is wisdom thought doth lend her.
Her mouth is like a rose-bud passing art ;
My reason's mine, I love her not and in me
Is nothing that I cannot understand ;
And yet she doth disturb and wholly win me,
And with a secret thrill I kiss her hand.
And in the end I think I plucked a flower
And gave it her and said, " Do marry me
Dear coz, my dearest, so that from this hour,
Like you I may both good and happy be."
And what her answer was is lost for ever,
For slowly I awoke—and found myself,
A sick man, sick past all endeavour
A cripple laid long since upon the shelf——

BOOK II
STUDENT YEARS
(1819-1825)

CHAPTER I

BONN

A GREAT commercial crisis arose and, like many of our friends, my father lost his fortune, and the mercantile bubble burst more suddenly and more lamentably even than the Imperial bubble, so that my mother had to dream of another career for me.

She came to the idea that I must study jurisprudence, for she had remarked how for generations in England, in France and in constitutional Germany, the lawyers had been all-powerful, and how the advocates especially, being accustomed to public speaking, play the lead with their chatter and rise to the highest offices of state. My mother's observation was altogether accurate. The new university of Bonn had just been founded, and the faculty of jurisprudence was in the hands of professors of great renown. My mother sent me to Bonn forthwith and there I sat at the feet of Macheldey and Welcker and ate of the manna of their knowledge.

In the year 1819 in one and the same term I heard four courses of lectures dealing, for the most part, with German antiquities from the most distant times. (1) History of the German language, under Schlegel, who for almost three months developed the quaintest hypotheses concerning the race-origin of the Germans; (2) the Germania of Tacitus under Arndt who sought in the old German

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forests those virtues which he could not find in the salons of our own time: (3) German constitutional law under Hüllmann whose historical ideas are not in the least vague; and (4) the primeval history of Germany under Radloff who at the end of the term had got no further than the time of the *sesestris*.

A German poet was in old days a man who wore a thread-bare ragged coat, supplied verses for a few dollars upon the occasion of a christening or a marriage, and enjoyed good liquor instead of good society, being turned from its doors; and indeed he often lay drunk in the gutter, tenderly kissed by Luna's compassionate beams. In old age such men sank even lower in their wretchedness, and it was indeed a state of misery without a care, or rather its only care was to know where most Schnapps could be had for the least money.

Such had always been my conception of a German poet. How pleasant was my surprise then in 1819, when I went to the University of Bonn as a very young man, and had the honour of meeting face to face the poet A. W. Schlegel, a man of genius. With the exception of Napoleon, he was the first great man I had seen, and I shall never forget that sublime moment. Even now I can feel the blessed tremor that passed through my soul when I stood before his desk and heard him speak.

I was wearing a white Petersham coat, a red cap, long fair hair and no gloves. But Herr A. W. Schlegel was wearing kid gloves, and was dressed in the latest Paris fashion; he wore the perfume of good society and *eau de millefleurs*: he was neatness and elegance in person and when he spoke of the Lord Chancellor of England, he added, "my friend," and near him stood his servant in the baronial livery of the House of Schlegel, and snuffed the wax candles

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which burned in silver candlesticks that stood next to a glass of sugar and water on the desk in front of the great man. A liveried servant ! Wax candles ! Silver candlesticks ! my friend, the Lord Chancellor of England ! Kid gloves ! Sugar and water ! What unheard of things at the lectures of a German professor. This magnificence dazzled us young men not a little and myself especially, and I addressed three odes to Herr Schlegel.

We went at night, beneath the walls was blazing
A great bonfire and where the students cowered
With merry jest, there came a voice upraising
The song of Germany and foes o'erpowered.

We drank our country's health our glasses raising
And saw the ghost who from the donjon lowered
And knightly shades the hill about us scoured,
And ghostly ladies whom we fell to praising.

And from the towers came great sighs so hollow
And clang and rattle, and the owls hoot " Follow "
And through it all the North wind roars and rages—

You see, my friend, I kept that long night's vigil
On tall old *Drachenfels*, the privilege ill
Begot in me, a cold that naught assuages.

CHAPTER II

LITTLE VERONICA

WHETHER it be because of the rhythmic beat of the oars, or the swaying of the boat, or the fragrance of the hills of the river bank, where joy doth grow, it always comes to pass that the most troubled spirit finds peace in floating lightly in a little boat on the bosom of the dear, clear river Rhine. In truth kind old Father Rhine cannot endure his children weeping; to stay their tears he takes them in his trusty arms and rocks them and tells them his most lovely tales and promises them his most golden treasures, perhaps even the hoard of the Niblungs sunk there in the dim distant past. . . .

O! it is a fair country full of loveliness and sunshine. The hills of the river bank are mirrored in the blue stream with their ruined castles and woods and ancient towns. There on their thresholds sit the townsfolk in the summer evenings and drink out of great mugs, and gossip, how the vines flourish, thank God, and how trials must be held in public, and how Marie Antoinette had been guillotined without more ado, and how the tobacco monopoly had raised the price of tobacco, and how all men are equal, and what a capital fellow Görres is.

For my part I never bothered about such conversations, but much preferred to sit with the girls in the arched window and laugh as they laughed, and have flowers

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thrown in my face and pretend to be angry, until they told me their secrets or some other vastly important story. The fair Gertrude could scarcely contain her delight when I sat with her; she was like a flaming rose, and when she fell upon my neck I used to think she would burst into flame and go off in smoke in my arms. The fair Catherine used to melt away in tender melody, when she talked to me, and her eyes were of a blue pure and sweet such as I have never found in human beings or beasts and only very rarely in flowers; it was lovely to look into them, and so many sweet thoughts would come into my head as I gazed. But the fair Hedwig loved me; for when I came to her she bowed her head so that her black tresses fell over her blushing face, and her bright eyes shone like stars in the dark sky. Never a word came from her modest lips, and I, too, had nothing to say to her. I coughed, and she trembled. Often she would beg me through her sisters not to climb the rocks so fast, and not to bathe in the Rhine when I was hot with running or had been drinking. I used to listen sometimes when she prayed devoutly before the little picture of the Virgin Mary, which, spangled with gold, and lit up by a little flickering lamp, stood in a niche of the hall of the house. I heard clearly how she prayed the Mother of God to forbid Him to climb and drink and bathe. I might have loved her if she had been indifferent to me; and I was indifferent to her because I knew that she loved me.

The fair Johanna was a cousin of the three sisters; I liked much to be with her. She knew the most beautiful stories, and when she reached out of the window with her white hand towards the hills, where all the happenings of the story had been, a spell was cast over me and I could see the old knights coming out of the ruined castles and

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hacking away at each other's armour, and the Lorelei stood once more on the hill-top and sang her sweet, seductive song, and the Rhine lapped so peacefully, so wisely, and yet with such dreadful mocking — and the fair Johanna looked at me strangely, as warily, and as mysteriously brooding as though she herself belonged to the fairy world of which she told. She was a slim, pale girl; she was consumptive and had long, long thoughts; her eyes were clear as truth; her lips pious and arched; in her features was a great story, but a sacred story—perhaps a legend of love? I know not, and I never had the courage to ask her. When I gazed for long upon her I became peaceful and glad, and it was as though there were Sunday in my breast, and the angels were holding divine service in it.

At such times I used to tell her stories of my childhood, and she always listened gravely, and, strange, when I could not remember the names, she used to call them to mind for me. When I asked her in my astonishment how she knew the names, she used to smile and tell me by way of answer that the birds had told her who had made their nest in the eaves of her window; and she would have me believe that they were the very same birds which, as a boy, I had once bought from the cruel peasant children with my pocket-money to let them fly away. But I believe that she knew everything, because she was so pale and died so young. She knew also when she was to die, and wished me to leave Andenach the day before. When I left her, she gave me both her hands—they were clear, white hands and pure as the Host—and said: "You are very kind, and when you are angry think of little Veronica, who is no more."

Did the chattering birds betray that name to her also?

LITTLE VERONICA

I had so often racked my brains when I was ransacking my memory, and had not been able to remember the dear name.

Now that I have it again, the earliest days of my childhood blossom forth in my recollection, and I am once more a child playing with other children in the Castle Square at Düsseldorf on the Rhine.

It was a clear, frosty, autumn day when a young man of studious aspect wandered slowly through the avenue of the Palace gardens at Düsseldorf, kicking up, as though from childish pleasure, the withering leaves that covered the ground, and looking sorrowfully up at the bare trees on which were hanging only a few yellow leaves. As he looked up he thought, in the words of Glaucus :

“Just as the leaves of the forest in truth are man’s generations :

Leaves are blown down to the earth and others are born,
and

Once more the woods are in bud when newly alive is the
Springtime,

So with man’s generations : one blooms, another doth
perish.”

In early days the young man had looked up at the same trees with other thoughts in his head, and he was then a boy looking for birds’ nests or cockchafers, which gave him great delight as they buzzed merrily away, glad of the lovely world, and content with a sappy green leaf, a drop of dew, a warm sunbeam, and the sweet scent of the plants. Then did the heart of the boy find pleasure in the little winged creatures. But now his heart had grown older, the little rays of the sun were put out in it, and all its flowers were dead, and the fair dream of love had lost its

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radiance. And in the unhappy heart was nothing but rage and sorrow, and, most bitter of all to say, it was my heart.

I had returned that day to my native city, but only to spend the night there; and I longed for Godesberg and to sit at the feet of my friend and tell her about little Veronica. I had visited the graves of my dear ones. Of all my living friends and relations I had found only an uncle and aunt. And when I found familiar figures in the streets none recognised me, and in the town I was looked upon with strange eyes. Many of the houses had been newly painted, and unknown faces peeped out at the windows; decrepit sparrows fluttered about the old chimneys, and everything looked as dead and yet as fresh as lettuce growing in a cemetery. . . . Only the old Elector recognised me. He stood still in the old square, but he seemed to have grown thinner. Because he stood in the middle of the market-place he had seen all the misery of the time, and such sights do not make for fatness. I walked as in a dream, and I thought of the tales of enchanted cities; and I hurried out by the gate that I might not wake too soon.

The old games of my childhood, and the old fairy tales came back to me! But through it all rang a new false game and a new horrible tale, the story of two poor souls who had been unfaithful to each other, and had gone so far in their faithlessness that they had even broken faith with God. It is a pitiful story, and if you have nothing better to do, you can weep for it. O God! The world was once so fair, and the birds sang Thy everlasting praise, and little Veronica looked at me with her dear eyes and said no word, and we sat in front of the marble statue on the castle square—but on one side lies the old deserted castle, where ghosts walk, and at night a lady in black silk

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wanders with long, rustling train, and she has no head : on the other side is a high white building, in the upper chambers of which the bright pictures with their golden frames gleam wondrously, and on the ground floor are thousands and thousands of great books which little Veronica and I often looked at curiously when pious Ursula lifted us up to the great windows—later, when I was a big boy I used to climb to the highest rungs of the ladder and take down the topmost books and read them for so long that I was afraid of nothing, and least of all of headless ladies, and I became so clever that I forgot the old games and tales and pictures and little Veronica, and even her name . . .

As we walked, the child played with a flower that she held in her hand : it was a sprig of mignonette. Suddenly she put it to her lips, and then gave it me. When I came back for my holidays the year after, little Veronica was dead. And since that day in spite of all the vagaries of my heart her memory has always remained vivid. Why? How? Is it not strange and mysterious? Sometimes when I think of this story, I feel a great sorrow as at the memory of some great misfortune. . . .

Dear lady, I will begin a new chapter and tell you how I came to Godesberg. . . .

When I came to Godesberg I sat once more at the feet of my friend—and her brown dachshund laid himself by my side—and we both looked up into her eyes.

The brown dachshund and I lay quietly at the fair lady's feet, and looked and listened. She was sitting with an old iron-grey soldier, a knightly figure with criss-cross scars upon his furrowed brow. They were talking of the seven hills lit by the lovely red of the evening sky, and of the blue Rhine, flowing, calm and full, hard by. What

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are the seven hills, and the red of the evening sky, and the blue Rhine, and the white sailed boats that float thereon, and the music that came from it, and the mutton-head of a student who sang so tender-loverly to us—the brown dachs and I gazed into the eyes of our friend, and we scanned her face which shone rose-pale from out the dark plaits and tresses like the moon from out black clouds. She had classic Greek features, boldly curving lips, whereon played weariness and happiness and child-like caprice, and when she spoke she breathed her words deep and almost with a sigh, and yet they came out quickly and impatiently—and when she spoke and her words came tumbling down like a warm bright shower of flowers from her—O! then the red of the evening sky touched my soul, and merrily ringing memories of childhood came to me, but above all, like a little bell, little Veronica's voice sounded in my ears, and I took the fair hand of my friend, and pressed it to my eyes, until the injury in my soul was gone, and then I leaped to my feet and laughed, and the dachs barked, and the old general's brow was more deeply furrowed, and I sat down again, and again I took the fair hand and kissed it, and told about little Veronlea . . .

Dear lady, you can easily imagine how pretty little Veronica was, when lying in her little coffin. The lighted candles that stood about it threw their glimmer on the pale, smiling face and on the soft red roses, and the rustling leaves of gold with which her head and her white shroud were adorned—pious Ursula took me into the silent room in the evening, and when I saw the little dead body laid out among the lights and flowers on the table, I thought at first that it must be a pretty little wax statue of a saint: but soon I recognised the dear face and I

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asked laughing, why little Veronica lay so still, and Ursula said: "Death lies still."

And when she said: "Death lies still"—but I will not tell this story now, it would be too long; I must first tell about lame Elster, who hobbled about in the Castle Square and was three hundred years old, and it would make me melancholy.—But I have a sudden desire to tell another story, a merry one, which is fitting for the occasion as it is indeed the very story which I set out to tell in this book.

In the bosom of the Knight was nothing but darkness and sorrow. The dagger of calumny had struck home to him, and as he went across the Piazza of St. Mark, his heart was like to break and bleed to death. His feet stumbled with weariness—throughout the day there had been hunting of the noble deer and it was a hot summer's day—the sweat lay upon his brow, and as he stepped into the gondola, he heaved a sigh. He sat heedlessly in the black cabin of his gondola, and heedlessly was he rocked by the soft waves that bore him on the familiar way to Brenta—and when he stepped out at the famous Palace, he was told that Signora Laura was in her garden.

She stood, leaning against the statue of Laokoon, near the red rose-tree at the end of the terrace hard by the weeping-willow that droops in sadness to the flowing stream. There she stood smiling, a tender vision of love, all in the scent of the roses. And he awoke as from an evil dream, and was transformed on the instant into softness and longing. "Signora Laura!" said he. "I am wretched and oppressed by hate and sore need and lies,"—and then he stuttered and stammered:—"but I love you,"—and then a glad tear came to his eyes, and with streaming eyes and burning lips he cried:—"Be mine, my love, and love me."

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

There is a veil of mystery drawn over that hour, and no man knows what Signora Laura replied, and when her good angel in Heaven is asked about it, he prevaricates and sighs and is silent.

Alone and for long stood the Knight by the statue of Laokoon, his face was drawn and white; unconsciously he plucked to pieces all the roses of the rose-tree, and even nipped off the young buds—the tree has never bloomed since then—far off a foolish nightingale made plaint; the weeping willow rustled anxiously; dully murmured the cool springs of the Brenta, and night clambered up with her moon and her stars—a lovely star, the most beautiful of all, fell from the Heavens.

CHAPTER III

GÖTTINGEN

THE summer of 1820 is always in my memory. The fair valleys round Hagen, the friendly road at Unna, the pleasant days at Hanover, and lordly Fritz von Bergheim, the Mayor, a wonderful man ; the antiquities at Sœst, even the heath at Padeborn, I can see them all vividly. I can still hear the old oak woods rustling around me and every leaf whispering to me. Here dwelt the old Saxons who last of all paid the price of their faith and of being Germans. I can still hear the primeval stone calling to me : " Stay, wanderer, here Armin slew Varus ! " You must go on foot and, as I did, wander through Westphalia by Austrian military day's marches if you wish to become acquainted with the strength and sternness, the honesty and probity, the unassuming solidity of its inhabitants.

The town of Göttingen, famous for its sausages and its University, belongs to the King of Hanover and contains 999 fireplaces, several churches, a lying-in hospital, an observatory, a library, a town-cellar where the beer is very good . . . The town itself is very beautiful and is most pleasing when you turn your back on it. It must have been standing for a very long time, for I remember when I matriculated there five years ago, and very soon afterwards was rusticated, it had the same grey, aged, wise appearance and was fully equipped with rattles, bulldogs,

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dissertations, *thés dansant*, washerwomen, compendia, roast pigeons, Guelphish orders, coaches, pipe-bowls, councillors of the Senate, councillors for justice and councillors for expulsion, professors and other fools. Some will have it that the town was built at the time of the emigration of nations and that every German stock left behind there a sample of its offspring and that from these come the Vandals, Frisians, Suabians, Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians, &c., who pass through the *Weender Strasse* in Göttingen in hordes and are distinguished by the colour of their caps and the tassels of their pipes, and are for ever fighting with each other on the bloody battlefields of the *Rosenmühle*, the *Ritchsenkrug* and *Booden*, and in manners and customs still live in the times of the emigration of nations, and are ruled partly by the *duces*, who are called Cocks, partly by their aboriginal book of statutes, which is called the Commentary, and deserves a place in the *legibus barbarorum*.

You may read more concerning the town of Göttingen easily enough in the Topography of K. F. H. Marx. Although I cherish the most sacred of obligations to the author, who was my doctor and showed much affection for me, I cannot unreservedly recommend his work, and I must lodge this complaint that he has not contradicted flatly enough the false idea that the feet of the women of Göttingen are too large. Indeed I have for a year and a day been busy with a serious contravention of this idea, and I have heard comparative anatomy on the subject; I have made extracts from most rare books in the library, and I have for hours together made a study of the feet of the ladies who passed along the *Weender Strasse*, and in the erudite dissertation which is to receive the results of these studies I shall write (1) of feet generally, (2) of feet among the ancients, (3) of the feet of elephants, (4) of

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the feet of the women of Göttingen, (5) I shall summarise what has already been said of these feet in Ullrich's gardens, (6) I shall consider these feet in relation to each other, and finally (7) if I can write so long a thesis I shall append copper-plates of the feet of the ladies of Göttingen.

A man has to live here like a solitary, for he can do nothing but cram. That was what induced me to go to the place. Often, as I loafed in the avenue of weeping willows of my paradise at Beul in the gloaming I saw hovering before me in apotheosis the shining genius of cram, in nightgown and trousers, holding out Macheldey's "Institutions" in one hand and with the other pointing away to the towers of Georgia Augusta. Then the clear waves of the Rhine murmured to me :

"Cram thou German youngster, study,
Chase thy tail, and chase away ;
Else thou'lt rue it and be sorry
For thy frittered, dawdling day."

Has not that a tragic sound ? . . . How I existed until the day of my departure, and what things I said and sang at Beul, and how in the end I strayed to Bonn, you will already have told Rousseau, my dear Steinmann. I have come within a few lines of finishing the third act of my tragedy. It is the longest and most difficult act. I hope to finish the other two this winter. Even if the piece does not please it will make a stir. I have put myself into it, with my paradoxes, my wisdom, my love, my hate, and my madness. As soon as I have finished it I shall hand it over to the printers. It will be produced in the theatre in due course—it does not matter when—it has already cost me trouble enough. And honestly, I am beginning to think

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that it is much more difficult to write a good tragedy than to be a good swordsman. . . .

To FRIEDRICH STEINMANN.

GÖTTINGEN, *Oct.* 29, 1820.

So far I have had no very great pleasure in this learned hole. If I did not know the distance I should have gone straight back to Bonn, dandies, fops, éditions de luxe of prose writers, boring plastic faces—there you have the students of the place. But the Professors are even more dead and alive than at Bonn. Only Sartorius who lectures on German history and with whom I am on very friendly terms has come near to pleasing me. I have spent whole evenings with him.

I attend Bencke's lectures on the old German language with great satisfaction. Only nine students are attending this course: think of it! out of 1300 students of whom certainly a thousand are Germans, there are only nine who take an interest in the language, the inner life, and the intellectual remains of their forefathers. . . .

I think gratefully of all the kindness and generosity you have showed me at Hamm: I shall make it good. My dear Fritz, you are one of those rare men through whose friendship there is no great stir in one's mind nor any inciting to a wild dance of the emotions, but there is in it a calm revivifying quality, that heals the old wounds and, I might almost say, exalts. And my crazy, distracted and unruly mind, what great need it has of such soothing, healing and exalting!

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To F. A. BROCKHAUS.

GÖTTINGEN, *Nov. 7, 1820.*

Enclosed you will find a manuscript entitled "Dream and Song," which I offer you for publication. I know very well that at present poetry does not appeal to a large public and therefore is not looked upon very favourably as a publishable commodity. Therefore I have turned to you, Herr Brockhaus, knowing as I could not help knowing, that you not only publish but also write a little poetry yourself, and that you endeavour to promote the interest of what is good and ambitious in our literature, having the art to rend the wide spreading veil and to humble yourself for the joy of all the world.

I can therefore follow the example of several of my friends and leave to such a man as yourself to fix the price and to say that far less should be put down to my credit than to the excellent printing and paper with which it is your habit so liberally to advertise your publications.

I am very anxious that yourself should read my manuscript, and I am convinced, knowing your keen sense of poetry, that you will not fail to find originality at least in the first half of these poems. Even the toughest critics have had to grant me originality, which is of some worth in these days, especially my Master, A. W. von Schlegel, who (at Bonn last winter and summer) several times pulled my poems to pieces, excised several excrescences, propped up many of their beauties and, thank God, praised them as a whole. As I am compelled by unhappy circumstances to suppress every poem which might have a political inter-

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pretation, and for the most part to gather up only erotic pieces in the collection, they are rather a meagre crop. But with the exception of six poems which were printed in a Hamburg journal, *Der Wächter*, all the poems in the manuscript are unpublished, and they may serve as illustrations to my observations on the newer poetry, which are bound up with the enclosed verses.

To FRIEDRICH STEINMANN.

GÖTTINGEN, Feb. 4, 1821.

Wonder of wonders! I have received the *Consilium abeundi*! For the last month I have been living in great uneasiness through all sorts of dissensions and have been pursued by all sorts of misfortunes, and finally last week I was rusticated for six months

for infringing the laws against duelling.

I have been allowed to stay here for a few days under pretext of being too ill to leave my room. Imagine my vexation: eagerly expecting supplies from home, setting my papers in order, compelled to keep to my room. I sit the whole morning through and write like anybody in my album:

“In his love’s arms, sorrow free
Dreaming, happy as can be:
Suddenly, his awful fate,
Comes command to Rusticate,
And far away from his dear love
Must the student then remove.”

But whither shall I remove? In no event can I go to Bonn because of my relatives there. I expect they will

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decide at home what university I am to go to. Probably it will be Berlin. . . .

I have worked with all my power (at *Almansor*) and have spared neither my heart's blood nor the sweat of my brow, and have finished it all but half an act, and I find to my horror that the astounding and divine masterpiece is not only not a good tragedy, but is not even worthy of the name of tragedy. Yes; there are charming and fine moments and scenes in it, originality is shown in every word of it, and surprisingly poetic images and thoughts sparkle all through it, so that it shines and glitters as though it were covered with a film of diamonds. Thus speaks the vain author, the poetic enthusiast. But the stern critic, the inexorable dramaturgist wears quite a different pair of spectacles altogether, shakes his head, and pronounces it to be—a pretty puppet-show. “A tragedy must be drastic,” he murmurs, and that is the death sentence of mine. Have I no dramatic talent? That is easily possible. Or have the French tragedies, which I used to admire much, unconsciously been exercising their old influence? That is a little more probable. For think, all three unities are most conscientiously observed in my tragedy. Only four characters are heard to speak, and the dialogue is almost as scrupulously polished and rounded, as in “*Phèdre*” or “*Zaire*.”—You are surprised? The riddle is easily solved: I have attempted to unite in the drama the romantic spirit and stern plastic form. Therefore, my tragedy will share the fate of Schlegel's *Jon*. That failed of course because it was written as a polemic . . .

But now I must take a bite of my sour apple, and tell you how my poems fare. You do me wrong if you think that I am to blame for the delay in publication. I

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received them back from Brockhaus with the most charming and courteous reply to my letter, saying that he was overloaded for the present with works for publication. I will see now if I cannot foist them upon some one else. It happened to the great Goethe himself with his first efforts. But I will have my tragedy printed in spite of their failure. Farewell!

I shall probably leave here the day after to-morrow.

CHAPTER IV

AT BERLIN

BERLIN is in truth not a town. Berlin is merely a place whither a crowd of men—and many of them men of intellect—foregather, to whom the place is a matter of indifference: these men make the spiritual Berlin. The stranger, passing through, sees only the terraces of houses, one like unto another, and the long wide streets which are built in regular order, and for the most part to suit the caprice of one man, and give no sort of indication of the disposition of the masses. Only a Sunday's child gazing at the long rows of houses can guess the private feelings of the inhabitants, and the houses try to keep each other at a distance, glaring at each other in mutual distrust. Only once on a moon-light night, as I was returning late from Luther and Wegner, did I see that hard temper resolve itself into gentleness and tender melancholy, and the houses standing opposite each other so inimically, look at each other in true Christian fashion, touched by their dilapidation, and try to throw themselves into each other's arms in reconciliation: so that I, poor man, walked in the middle of the street, fearing to be squashed. There are many who will laugh at this fear of mine, and indeed I laughed at it myself when I walked through the same street the next morning and saw it in the cold light of day, and the houses gaping at each other again so stupidly.

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Indeed you need several bottles of poetry to make you see anything in Berlin but dead houses and dead Berliners. It is very difficult to see ghosts in Berlin. The town contains so little of old days, and it is so new; and yet its newness is already old, so decayed and withered. For, as I have said, it has arisen not from the consciousness of the masses but from that of individuals. Frederic the Great is the best of them: he found only solid foundations, and the town received from him its individual character, and even if nothing had been built after his death it would remain an historical monument of the spirit of that strange dull hero who typified in himself with true German valour, the extraordinary Philistinism and the freedom of understanding, the shallowness and the uprightness of his age. Take Potsdam for instance: that is such a monument; we wander through its deserted streets as through the posthumous works of the philosopher of *Sans souci*: it belongs to his *venores posthumes* and although it is now only a waste of stone and is amusing enough, yet we look at it with grave interest, and suppress the desire to laugh, which crops up here and there, as if we were afraid of being struck by the Spanish cane of old Fritz. . . .

But when I loitered in foreign climes,
And I dreamed there regardless of seasons and times,
My darling found that the time went slow,
And she stitched and contrived for herself a trousseau,
And as husband in tender arms she wound
The dullest young dullard for miles around.
My love is so gentle and fair to see,
That her gracious image still haunteth me;
The violet eyes and the cheek's rose-hue
Will bloom and will blossom the whole year through;
To let slip by so charming a wife
Was the dullest of all the dull acts of my life.

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Old Mother Earth was close-fisted so long
When May came on with "dépense remarquable";
And the world is joy, and laughter, and song;
But for laughter—"Je n'en suis plus capable."

The bells are chiming, the flowers they grow,
The birds they chatter, "comme dans une fable";
But in all their chatter no pleasure I know,
For all is to me "une affaire misérable."

Still all mankind seems sad and shady,
Even my friend, "autrefois passable."
Because they now style and intitle "My Lady"
My sweetest love, "si douce et aimable."

Ah, Lily, I love thee so madly
As thou standest in dreams mid the grass,
And look'st in the stream so sadly,
And murmurest "Ah" and "Alas."

Away with thy love and thy coaxing.
I know how deceitful thou art!
Thy tenderest words are but hoaxing,
For my cousin, the Rose, has thy heart.

I saw myself all in a dream by night
In glossy evening coat and satin vest,
Ruffles on wrist, as for some gala dressed,
And by me stood my mistress sweet and bright.

"So you're betrothed," I murmured with a slight
Inclining. "Pray, fair lady, take my best
Good wishes." But my throat was tight compressed
By the unfeeling, long drawled tones polite.

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And floods of bitter tears streamed forth unbidden

From my beloved's eyes, and in their breaking,
The vision fair was almost from me hidden.

Oh ye sweet eyes, love-stars so seeming true,

Though ye have lied to me in dreams and waking
Often, how gladly still I trust in you !

What makes my mad blood rave and rush ?

What makes my heart to flame and flush ?

My blood doth boil and flame and dart,

And scorching flame devours my heart.

My blood is pulsing wild and mad

Because of that vile dream I had.

The son of Night approached me dim,

And led me gasping forth with him.

He led me to a palace bright

With blazing torch and taper-light.

'Mid sounding harps, 'mid stir and din,

I reached the hall—I entered in.

There was a wedding revelrie ;

The guests sat round the board in glee.

And when the bridal pair I spied,

Ah, woe ! my darling was the bride.

It was my winsome Love in sooth,

And for the groom, a stranger youth.

I crept behind her chair of state,

And hardly breathing, there I wait.

The music swelled ; I stood amazed,

The loud delights my spirits dazed :

The bride's glance was supremely blest,

And both her hands the bridegroom pressed.

AT BERLIN

The bridegroom brims his beaker high,
And drinks and gives it lovingly
To her, who thanks with sweet low laugh.
Ah woe ! my red blood did she quaff !

The bride took up an apple fair
And gave it to the bridegroom there ;
He took his knife and cut it free.
Ah woe ! it was the heart of me !

Their glances met a long sweet space ;
He clasps the bride in keen embrace ;
Her cheeks so rosy red kissed he.
Ah woe ! chill Death was kissing me !

The tongue within my mouth was lead,
No single word could I have said.
Loud music sounded thro' the hall,
The dainty bride-pair led the ball !

I stood there silent as the dead,
The nimble dancers round me sped.
One low-toned word he whispers next ;
She blushes, but she is not vexed !

In eighteen hundred and seventeen, dear,
I saw a maiden wondrous fair ;
Her manner and her form were yours, dear,
And just like you she wore her hair.

I was about to start for college,
And pleaded with her, " Wait for me,
'Twill soon be time for my returning."
She said, " My joy is all in thee."

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

At Göttingen the law I studied ;
Three years had passed since I began ;
Then came the news, my faithful sweetheart
Was married to another man.

Spring smiled in every field and valley :
It was the first of May, and glad
The birds were singing in the sunshine,
Not even the meanest worm was sad.

But, as for me, my strength forsook me ;
Ailing I grew, and sick and white ;
And only God knows what I suffered
Through the long watches of the night.

I lived for three and a half years in Berlin, where I was on the most friendly footing with the most distinguished men of learning and came by a sword thrust in my thigh, dealt me by one Schaller of Dantzig, whose name I have never forgotten because he is the only man who has known how really to wound me.

I have written ever since I was sixteen. My first poems were printed in Berlin in 1821. . . . Professor Gubitz bemused the firm of Mauer into publishing my poems, and, excluding forty free copies, . . . I received not a penny.

To GOETHE.

BERLIN, 29 Dec., 1821.

I might have a hundred reasons for sending Your Excellency my poems, I will only give one: I love you. I believe that is a comprehensive reason. My efforts in poetry are, I know, of little worth; only it may be

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that here and there there are passages to show of what I may in time be capable of putting forth. For a long time my mind was divided as to what is poetry. I was told: "Ask Schlegel." He said to me: "Read Goethe." That I have done in all reverence. And if in the course of time there shall come from me the Real Thing, then I shall know to whom I am indebted for it. I kiss your blessed hand which has shown me and the whole German people the way to Heaven.

To ADOLF MÜLLNER.

If I have become a poet, then it is the fault of your excellent "*Schuld*." It was my favourite little book, and I was so fond of it that I paid it the honour of giving it as a present to my beloved. "Do you write something like that?" said my fair in mocking tones; and, of course, I assured her loftily and affectionately that I would write something better.

But you, sir, can take my word for it that I have not yet succeeded in fulfilling my promise. Meanwhile I have not the least doubt that in a few years I shall dislodge the autocrat of the drama from his stage throne. "Art thou not terrified by the bloody heads of —— and —— set up for a warning in the critical columns? And by the ruin of many thousands who found their shame in similar venture?" No. I am not afraid.

When a great building is toward, then splinters fall; and such are the poems which I am now taking the liberty of sending you. I am not doing this because I esteem you so highly; I take good care not to give that impression. Nor do I send my poems in gratitude for the charming

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evenings which I owe to you ; for, in the first place, I am naturally ungrateful, being a man ; and in the second, I am habitually ungrateful to poets, being German ; and, in the third place, there can be no question of gratitude between us, because I believe that I myself am now a poet.

I am sending you, sir, the enclosed volume of poems simply because I wish to see a review of it in the literary journals.

I gain much if the review turns out well, that is to say if it is not too bitter. For I have wagered at a literary club, that Councillor Wüllner will review me impartially, even when I say that I am one of his antagonists.

I am very irritable, morose, cross, and fretful to-day ; ill-humour has put the break on my phantasy, and all my quips are in mourning. Do not imagine that the faithlessness of some woman is the cause of it. I am for ever in love with women ; when I was cut off from female society at Göttingen I put up with a cat ; but the faithlessness of a woman could only affect my risible muscles. Do not imagine that my vanity has been injured ; the days are gone when I used to plait my hair in curl papers in the evening, and carry a mirror in my pocket and busy myself for twenty-five hours a day with tying my neck-cloth. Do not imagine either that my sensitive mind is disturbed by religious scruples. I believe now only in the Pythagorean doctrine and in the royal code of Prussia. No ! My unhappiness is caused by a far more serious matter : my dear friend, the most amiable of men, Eugene von Breza, went away the day before yesterday. He was the only man whose company did not bore me, the only man whose original jokes could excite me to merriment, and in his noble features I could see clearly, what my own soul was like once upon a time when I lived a lovely and a pure life

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like a flower, and was not spotted with hatred and lies! . . .

For some months past I have been wandering about in Prussian Poland. I did not go far in the Russian or the Austrian part of it. I have made the acquaintance of many men from all parts of Poland. They were for the most part nobles and most aristocratic. But while in the flesh I moved only in the circles of the higher society and in the confines of the castles of the Polish nobility, my spirit often strayed to the huts of the lower orders. When I saw Delaroche's picture (the two Princes in the Tower, who were put to death by Richard III.) I was reminded of the day when in a fine castle in dear Poland I stood in front of the picture of my friend and talked of him with his gentle sister and to myself compared her eyes with those of my friend. We talked also of the painter of the portrait, who had died only a short while before, and we remarked how men die off, one after another. Alas! my dear friend also is dead now . . . The soft light of his lovely sister is also put out: their castle has been burned down and I am lonely and sad when I think that not only do our lives so soon disappear from the world, but also, no trace is left of the places where we lived them out, as though they had never existed and everything were only a dream. . . .

How emphatic I was once when . . . my best friend tried to prove to me, as we walked up and down the terrace of a castle, the superiority in blood of the nobility. While we were disputing one of the servants made some mistake and the noble gentleman struck the lowly-born fellow in the face, so that his ignoble blood burst forth, and hurled him down from the terrace. I was ten years younger then, and I hurled the noble Count also down from the terrace—

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he was my best friend—and he broke his leg. When I saw him again after his recovery—he limped a little—he was not a bit cured of his pride of birth and maintained boldly that the nobleman was appointed to be an intermediary between people and king, just as God has created between himself and men the angels, who stand next his throne like an aristocracy of Heaven. “Gracious angel,” I answered, “take a few steps up and down”—he did so—and the comparison limped.

* * * * *

I made the acquaintance of Grabbe in Berlin, where we were both students. He was a strange mixture of humility and impossible poetic bumptiousness. He thought me very rich because at that time—I know not by what chance—I possessed a beautiful cloak, and he declared that, being warm and comfortable because of this cloak, I could make glowing songs of the South, while he, in his threadbare, decrepit old coat, exposed to the shameless wind of Berlin, had to seek his dramatic stuffs in the far North. . . .

I have read in poor Dietrich Grabbe’s “Biography” that the seeds of his addiction to drink, to which he surrendered absolutely, had been implanted in him by his own mother, who had given him as a child brandy to drink. This accusation, which the editor of the Biography had from the lips of a hostile relative, seems to be absolutely false when I remember how poor Grabbe used to speak of his mother, who used often to give him a strict warning against taking nips.

She was a coarse woman, the wife of a prison warder, and when she caressed her young Wolf Dietrich it is quite likely that she scratched him with her she-wolf’s paws. But she had a true motherly heart, and showed it when her son went to Berlin as a student.

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When he left, so Grabbe told me, she pressed into his hand a packet, in which, wrapped in soft cotton, were half a dozen silver spoons and six ditto little coffee spoons, and a big ditto soup ladle, a domestic treasure with which the women of the people don't dispense without a pang, for such spoons are like decorations by which they believe themselves to be distinguished from the common mob who have only pewter. When I met Grabbe, he had already pawned the soup-ladle, Goliath, as he called it. When I asked him how things went with him, he would answer gloomily and laconically: "I am at my third spoon," or "I am at my fourth spoon." Once he said with a sigh that the big ones were going, and that there would be very short commons when it came to the little coffee-spoons, and that when they were gone there would be no commons at all.

Alas he was right, and the less he had to eat the more he turned to drink and he became a drunkard. At first wretchedness and domestic trouble made the unhappy fellow seek happiness or forgetfulness in his cups and in the end I suppose he took to the bottle, as others to the pistol, to make an end of sorrow. "Believe me," said a simple Westphalian fellow countryman of Grabbe's, "he could bear much and he would not have died, because he drank; but he drank because he wished to die, he died because he was drunk with himself." The foregoing obituary is addressed more to my German than to my French readers, and for the latter I will only observe that the aforesaid Dietrich Grabbe was one of the greatest of German poets, and of all our dramatic poets he should be named as the one who came nearest in spirit to Shakespeare. He had fewer strings to his lyre than others, perhaps, and they perhaps rise above him in that,

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but such strings as he had have a tone which is only found in the great Englishman. He had the same suddennesses, the same sounds as of Nature, which terrify, and shock and delight us in Shakespeare.

But all his qualities are clouded by a want of taste, a cynicism and a lack of restraint which surpass the maddest and most horrible fancies that ever a mind has given to the light of day. It was not disease or fever or imbecility that produced these things, but a spiritual intoxication of genius. Just as Plato neatly called Diogenes a crazy Socrates, so alas, our Grabbe might even more aptly be called a drunken Shakespeare.

In his published dramas these monstrosities are very much toned down but they occur glaringly horrible in the manuscript of his *Gothland*, a tragedy which he gave me once, or rather hurled at my feet, before I came to know him, with the words: "I wanted to know what is in me, and therefore I took the manuscript to Professor Gubitz who shook his head over it, and to be rid of me referred me to you, saying that you had as mad whimsies in your head as I and would therefore understand me much better—here is my *Bulk!*"

With these words and without waiting for an answer the mad wag rolled away, and as I was on my way to Frau von Varnhagen's, I took the manuscript with me so as to give her the first tidings of a poet, for in the few passages that I had read I had already recognised that here was a poet.

We know the poetic quarry by their scent. But in this case the scent was too strong for feminine nerves and late, about midnight, Frau von Varnhagen sent for me and implored me for the love of God to take away the horrible manuscript because she could not sleep as long as it was in

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the house. Such an impression did the productions of my friend Grabbe make in their original shape.

* * * * *

(Ludwig Marcus) came to Berlin in 1820 to study medicine, but he soon deserted this branch of science. I saw him first at Berlin, and at Hegel's lectures where he often used to sit near me and industriously write down the words of the master. He was then two and twenty, but his appearance was nothing less than youthful. He had a small slight body like that of a boy of eight years old, and in his face there was a sort of senility which usually goes with a hunched back. But he had no such deformity, and that he did not have it was surprising. Those who had known personally the late Moses Mendelssohn were astonished by the resemblance which the features of Marcus bore to those of the renowned philosopher, who, curiously enough, was also a native of Dessau. . . .

But Marcus was very closely allied in spirit to that great reformer of the German Jews, and in his soul there dwelt the same unselfishness, the patient tranquillity, the modesty and sense of justice, the smiling contempt for the wicked, and indomitable iron love for his oppressed comrades of the faith. Their fate was for Marcus, as for Mendelssohn, the glowing hub of all his thoughts, the heart of his life.

I made him happy once when I asked him to compile for me everything in the Arabic and Talmudic Scriptures relating to the Queen of Sheba.

I owe it to this work, which is perhaps still among my papers, that I know to this day why the Kings of Abyssinia boast of being of the seed of David: they trace their descent to the visit which their ancestress, the aforesaid Queen of Sheba, paid to Solomon the Wise at Jerusalem.

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The little man's outward appearance, which not infrequently excited laughter, did not prevent his being one of the most honoured members of that society which published the above-mentioned periodicals, and under the name of the "Jewish Union of Culture and Science," pursued great ambitions, but impracticable ideas. Intellectual and great-hearted men endeavoured in this way to procure the salvation of a lost cause, and at best they succeeded in discovering the bodies of the old combatants on the battle-fields of the past. The whole output of the society consists of a few historical works and research, and among them the treatises of Dr. Zunz on the Spanish Jews in the Middle Ages must be counted one of the marvels of the higher criticism.

How can I speak of that Union without mentioning the admirable Zunz, who showed unshakable steadfastness in a time of transition, and in spite of his own acuteness, and scepticism, and erudition, remained faithful to everything that he had said and to the generous impulses of his soul; a man of words and of action, he created and wrought while others were dreaming and succumbing to despair.

I cannot pass by without mentioning my dear Bendavid, in whom great spirit and strength of character were united with large-minded and urbane refinement, and although he was very old shared all the youthful wild ideas of the Union. He was a philosopher of the old style, steeped in the sunlight of Greek serenity, a pattern of the purest virtue, and by discipline as hard as the marble of the categorical Imperative of his master, Immanuel Kant. All his life Bendavid was the most zealous disciple of the Kantian philosophy, and in his youth he suffered the utmost persecution for it, and yet he would never sever himself from the old community of the Mosaic creed, and

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he would never change the cockade of his beliefs. Even the semblance of such a renunciation filled him with anger and disgust. Lazarus Bendavid, as I have said, was a thoroughgoing Kantian, and in saying that I have indicated his intellectual limitations. When we spoke of Hegelian philosophy he used to shake his bald head and say that it was superstition. He wrote well, but spoke better.

The most active member of the Union, the life and soul of it, was M. Moser, who died a few years ago. Even as quite a young man he was not only profoundly learned, but also fired with a great pity for mankind, and the desire to put his knowledge into practice for the healing of their woes. He was untiring in his philanthropic endeavours. He was very practical and toiled unostentatiously at his labours of love. The great public knew nothing of his activity. He fought and bled incognito. His name is unknown, and is not written on the roll of self-sacrifice. Our generation is not so poor as we think: it has produced an extraordinary number of such nameless martyrs.

Writing the obituary of Marcus led me naturally to writing the obituary of the Union of which he was one of the most honoured members. Eduard Gans, who died the other day, was its worthy president. This gifted man cannot be accounted great for his unassuming self-sacrifice or his nameless martyrdom. Indeed, though his soul might be fired with the resolve to procure the salvation of mankind, yet even in moments of exaltation he never lost sight of his personal interest. A witty lady, at whose house Gans used often to take tea of an evening, once observed aptly, that even in the fiercest discussion and in spite of his great distraction of mind, when he reached out his hand to the plate of sandwiches he always took those that were made of fresh salmon and not those made of cheese.

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Gans' services to German science are common knowledge. He was one of the most active apostles of the Hegelian philosophy, and in jurisprudence he waged war upon the lackeys of the old Roman Law, who, without any concern for the spirit which once lived in the old legislation, are only concerned with dusting the wardrobe that it has left behind, and with cleaning it of moth, or botching it up for modern use. Gans chastised such servility even in its most elegant livery. How the wretched soul of Herr von Savigny whimpered under his kicks! But Gans furthered the development of the idea of liberty in Germany more by the spoken than by the written word. He set free the most closely bound ideas, and tore the mask from lies. His was a nimble spirit of fire, the sparks of which blazed bravely, or at least glowed finely. I have to say, though I say it with sorrow, that Gans fell very far short of uprightness in his dealings with the "Jewish Union of Culture and Science," and exposed himself to an accusation of the most unpardonable felony. His downfall was all the more calamitous inasmuch as he had played the rôle of an agitator and had undertaken presidential duties. There is a traditional obligation on the captain of a ship to be the last to leave it when it sinks. But Gans saved himself first. Little Marcus was morally superior to the great Gans, and he could justly complain that Gans was not more equal to his task.

We have shown the part that Marcus took in the Jewish Union of Culture and Science as a matter that seemed to us more important and more memorable than all his stupendous knowledge and all his learned works put together. It is possible that the time when he was devoting himself to the efforts and illusion of that Union seemed to himself to be the most sunny hours of his unhappy

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life. Therefore I had to make particular mention of the Union.

I could easily prophesy what songs would one day be whistled and warbled in Germany, for I saw the hatching of the birds, who in later days gave voice to the new melodies. I saw Hegel, with his almost comically grave face, sitting like a broody hen on her eggs, and I heard his clucking. I say it with all respect, but I rarely understood him, and it was only by much thought since that I have come to any comprehension of his words. It is my belief that he did not wish to be understood and that was why he evolved his clausular style, and had such a preference for people who, he knew, did not understand him, and gave them all the more readily for that the honour of association with him. Everybody in Berlin, for instance, was continually surprised by the intimacy of the profound Hegel with Heinrich Beer, a brother of the world-famous Meyerbeer, who was applauded by the most brilliant journalists. Heinrich Beer was a silly fellow, who was afterwards declared insane by his family and placed under guardianship, because, instead of making a great name in art or science with his great fortune, he preferred to squander his wealth on silly kickshaws; and, for instance, spent six thousand thalers in one day on walking-sticks. This wretched man, who had no wish to be a great tragic poet, or a great astronomer, or a musical genius, laurel-crowned, a rival of Mozart and Rossini, preferred to spend his money on walking-sticks—this Beer, this degenerate Beer, enjoyed the closest intercourse with Hegel, was the intimate of the philosopher, his Pylades, and accompanied him everywhere like a shadow. Felix Mendelssohn, as witty as he was talented, once tried to explain this phenomenon, saying that Hegel did not

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understand Heinrich Beer. But it is my belief that the real reason of this intimacy was that Hegel was convinced that Heinrich Beer could not understand a word of what he heard him say, and that he could therefore in his presence unrestrainedly give himself up to all the ebullitions of his mind. Hegel's conversation was always a sort of monologue, breathed out by fits and starts in a dull voice; the oddity of his expressions often struck me, and many of them have lingered in my memory. One starlight night we were standing close together at a window, and I, a young man of two and twenty, I had dined well and drunk much coffee, and I spoke enthusiastically of the stars and called them the abode of the blessed. The master muttered: "The stars, hum! hum! the stars are only a gleaming rash on the sky."—"Dear God," I cried, "is there, then, no happy land up yonder to be the reward of virtue after death?" But, looking blankly at me with his pale eyes, he said, cuttingly: "You wish to receive a tip for having looked after your sick mother, and for not having poisoned your brother?" As he said these words he looked anxiously about, and he seemed to be relieved when he saw that it was only Heinrich Beer, who had come to invite him to the whist party. . . .

I have been upbraided in many quarters for having torn the curtain from the German Heaven and revealed the fact that all the gods of the old faith are gone from it, and that only an old spinster, with heavy hands and sorrowful heart, sits there; Necessity. Ah! I have only given a fore-warning of what every man must learn for himself, and what sounded so strange then is now cried out from the housetops on the other side of the Rhine. And in what fanatical tones these anti-religious sermons are

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delivered ! We have monks of atheism, who would fain burn M. de Voltaire alive, because he is a deist in disguise. I must confess that I take no pleasure in such music, but then, again, I am not against it, for I have stood behind the maëstro, as he was composing it—in very obscure and twisted signs, so that not everybody can decipher them—and I used often to see how he looked anxiously about from fear anybody should understand him. He was very fond of me, for he was certain that I did not betray him. I thought him servile. Once, when I was impatient with his saying : “ All that is, is rational,” he smiled strangely and said, “ It might also be said : All that is rational must Be.” Then he looked quickly about, but was speedily reassured, for only Heinrich Beer had heard the words. It was only later that I understood why, in his “ History of Philosophy ” he declared : that Christianity is an advance because it teaches a God who died, while the heathen gods knew nothing of death. . . .

To KARL IMMERMANN.

BERLIN, *Jan.* 14, 1823.

I hope that Councillor Varnhagen von Ense will be useful to you in your publication difficulties. . . . He is a man, whose position, character, critical faculty and loyalty deserve the greatest confidence : whose good disposition I have won through my poetry, the fair intermediary, and he is the only man in this rotten hole on whom I can rely, and his princely interest in your labours is the best that you can come by through my intervention. I have just shown him your letter to me, and to make you happy I am sending you the note which Varnhagen's wife wrote me

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about it the day before yesterday. . . . She is the cleverest woman I have ever met. . . . I have read delightedly your last words about my poems; your candour proves that you think well of me. . . . I rejoice like a child in the appearance of my own book: and because so much riff-raff is hostile to. . . . I have desired to take up the attitude of ignoring everything that is and will be written in attack upon me. I know that a society has been formed to provoke me systematically by spreading offensive reports and slinging mud in public. . . . Farewell! Think well of me: If from certain expressions and grievances you take me for a pedant, then I am quite ready to confess that I am that. Perhaps it comes from my state of health, but perhaps because I am still half a child. It is strange that I cling to my childhood as long as possible, but it is because everything is reflected in the child: manhood, old age, Godhead, even wickedness and convenience. . . .

You ought to have had a letter from me long ago. When I read the dear conciliatory words which you wrote last summer in the *Anzeige* about my "Poems," I resolved to write to you. . . . I confess that you are the only man who has divined the source and origin of my dark sorrows. But I hope soon to be known to you: perhaps I have succeeded in my new poems in laying down the *Passe-partout* of the lazaret of my soul. I shall soon hand this little book over to the printers, and it will be one of my greatest joys to send it to you: for truly there are very few for whom one writes especially, when, as I have done, he has drawn into himself. This book is to contain my little malicious-sentimental poems, a southern romantic drama, and a little grey northern tragedy. The fools think I have ventured to enter into rivalry with you because of our point of contact in Westphalia (you have

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been taken for a Westphalian up to now), and they do not know that the lovely clean shining diamond cannot be compared to the blood-stone which is only wonderful in form, and from which the hammer of time strikes wild, evil sparks. But what are the fools to us. . . . War against ancient wrong, domineering folly and wickedness ! If you will be my brother-in-arms in this holy war, then gladly do I hold out my hand to you. Poetry is after all only a secondary consideration.

To FERDINAND DÜMLER.

BERLIN, Jan. 5, 1823.

Our mutual friends have praised your activity and loyalty. Because, being sharpened by experience, I do most loyally esteem these qualities in a bookseller, more than any other interest, I now make you a proposal to publish one of my books. It contains (1) a little tragedy (some three and a half printer's sheets long), the main idea of which is to be a substitute for the usual Fate, and will certainly cause a stir in the reading world ; (2) a longer dramatic poem, called "Almansor," the matter of which is religious and polemical ; it is concerned with topics of the day, and will cover perhaps a little more than six sheets, and (3) a cycle of humorous poems in folk-song metre that will take up three to three and a half sheets ; some of them have appeared in the journals, and by their originality have excited much interest, some praise and bitter censure. As to the little tragedy which I have designed for the stage, where it is certain to be produced, I will give you its title and contents as soon as I find that you are not averse to my proposal. I do not want it to be known here before

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it has begun to be printed, and only two people, Professor Gubitz and Councillor Varnhagen von Ense have seen it.

I cannot myself pass any judgment upon my own worth as a poet. I will only say that my poems have excited extraordinary attention throughout Germany, and that the very violence of the hostility with which they have been assailed here and there is itself no bad sign . . .

I do not think I am much known here in Berlin ; but I am better known in my own country on the Rhine and in Westphalia, where, as I hear from all sides, there is great anticipation of the appearance of my long expected book of poems, and its greatest sale will certainly be there.

To IMMANUEL WOHLWILL.

BERLIN, *April 1, 1823.*

Do not imagine, my good fellow, that the long delay in answering your letter has been caused by any cooling off of friendship on my part. No, indeed, although many a friendship has been frozen in this hard winter, the dear fat image of you has not been able to issue from the narrow portals of my heart and the name of . . . Wohlwill lingers warm and alive in my memory. Only yesterday we were talking of you for one and a half hours—by We, you must understand myself and Moser.

I am glad that you are beginning to be happy in the arms of the amiable Hammonia : I don't like the charmer, the gold-broidered coat deceives me not : I know that she wears a dirty chemise next her yellow body and that with melting sighs of love : "Beef ! Banko !" she sinks on the bosom of him who offers most . . . But perhaps I am doing an injustice to the good city of Hamburg ; the

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humour that I was in when I lived there for a little time was not of a sort to make me an unprejudiced judge ; my inner life was given over to brooding and sinking into the darkness, only lit by fantastic lights, of the pit of the world of dreams, and my outer life was mad, dreary, cynical and forbidding ; in a word, I made it a sharp contrast to my inner life, so that it might not weigh down the balance to my destruction. Yes, *amice*, it was very fortunate for me that I had just come from the philosophical lecture room, when I stepped into the circus of the world, and could construct my life philosophically and see it objectively—even if I did lack that higher calm and self-possession which are necessary if one is to envisage a great scene of life. I do not know if you have understood me ; but if some day you read my memoirs and find a description of a crowd of Hamburgers of whom I love some, hate many, and despise the majority, you will understand me better ; for the present what I have said will serve only to answer certain expressions in your letters, and to explain to you why I cannot fulfil your desire and come to Hamburg this spring—although I shall be only a few miles away from it. Four weeks from now I am going to Lüneburg, where my family lives, and shall stay there six weeks, and then go to the Rhine, and, if possible, to Paris. My uncle has given me two more years as a student and I have no need to seek a professor in Sarmatia, as I originally intended. I think that there will be many changes soon, and that I shall have no difficulty in settling on the Rhine . . . The chief thing is the restoration of my health, without which all plans are foolish. If God will only give me health, I will look after the rest.

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To RAHEL VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

BERLIN, *April 12, 1823.*

I am going away soon and I beg you not altogether to throw away my image into the lumber room of oblivion. I could make no reprisals, and though I were to say to myself a hundred times a day, "You will forget Frau von Varnhagen!" it could not be. Forget me not! You cannot excuse yourself on the score of bad memory, your spirit has made a contract with time, and if after some hundreds of years I have the pleasure of seeing you as the fairest and most beautiful of all the flowers in the fairest and most beautiful of all the valleys of heaven, then you will have the kindness to greet me as a holly tree (or shall I be something worse?), as an old acquaintance with your friendly glance and your soft breathing sweetness. It is sure that you will do so. You have done so in the years 1822 and 1823 when you treated me, a sick, bitter, morose, poetic, and insufferable human being, with a kindliness and goodness which I have certainly not deserved in *this* life, and must owe alone to tender recollections of an earlier acquaintance . . .

CHAPTER V
THE TRAGEDIES AND THE LYRICAL
INTERMEZZO

To IMMANUEL WOHLWILL.

BERLIN, *April* 7, 1823.

I am sending you to-day my "Tragedies." I have dedicated them to my uncle Solomon Heine. Have you seen him? He is one of the men whom I most esteem; he is noble, and he has innate strength. You know, the last is the greater thing for me.

To FRIEDRICH STEINMANN.

BERLIN, *April* 10, 1823.

Troublous storms, the loss of my nearest and dearest, sickness and distemper and such like jolly things have for two years been the outstanding features of the life of your friend. . . . My "Tragedies" have just been published. I know that they will be torn in pieces. But I will tell you this in confidence: they are very good, better than my collection of poems, which is not worth powder and shot.

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To KARL IMMERMANN.

Yes. I promise you that the frivolous desire to seem frivolous shall never again take me when I make confessions to you. There is such a confession of myself in "Ratcliff" and it is my whim to believe that you will be one of the few who will understand it. I am convinced of the worth of the poem; for it is true, or I myself am a lie; everything else that I have written or may write, may and will vanish away. But will the new-born bantling give me joy? It will be hard for such joy to be as great as the sorrow that already I see before me. The coteries of toads and vermin of this place have already presented me with the dirty marks of their attention; they have already got hold of my book before it is actually published, and, from what I hear, they are going to foist a "tendency" upon "Almansor" and bring it into contempt in a way which rouses my whole being and fills me with sovereign disgust. . . . The cursed language of imagery in which I had to make "Almansor" and his oriental consorts speak, led me into drawing it out rather fine. I am afraid that the Pious of the Land will have many other charges to lay at the door of the piece.

To MAXIMILIAN SCHOTTKY.

BERLIN, *May 4, 1823.*

I hope the tragedies will please you, and that you will be satisfied with my new treatment of the folk-song, as shown in the lyrical Intermezzo. When I was writing the

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little songs I often had in my mind your short Austrian dance-rhymes with their epigrammatic conclusion.

To WILHELM MÜLLER.

HAMBURG, *June 7, 1823.*

I am great enough to confess openly to you that the little metre of my "Intermezzo," does not only seem a chance resemblance to your usual metre, but probably owes its most inward rhythm to your song for at the time when I was writing my "Intermezzo," I had just begun to know Müller's dear songs. I came very early under the influence of the German folk-song, and later when I was a student at Bonn, August Schlegel revealed many metrical secrets to me, but I think that it was first in your songs that I found the pure sound and the true simplicity for which I was for ever striving. How pure and how clear are your songs, and they are essentially folk-songs. But in my poems only the form is in some degree that of the folk-song, and the substance of them is that of conventionalised society. Yes. I am great enough to repeat—and you will find it expressed publicly—that I only saw clearly through reading your seventy-seven poems, how out of the old existing folk-song forms new forms can be fashioned, which are actually of the people, without it being necessary to imitate the old roughness and clumsiness of speech. In the second part of your poems I find the form even more pure and more transparently clear—but, however much I may say of form, it is more important for me to say that, with the exception of Goethe, there is no writer of songs whom I love so much as you. . . .

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

To MOSES MOSER.

LÜNEBURG, *May* 1823.

With regard to the reception of my "Tragedies" I have found my fears confirmed here. Success must wipe out the bad impression. As for their reception in my family, my mother has read my tragedies and songs, but she did not like them particularly: my sister just puts up with them, my brothers do not understand them, and my father has not read them.

To BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

LÜNEBURG, *June* 10, 1823.

My "Almansor,"

I had rejected the poem, and only upon the persuasion of my friends did I bring myself to having it printed, and now it meets with much approval, much more than "Ratcliff", I have not begun to judge it more favourably. I know not how it is, but this dear, gentle poem gives me no pleasure, while I think of the grim, hard "Ratcliff," with satisfaction. I remember: the romances of Donna Clara and Don Gafarios in the *Magic Ring*, which often I have been inclined to think written by myself. This lovely romance was often in my mind when I was writing "Almansor."

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To FRIEDRICH WILHELM GUBITZ.

LÜNEBURG, *Oct.* 21, 1823.

I cannot repeat often enough that all that you have done to circulate my tragedies will be rewarded in heaven. On the Rhine my uncatholic "Almansor" would probably be completely ignored: at Brunswick where Klingemann, a true poet, produced it in the theatre after he had worked on it, it was hissed: at Brunswick also lives my bosom friend Köchy.

To MOSES MOSER.

LÜNEBERG, *Sept.* 30, 1823.

Not long ago I saw the *Elegante Welt*, and I saw in it that Köchy is now living in Brunswick, for as I read the article on the Brunswick Theatre, I recognised his hand. I am convinced that this fellow either induced, or at least, caused the hissing of my "Almansor" at Brunswick. I know how such things are done, and I know the meanness of men, and now you will see the importance of the measures which I had to take on the production of "Almansor." I hear that the piece has been crushed out of existence: have you heard no details? The Brunswick Jews have spread the news throughout Israel, and I have been condoled with in Hamburg. The story is very unpleasant; it has a very injurious influence upon my condition, and I do not know how I am to repair it. The world and its fools are not a matter of such indifference to me as you think.

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TO JOSEF LEHMANN.

LÜNEBURG, *June 26, 1823*

I have not given up hopes of seeing "Ratcliff" produced, although I have not cajoled any actor, or paid court to any actress, and certainly know not the art of shuffling my play on to the boards. I imagine that writing and talking of the piece will bring it on to the stage.

THE LYRICAL INTERMEZZO (TO SOLOMON HEINE).

All my suffering and sorrow
Is written here with nought concealing ;
'Thou ope'st the book upon the morrow
And find'st what's writ my heart revealing.

ALMANSOR.

'Think not it is so thoroughly fantastic
The lovely song I sing in friendly fashion,
Give ear ; it is half epic and half drastic
And lyric flowers bloom in tender passion ;
Romantic is the stuff, the form is plastic
But all is from the heart, for, though I lash on,
The North against the South and Christ to muzzle
Mahomet, yet Love comes to end the tussle.

RATCLIFF.

From out the spirit world's great gates strong-handed
I shot my rusty bolts and turning,
The seven secret seals that love has branded
Upon his scarlet book I tore, and learning

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The truth that from the words I then commanded
I bring it thee to pacify thy yearning
Housed in this song ; my name and I may perish,
Yet while man lives this song of mine he'll cherish.

In seeking sweet Love I have never found,
More than black hate hatred feeding,
And, sighing, I've cursed with curses round,
And from thousands of wounds I am bleeding.

My life has been lived by day and by night,
With Tom, Dick and Harry and living
Amid all their studies and chatter light,
With my "Ratcliff" I ever was striving.

"William Ratcliff" was little known ; indeed the name of its publisher was Dümmler. I give a place in my collected poems to this tragedy, or' rather to these dramatised ballads, with good reason, because they are a significant document in the cycle of my life as a poet. It forms a *résumé* of my poetic Storm and Stress period which is expressed very incompletely and mistily in the "Youthful Sorrows" of my "Book of Songs." The young author who in those songs lisped in dreamy sounds of nature with a clumsy tongue, speaks a waking, grown-up speech in "Ratcliff," and says his last word without concealment. This last word was a magic word, at the sound of which the pale faces of misery flamed purple, and the ruddy sons of happiness turned pale as chalk. On honest Tom's hearth in "Ratcliff" bubbles the great soup of questions, wherein a thousand damned cooks stir about, and now every day it froths up and boils over. The poet is a wondrous Sunday's child, he sees the oak woods that slumber still in the acorn, and he converses with genera-

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tions as yet unborn. They whisper their secrets to him, and he chatters of them in open market. But his voice is lost in the babble of the passions of the moment; few hear him, and none understands. Friedrich Schlegel called the historian a prophet who looks back into the past: it might be more aptly said of the poet that he is a historian whose eyes look out into the future.

I wrote "William Ratcliff" under the limes at Berlin in the last three days of January 1821, when the sun was shining with a certain lukewarm kindliness upon the snow-covered roofs, and the sad leafless trees. I wrote it straight off and without pickling. While I was writing it was as though I heard above my head a rustling like the beating of the wings of a bird. When I told my friends the young poets of Berlin about it they looked at each other strangely, and one and all assured me that it had never happened to them when they were writing.

CHAPTER VI AT LÜNEBURG

To MOSES MOSER.

LÜNEBURG, *May* 1823.

I REACHED Lübthorn on Tuesday evening after driving and jolting through Monday night and the whole of the following day, and growing cross with the stupid chatter of my fellow travellers, and giving audience to my fancies and feeling much and thinking of you. . . . My sister is to be married on June 22. The wedding will probably take place somewhere near Hamburg. I shall stay and be bored here for several months.

To KARL IMMERMANN.

LÜNEBURG, *June* 10, 1823.

For some weeks past I have been living here at Lüneburg in the bosom of my family, where I shall stay until my poor head is well again. It looks as if it were going to take a long time, and may the Gods have pity on my poor plans of travel. I foresee, my dear Immermann, that it will be a long time before I come to the town of

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Knipperdolling and shake hands with the poet *with whom I hope to grow old*. You yourself made use of a similar expression, and you will hardly believe how much the words touched me to my inmost soul, coming as they did naturally from sheer generous feeling. God eternal knows that I knew you what you are from that first hour when I read your tragedies; and I am all the more sure in my judgment of myself. That certainty does not spring from vain self-deception, but rather from the clear consciousness and the exact knowledge of the Poetic, and its natural counterpart, the Commonplace.

TO VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

LÜNEBURG, *June 17, 1823.*

Favourable circumstances have lately surrounded my parents and my sisters with so much gladness and comfort, that I should look forward to a bright future for myself were it not that I know that Fate rarely fails to play her evil tricks at the expense of German poets. I cannot tell you, my dear Varnhagen, anything definite concerning my mode of living in the immediate future, for I have no opportunity of speaking to my uncle upon whom much depends, until next week, after my sister's marriage. If that does not lead to anything definite, I shall find something in Hamburg, whither I intend to go immediately after the wedding, although the most painful sensations are excited in me at the sight of that city. . . .

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To MOSES MOSER.

LÜNEBURG, *June 28, 1823.*

I am living here in complete isolation. I come in contact with no single human being because my parents have withdrawn from all society. I have, therefore, only made the acquaintance of trees, and they are appearing now in their old green splendour and remind me of old days, and bring back old forgotten songs to my memory with their rustling, and incite woe in me. So much of pain wells up in me and overwhelms me, and it is perhaps this that makes my headaches worse or rather protracts them, but they are not as bad as they were in Berlin, but they last longer. . . . I am not yet on such a footing with my uncle as I wished to be, so as to be able to project a definite plan for my life in the future. I shall not be able to tell you anything definite about that until I return from Hamburg. . . . Hamburg will call up memories, but it will be most useful for me to go thither. . . . A pack of dogs hostile to me surrounds my uncle. I shall, perhaps, make a few acquaintances in Hamburg who will be able to counterbalance that. Only I am afraid that with my frigid politeness and irony and honesty, I shall make more enemies than friends. . . . I shall have much to write to you about when I return from Hamburg! Remember me to Gans and Zunz, and to Zunz's wife. Tell them that they are much in my thoughts, which is quite natural since I am living quite alone here, so that my last impressions of Berlin cannot be displaced. I see you, my dear Moser, everywhere, and it is, perhaps, more than the softness of a sick man that makes me be most

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

pitifully overwhelmed by the desire to live with you again. May the gods grant that this desire be fulfilled! Hamburg? Could I find there as many friends as I have suffered agonies? That is impossible. . . .

CHAPTER VII THE RETURN HOME

To MOSES MOSER.

LÜNEBURG, *June 24, 1823.*

ON the 22nd I stayed with my family, on the occasion of the marriage of my sister. It was a fine day of feasting and concord. The food was good, the beds were bad, and my uncle Solomon was very pleased. I think I shall stand well with him in future : *outwardly* we are on the best of terms and he makes up to me *in public*.

I am in the greatest discomfort. My time is sparingly doled out to me and I have no commission for you to-day, and yet I am writing to you. Outwardly nothing has happened to me—ye gods! but there is all the more inwardly. My old passion breaks out again violently. I ought not to have gone to Hamburg, but at least I must arrange to leave it as soon as possible. I am under a new delusion, and am beginning to believe that I am spiritually fashioned otherwise and have more depth than other men. A dreary anger lies like a burning cover of iron upon my soul. I long for eternal night.

I have been very well received by my family. My uncle Solomon Heine, has procured me all sorts of fine things,

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

but unfortunately he left here about 6 o'clock in the morning, partly on business, and partly for pleasure . . . I was at Hamburg at a bad time. My pains made me depressed and by the sudden death of a cousin and the consequent upset in my family I did not find much to revive me in others. At the same time the magic of the place had a grateful effect upon my soul, and an entirely new principle came to light in it : this principle of my soul will guide me for some years and will order all that I do and leave undone. If I were a German—and I am no German, see Rühs, 'Tries and others—I should write you long letters, long spiritual confessions on this subject ; but yet I long to draw the curtain of my heart and to reveal to you in an hour of confidence *how this new folly is built upon the old.* . . .

* * * * *

When I met one day on a journey
My sweetheart's relations by chance,
Small sister, and father and mother,
They recognised me at a glance.

'They asked if my health was stronger,
And at once began to exclaim
'That, except for being paler,
I looked exactly the same.

I asked after aunts and cousins,
And many a family bore ;
And after the little puppy
Whose bark was so gentle of yore.

And after my married darling
I asked, by-the-bye ; and they said,
'With an evident wish to be friendly,
That she was just brought to bed.

THE RETURN HOME

I offered congratulations,
Lisping stock phrases inane,
I desired my kindest remembrance
To her, again and again.

Small sister meanwhile was shrilling :
"The puppy so gentle and small
Grew big and awfully savage,
And was drowned in the Rhine after all."

The little one's like my darling ;
And when she laughs I see
Those self-same eyes whose sweetness
Has brought such woe on me.

Away on the far horizon
The city with spire and tower
Appears like a vision in cloudland,
Veiled by the twilight hour.

A wet sea-breeze is crisping
Our grey path over the sea,
And the pulsing oars chime sadly
As the boatman roweth me.

Once more the sun resplendent,
Mounts from the ocean-floor,
And shows me the spot where my dearest
Was lost for evermore.

All hail to thee, thou city,
Mysterious, awful, great,
Within whose ample circuit
My darling dwelt of late !

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

Tell me, ye gates and turrets,
Hold you my darling still ?
I gave her to your keeping,
You must the pledge fulfil.

The turrets, I hold, are guiltless ;
They are fixed, and could not give chase,
When she with boxes and parcels,
Hastily left the place.

But the wicked gates, they saw her,
And, when she passed, stood still—
The way is always open
Then the wayward work their will.

Calm is the night, the streets are lonely ;
My love dwelt here in this house of yore ;
'Tis long since she left the city—only
The house still stands where it stood before.

There too stands a man staring up at the casement,
And he wrings his hands with the anguish he feels ;
I look at his face with a shuddering amazement,
It is myself that the moon reveals !

Thou ghastly fellow, thou wrath, thou double !
How darest thou mimic the agony
Which on this spot racked my soul with trouble
Night after night in the time gone by ?

When I told you with tears of my sorrow that day,
You all of you yawned, and had nothing to say.
When I made them the theme of my versification,
You vouchsafed me your liveliest approbation.

THE RETURN HOME

Say, where's now your pretty sweetheart
You extolled in lyric fashion,
When your youthful being kindled
With the magic glow of passion ?

Ah, my heart is sad and frozen,
And the flame no longer flashes,
And this little book's an urn which
Sepulchres my love's cold ashes.

To MOSES MOSER.

LÜNEBURG, *Sept. 27, 1823.*

I am once more in Lüneburg, the home of boredom. My health is the same: nerves stronger, but the headaches lasting longer. This brings me to despair, for I am working again at my law. I am irritated and made sick, and am at present very bitter against those dull fellows who gain their good livelihood from a thing for which I have made the greatest sacrifices and all my life long must bleed in spirit. I must be made bitter, I! just at a time when I was reconciled to letting the waves of Anti-Semitism break upon me. On all sides I feel the workings of that hatred, which yet is scarcely out of the germ. Friends with whom I have passed the greater part of my life now turn from me. Admirers become traitors, those whom I most love do hate me most, and all seek to injure me. You ask so often in your letters if Rousseau has written. I find this question very unnecessary. Other friends have renounced me and denounced me. I will say nothing of the vast numbers of those who never knew me personally.

Meanwhile my family affairs and my financial condition are in the worst possible case. You say that I was lacking

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

in prudence in my behaviour towards my uncle. You do me wrong. I know not why I should not maintain towards my uncle that dignity which I show towards all other men. You know that I am a delicate, sensitive youth, who blushes when he has to borrow money and stammers when he asks help of his best friend. Indeed, I do not need to avow that to you, for it is your own experience that I have a very strong feeling in such matters; but I am also singular in this, that I will not extort by the intercession of my friends or patrons any money from my uncle, who possesses some two millions but does not willingly part with a single groschen. And I have been rewarded for my independence by my uncle treating me with respect and marked attention and favour when I was at Hamburg, where I passed several days at his country house. Indeed I am so constructed that I cannot do otherwise and am not to be moved by any monetary consideration to part with one jot of my own self-respect. . . .

It has made me angry to read between the lines of your letter that ill has been spoken and written of me at Hamburg . . . I expect you to write everything quite candidly for me. It is *infinitely* important for me to know what people say about me at Hamburg. In truth I have not behaved like an egoist in Hamburg! In spite of all that depended on it I have not been able to bring myself to pay homage to peevish infirmity and cry out upon strength. . . .

THE RETURN HOME

To LUDWIG ROBERT.

LÜNEBURG, *Nov. 27, 1823.*

There is nothing new to tell you, my dear Robert, except that I am still alive and still love you. The last will endure as long as the first, for the duration of my life is very uncertain. Beyond life I promise nothing. With the last breath all is done: joy, love, sorrow, macaroni, the normal theatre, lime-trees, raspberry drops, the power of human relations, gossip, the barking of dogs, champagne. It is in truth a dreary humour in which I have been brooding these two months. I see nothing but yawning graves and fools and business scenes. Rarely does a ray of sunshine light upon my heart, such a ray of sunshine as the friendly greeting of the fair Swabian, or the news that Ludwig Robert has not forgotten me . . . Perhaps you will live to read my confessions and to see how I regarded my contemporaries, and how all my life of sorrow and oppression was most unselfishly directed towards the Idea. I am much, very much dependent on the recognition of the masses, and yet there is no one who so much despises the approval of the people as I or so much conceals his personality from the expression of it . . . I am saying too much. But I am like your sister, Frau von Varnhagen, who, as she told me once, has to write long letters whenever she wishes to say anything. Remember me to the dear, kind, little lady with the great soul. Tell her that the moments are rare when I do not think of her. I would gladly write to Frau von Varnhagen, but it would pain me too much. I could not forbear to mention Herr von Varnhagen without being guilty of deceit. . . .

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

To MOSES MOSER.

LÜNEBERG, Nov. 28, 1823.

Ludwig Robert is very dear to me. He has not shown himself small-minded towards me, and that is much in this petty world of egoism. I love his sister much, and Varnhagen is still dear to me; but a moment of hostility has parted us for ever. When I met him at Hamburg he insulted me and you know how irritable I was there. Frau Varnhagen is beautiful, is she not? Did I say too much to you?—In her are united Jocasta and Julia, the most ancient and the most modern. Nothing is altered in my plans for the future. Göttingen is decided upon.

It has made me very angry that you have commented upon my desire to have short letters from you in a manner that is almost ill-mannered, in a morose spirit of pique. Good Heavens! Can a man who reads and understands Hegel and Valmiki in the original, fail to understand one of the most ordinary abbreviations of my genius? Good Heavens! How much must I be misunderstood by other men when Moser, a pupil of Friedländer and a contemporary of Gans, Moser, Moses Moser, my friend of friends the philosophic part of myself, the proper *édition de luxe* of a real human being, *l'homme de la liberté et de la vertu*, the *secrétaire perpétuel* of the Union, the epilogue to "Nathan the Wise," the normal-humanist—where shall I stop?—I will only say how black is the outlook for me if Moser misunderstands me.

You tell me very little of the Union. Do you think that the cause of our brothers is not so near my heart as it was? There you are making a great mistake. If my

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headaches had not laid me low I should not have given up the work. "May my right hand wither, if I forget thee, Jerusalem!" These are more or less the words of the Psalmist, and they are mine also, always. I wish I could talk with you for a single hour about what I have thought, largely through my own condition, concerning Israel and you will see how—the race of asses prospers on the stony way and how Heine will and must be Heine. . . .

CHAPTER VIII

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STUDENT YEARS

To MOSES MOSER.

HANOVER, Jan. 21, 1824.

THE day after to-morrow I go to Göttingen and shall once more greet the venerable lock-up, the silly lions at the *Weender* gate, and the rose-tree on the grave of the fair Cecilia. Perhaps I shall find not one of my earlier acquaintances at Göttingen, and that is an uncomfortable thought. And I fancy that I shall live very unpleasantly at first, and then I shall become accustomed to my condition, and become reconciled *peu à peu* to the inevitable, and finally be quite fond of the place, and quite sorry to leave it. It has always been like that with me, half and half, even at Lüneburg.

Dear Moser! I have been here nine days, that is I am already consumed by boredom, but it is my own wish, and it is well, and I must say nothing about it! I will complain no more. Yesterday evening I read Rousseau's letters, and saw how tedious it becomes when a man goes on and on complaining, but I do complain of my health and—you must testify to this—the scoundrels who try to poison my

CONCLUSION OF THE STUDENT YEARS

life through their machinations have taken away from me my old sorrow. I feel myself large enough for it. I am altogether taken up with my jurisprudence, and if you think that I am not a good lawyer you are much mistaken. You are quite at liberty to despise me as an advocate, but you must not express your opinion to other people or I shall die of hunger. I shall eat my mid-day meal from the scales of Themis and no more from the scanty dishes of my uncle. The events of last summer have made a dreadful, daimonic impression on me, I am not large enough to bear humiliation. Perhaps indeed there is more bad than good in me, but both bad and good are colossal. Yet I love the good, and therefore, my good Moser, I love you. All is quiet here and quite different in its tendency from what it is with you. In Berlin more interest is taken in the living, here in Göttingen we are more busied with the dead. There you are preoccupied with politics, here we are concerned with political literature. . . .

I am living very quietly. The *Corpus juris* is my pillow. But I have several other occupations, such as the reading of records and drinking beer. The library and the Town-Cellar are ruining me. I am also tormented by love. It is no longer the one-sided love for one single person of my younger days. I am no longer a monotheist in love, but just as I am inclined to a double draught of beer, so I am inclined to a double draught of love. I am in love with the Medici Venus who stands in the library, and I am in love with Councillor Bauer's pretty cook. Alas! I am unfortunate in both my loves! . . .

The life here makes me horribly melancholy: a jolting journey is good for my headaches, which give me long spells of pain, and then—I would love to make you believe

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that it is you who attract me most strongly to Berlin, but this morning I asked myself as I lay in bed whether I would journey to Göttingen if you were here and I were in Berlin? Do not ask any poetical expression of me as you do in your letter: whether there is an end of my poetry or not, and whatever the æsthetic folk in Berlin may say of me—what is that to us? I do not know if they are right in regarding me as a light that is extinguished, but I know that I will write nothing as long as the nerves in my head give me pain. I feel more than ever the God in me, and more than ever my contempt for the masses; but sooner or later the flame of a man's genius must die down: of more lasting stuff—perhaps everlasting—is that flame of love (and friendship is a spark of it) which rushes through this sick body of mine. Ay Moser, if that flame were to die down, then indeed you might be anxious. But there is no danger: I feel its heat. . . . Farewell, love me much, and be content with what I am and shall be, and do not bother yourself with what I might be!

I am living here in the old groove: that is, I have my headaches for eight days in the week. I get up at about half-past five in the morning, and consider what I shall begin with; and then nine o'clock comes slowly creeping, and then I have to go with my portfolio to my reverend master—indeed, I am quite content with my master, and with his and God's help shall master the Pandects. In addition, I am making a study of many records, and in particular of *historia judaica*. I am doing the latter for my "Rabbi," and perhaps also for my own needs. I am moved by strange feelings as I read through those sad annals so full of instruction and sorrow. The spirit of Jewish history is revealed to me more and more, and this

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spiritual equipment will some day stand me in good stead.

I have written about a third of my "Rabbi," but my headaches have broken in upon it terribly, and God knows if I shall ever finish it. In this I have learned that I have no talent for narrative. Perhaps I am wrong, and it is only the barrenness of the matter. . . . My poetic output will be small this year. I have written hardly any poems; my time is taken up with my headaches and my studies. And God knows if I shall be rid of them this year! And God help me if I am not! Byron's death has moved me much. He was the only man to whom I felt myself akin, and we were alike in many things. You may laugh at that as much as you like. I have read him little in the last few years. We choose rather the company of those men who are different in character from ourselves. But I have always been glad of Byron's company as that of a thorough comrade in arms and an equal. But I am not happy in Shakespeare's company: I feel only too well that I am not his equal. He is the omnipotent minister, and I am a mere councillor; and it is as though he could depose me at any moment.

I am much taken up with student concerns; at most of the duels I am a second or a witness or a neutral, or at least a spectator. It amuses me because I have nothing better to do. And it is essentially better than the shallow gossip of the lecturers, old and young, of our Georgia Augusta. I avoid people everywhere.

Black dress-coats and trim silk stockings,
Oily words, effusive greeting,
Courtly ruffles, shirt-fronts snowy,
Oh, if in them hearts were beating!

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

Had they hearts within their bosom,
In their hearts were love prevailing!
Ah! I perish with the sing-song
Of fictitious lovers'-wailing!

I will climb the mighty mountains,
Climb the simple huts among,
Where the breast expands in freedom,
Where the airs are free and strong.

I will climb the mighty mountains,
Where the swarthy fir-trees rise,
Where sing bird and brook, and cloudlets
Dance in glee across the skies.

Farewell to the gay assemblies,
Smirking men and dames beguiling!
I will climb the mighty mountains,
And look down upon you smiling!

To GOETHE.

WEIMAR, *October 1, 1824.*

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—I ask you to grant me the happiness of being in your presence for a few minutes. I will not trouble you much. I will only kiss your hand and depart. My name is H. Heine; I am a Rhinelander, and am lately come into residence at Göttingen, and I lived for several years in Berlin, where I enjoyed the society of many of your old acquaintances and admirers (such as Wolf, Varnhagen, &c.), and learned every day to love you more. I, too, am a poet, and three years ago I took the liberty of sending you my "Poems," and a year and a half ago my "Tragedies," together with a Lyrical Intermezzo

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("Ratcliff" and "Almansor"). I am ill, and thus weeks ago I journeyed to the Harz Mountains for my health; and as I stood on the Brocken I was seized by a desire to make a pilgrimage to Weimar to pay my respects to Goethe. In the proper sense of the word I have made my pilgrimage hither, that is, on foot and in ragged clothes; and now I await the granting of my prayer. . . .

Indeed, I found in Goethe most perfectly that accord of personality and genius which one expects in extraordinary men. His outward appearance was as significant as the phrases that live in his writings; his face was harmonious, clear, joyous, nobly proportioned, and one might study Greek art in him as in an antique. His dignified body was never cramped by the crawling humility of Christianity: his features were never distorted by Christian paroxysms of grief; there was not in his eyes the fearfulness of the Christian sinner, nor did they look gleaming in devotion heavenwards; no, his eyes were as serene as those of a god. Goethe's eyes remained as god-like in old age as they were in youth. Time had covered his head with snow but it could not bow it. He bore it high and proudly, and when he held out his hand, it was as though he could prescribe for the stars in the heavens the way that they should follow. Round his lips there was to be remarked a line of egoism; but this line is peculiar to the gods eternal, to the father of the gods, great Jupiter, with whom I have already compared Goethe. Indeed, when I visited him at Weimar, and stood face to face with him, I looked involuntarily aside to see whether I could not find the eagle with the lightnings in his beak. I was very near addressing him in Greek; but then I observed that he understood German, so I told him in German that the

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plums on the road between Jena and Weimar tasted very good. I had thought out on so many winter nights what sublime and profound things I should say to Goethe if ever I were to see him. And when at length I did see him I told him that the plums of Saxony tasted very good. And Goethe smiled. He smiled with those lips with which he had kissed fair Leda, and Europa, and the Danæe, and Semele, and so many other princesses or nymphs.

To MOSES MOSER.

GÖTTINGEN, *Oct. 25, 1824.*

I have wandered on foot, and for the most part alone, through all the Harz Mountains. I passed over lovely hills and through lovely woods and valleys, and once more for a time I breathed freely. I came back through Eisleben, Halle, Jena, Weimar, Erfurt, Gotha, Eisenach, and Cassel, always on foot. I had many splendid and tender adventures, and if the spectre of jurisprudence had not wandered with me I should have found the world very fair to see. My cares crept after me. . . .

It was very early when I left Göttingen and the learned — was still lying abed and dreaming as usual that he was sauntering in a beautiful garden in the beds of which grew bits of paper, pure white and written over with quotations, gleaming prettily in the sunlight, and that he plucked some of them here and there and carefully planted them in a new bed, while the nightingales gladdened his old heart with their sweetest notes. Outside the Weender Gate I met two little schoolboys of the place, and one said to the other: "I shall not go with Theodore any more ,

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he is a rascal, for yesterday he did not know the genitive of *mensa*." However insignificant these words may sound I must repeat them, nay, I would fain have them written on the gate as a motto for the town; for the young dance to the piping of the old, and these words show the dry, narrow pedantry of the learned Georgia Augusta.

TO MOSES MOSER.

GÖTTINGEN, 25 Oct., 1824.

I should have had much to tell you of my journey in the Harz Mountains; but I have already begun to write it down, and shall probably send it this winter for Gubitz. There will be verses in it to please you, fine, noble sentiments, and similar sweepings of the mind. What is to be done? In truth, to take up a position against rigid convention is a thankless task! I was at Weimar; there are good roast geese there also. I was at Halle, Jena, Erfurt, Gotha, Eisenach, and Cassel. A great tour, always on foot, and with nothing but my poor, shabby, brown overcoat. The beer at Weimar is really good. More of that by word of mouth.

The "Journey in the Harz Mountains" is and remains a fragment, and the bright threads which are so charmingly woven with it so as to be entwined harmoniously with the whole, have been suddenly cut off as though by the shears of the inexorable Fates. Perhaps I shall apply myself to further weaving of them in future songs, and what is meagrely passed by in silence will then be said in full. Really it makes no matter if a thing is once expressed, where and when it was expressed. Single works can quite

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well remain fragments if taken together they form a whole. By being brought together in this way what is lacking can be supplied, what is awkward can be made smooth, and what is harsh softened. This would, perhaps, be the case with the front pages of the "Journey in the Harz," and they would certainly produce a less unpleasant impression, if it were made clear in another quarter, that the ill-humour which I nourish against Göttingen in general, although it is greater than I have said, is by a long way not so great as the respect which I have for certain individuals in it. And why should I not say that I am thinking especially of that worthy man who was so friendly towards me in early days, who then bred in me a great love for the study of history, fortified me in my zeal for it, and in this way led my mind into more peaceful ways, pointed out more wholesome directions for the issue of my vitality, and above all, prepared for me those consolations in history without which I never could bear the torment of the dawn of a new day. I mean George Sartorius, the poet historian, and a great man, whose eyes are bright stars in our age of darkness; his hospitable heart stands open for all the joys and sorrows of others, to the cares of the beggar and of the king, and to the last sighs of perishing peoples and their gods. . . .

On my travels and here I have observed that my little poems are circulated in a strange secret fashion. "However," said the great Sartorius, "you will not be loved."

To MOSES MOSER.

I have written very little this summer. Two sheets of the memoirs; no verses at all. Very little of the "Rabbi"

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so that hardly a third of it is done. But it will be very long, quite a fat volume and with love unspeakable I carry it in my bosom. But am I writing it altogether for love, and not from vainglory? On the other hand, if I were to give ear to the voice of prudence I should not write it at all. I foresee how much I shall shock people and how much hostility I shall evoke with it. But just because it is the product of love it will be an immortal book, an eternal lamp in God's Cathedral, not a flickering light in the theatre . . . I will send you the verses which I made yesterday evening as I took a walk in the *Weender Strasse* in spite of rain and weather and thought of you and my joy when I shall be able to send you the "Rabbi," and I composed the verses which I would write on the white wrapper of the volume by way of preface—and as I have no secrets from you, I will send you the verses here and now.

Break out in loud bemoaning,
My bitter martyr song;
That with never sigh nor groaning,
My heart has borne so long.

Go touch my hearers, wake them
To all that I have borne;
Go tell their hearts and make them
Mourn as so long I mourn.

They weep both the great and little,
The cold lords weep as well;
And women and flowers are weeping,
And tears in the stars do dwell.

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And all these tears are going,
Together towards the South ;
They go in one great flowing,
They feed the Jordan's drouth.

Perhaps I will send you to-day a poem from the "Rabbi," in which I have unfortunately been interrupted again. I charge you not to show the poem to anybody, just as you say nothing of what I tell you about my private affairs. A young Spanish Jew who has had himself baptized from wantonness and arrogance, corresponds with young Jehuda Abarbanel and sends him the poem, translated from the Moorish. Perhaps he is afraid of writing a plain statement of a not very noble act for his friend, but he sends him this poem. Give no after-thought to it.

I know not what to say. Cohen assures me that Gans is preaching Christianity and is trying to convert the children of Israel. If he is doing this from conviction, then he is a fool ; if from hypocrisy, then he is a rascal. I shall not cease to love Gans ; but I confess that I would much rather have heard, instead of the above news, that Gans had stolen a silver spoon.

I cannot believe, dear Moser, that you are of Gans' way of thinking, although Cohen tells me that it is so, and I wish to hear it from yourself. I should be very sorry if my own baptism could be viewed by you in a favourable light. I assure you that if the law had demanded the stealing of silver spoons, I would not have had myself baptized. More of this when I see you.

My material position is not much altered ; I have been working all the winter at jurisprudence. I have had many days of good health, and if it were not that I am suffering at this moment from a bad relapse in my sufferings, I

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should put myself down for a degree in jurisprudence. My uncle in Hamburg has given me an extra half-year, but everything that he does is done in an unpleasant way.

To PROFESSOR GUSTAV HUGO.

GÖTTINGEN, *April 16, 1825.*

Although during the six years that I have pursued my studies, I held to the juridical faculty it was never my intention to choose jurisprudence as my only means of living; rather I sought to cultivate my mind and heart for the humane studies. None the less I have no very favourable consequences upon which to congratulate myself in this regard, since I have neglected many useful studies for them, and preferred to study philosophy—the literature of the East, the German literature of the middle ages and the *belles lettres* of modern times—but at Göttingen I applied myself exclusively to jurisprudence. An obstinate headache, which has plagued me for the last two years, has been a great hindrance to me and is to blame for my knowledge not corresponding to my industry and zeal.

To MOSES MOSER.

GÖTTINGEN, *July 22, 1825.*

I should have answered your letter of the fifth of this month before had it not been for taking my degree which—shilly-shallying from day to day—only took place the day before yesterday. But I have discussed the fourth and fifth themes—on the oath and on the

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Konfarreantig—like a coachhorse. It went very well and the Dean (Hugo) gave me the highest eulogy at this impressive scene, while he expressed his astonishment that a great poet should also be a great jurist. Even if his last words had not made me suspicious of his praise, I should not have set much store by the long Latin speech from the Chair in which I was compared with Goethe, and it was said that by universal opinion my verses were to be set by the side of Goethe's, and the great Hugo said that from the fulness of his heart, and in private he said many fine things on the same day, as we took a walk together and he gave me a dinner.

It was at Göttingen that I received the degree of Doctor of Laws after an examination in private and a disputation in public, upon which occasion the celebrated Hugo, then Dean of the Faculty of Jurisprudence, omitted not the smallest scholastic formality. Although this last circumstance may seem to you very paltry, yet I charge you to make a note of it, because in a book written against me it has been maintained that I only bought my academic diploma. And of all the lies concerning my private life which have been printed, this is the only one which I care to contradict. There you see the pride of the scholar! They may say of me that I am a bastard, a hangman's son, a street robber, an atheist, a bad poet—I laugh; but it breaks my heart to see my dignity as a Doctor of Laws contravened! Between ourselves, although I am a Doctor of Laws, jurisprudence is of all branches of knowledge that which I understand the least. . . .

I cannot refrain from telling an anecdote about myself which is going the rounds in Göttingen and happens to be true. When I entered my name with Hugo in order to become *Doctor juris* under his deaconate, I handed him at

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the same time the twenty-one louis-d'or degree fee. Old Hugo did not wish to accept the money, and said to me: "We must first put you to the test." I answered him: "Put everything to the test, but keep the best." I must confess that the old man was extremely friendly with me, and on the occasion of my public disputation celebrated not only my juridical knowledge, but my talent for versification in a very fine diaconal speech in Latin.

To MOSES MOSER.

GÜTTINGEN, July 1, 1825.

If I have written nothing to you about Goethe, and how I spoke to him at Weimar, and how he was very friendly and condescending in conversation with me, you have lost nothing. He is only the building in which there once flourished a very splendid thing, and it was only that that interested me in him. He made me feel melancholy, and he has become dearer to me since I have been able to commiserate him. Goethe and I are fundamentally of such a nature that from our very heterogeneity we must repel each other. He is essentially an easy-living man for whom the joy of life is the highest, one who feels life for and in the idea of it, has a sort of foreshadowing of it and expresses it in poems, but has never laid a firm hand on it and still less has lived it. I, on the other hand, am essentially an enthusiast; that is, one who is inspired with an idea even to the point of sacrifice, and I am always forced to lose myself in it; but, on the other hand, I have seized firmly the joy of life and the delight of it, and now there is in me the great struggle between

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my clear reason, which sanctions the joy of living, and denies all sacrifice in inspiration or folly, and my enthusiastic tendency which often leaps up in me, inundates and takes possession of me, and perhaps drags me *down* again to its ancient realm, though it is, perhaps, better to say draws *up*; for it is still a great question whether the enthusiast, who gives even his life for his idea, does not live more and more happily than Herr von Goethe in all his six and seventy years of egoism and comfort,

But more of this another time: to-day my head is quite addled with unspeakable fatigue. You will find this theme enlarged upon in my "Rabbi."

BOOK III
WANDER YEARS
(1825–1831)



CHAPTER I

THE SEA

To FERDINAND OESTERLEY.

NORDERNEY, *Aug.* 14, 1825.

I HURRIED away in order to be in time for the sea-bathing. At the end of September I shall be at Lüneburg. I shall stay here four weeks, and during my sojourn, or after it, I shall make an excursion into Holland. I have already had a foretaste of Dutch life at Emden. I was like to die of laughing when I kissed the first pretty Dutch girl, and she stood still phlegmatically and said nothing but a long-drawn *myn heer!*

The gods above know whether I shall carry out my plans, and return to Göttingen to make use of the library. I shall think of nothing here, free from care I shall plunge my head in the morning into the foaming waves of the North Sea. I have already bathed ten times, and I am well. Farewell, and love me always.

I often go for a walk on the beach and ponder the marvellous tales of the seamen. The most entrancing of all is the story of the "Flying Dutchman," whom sailors see in a storm driving past with full sails: and then he launches

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a little boat to send to the passing ship all sorts of letters with which nothing can be done, because they are addressed to people long since dead. Often I think of the dear old story of the fisher-boy who listened on the beach to the nightly dances of the sea nixies, and after went through all the world with his fiddle, and delighted and enchanted all men by playing for them the melody of the nixey waltz. A dear friend of mine told me the story once at Berlin when we heard the playing of just such a wonder-working boy, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

There is a peculiar charm in a cruise round the islands. But the weather must be fine and the clouds must take strange shapes, and you must lie on your back on the deck and look up into the heavens, and especially you must have a bit of Heaven in your heart. The waves murmur all sorts of wonderful things, all sorts of words to stir up dear remembrance, all sorts of names which find their echo like a sweet foretelling in the soul—"Evelina!" Then ships come sailing by, and you hail them as though you saw them every day. Only by night is there something uncanny in meeting a strange ship at sea: then you imagine that your best friends, whom you have not seen for years, are sailing by and are lost for ever.

I love the sea as I love my own soul.

Often it is as though the sea were indeed my soul: and just as there are hidden weeds in the sea, which only float to the surface at the moment when they come to flower, so at times wondrous flowers float up from the depths of my soul, and breathe their scent and glow, and disappear once more—"Evelina."

It is said that, not far from this island where now there is nothing but water, there stood once villages and towns, which the sea suddenly overwhelmed, and that in clear

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weather sailors still see the gleaming spires of the sunken church towers, and that many a one has heard the sound of bells on a Sunday morning. It is a true story, for the sea is my soul—

“For a lovely world is buried yonder,
And its ruins stand there far below;
And like golden gleams of Heaven’s wonder
In the mirror of my dreams they show.”

W. MÜLLER.

Waking, I hear the ringing sound of bells and the song of holy voices—“Evelina!”

If you take a walk on the beach, the passing ships are fine to see. If their dazzling white sails are set, then they look like great swans floating by. The sight is especially beautiful when the sun sets behind a ship sailing by, and rings it about with a gigantic gleaming halo.

There is a great delight in shooting on the beach. For my part I set no great store by it. A feeling for the noble, the beautiful, and good can often be begotten in the heart of man by education, but a feeling for sport is in the blood. If a man’s forebears have from time immemorial shot roebuck, he also will find pleasure in this legitimate occupation. But my forebears were never hunters, but rather were among the hunted, and if I were to let fly at the descendants of their old colleagues blood would cry out against it. Ay, I know from experience that it would be far easier for me, on a marked out duelling-ground, to fire at a sportsman who wishes the times back when men also were counted among the higher quarry. Thank God, those times are past! If such sportsmen desire nowadays to hunt a man, they have to

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pay him for it—as, for example, the runner whom I saw two years ago at Göttingen. The poor man had already almost run himself out in the great heat of that Sunday, when some young Hanoverian students in Arts, offered him a few dollars to run back again on the way he had come : and he ran, and he was deathly pale, and was wearing a red jacket, and close behind him in the whirling dust galloped the noble well-fed youths on great horses whose hoofs trod close on the heels of the fellow, hot and sweating ; and he was a man.

To make the experiment, for my blood must be accustomed to it, I went shooting yesterday. I shot at a few gulls, which were skimming about far too securely, and yet they could not know for certain that I was a bad shot. I did not wish to hit them, but only to warn them to beware another time of people with guns : but I missed my aim, and I had the misfortune to kill a young gull. It is just as well that it was not an old one : for what would have become of the poor little gulls, which lay, still unfeathered in the nest in the sand of the great dunes, and without their mother would have had to die of hunger. I had a premonition that some mischance would befall me on the expedition : a hare had crossed my path.

It is most wonderful when I walk alone in the twilight on the beach—flat dunes behind me, the tossing immeasurable sea before me, the heavens like a great crystal dome above me—and I seem to myself small as an ant, and yet there is such breadth in my soul—miles wide. The great simplicity of nature all around me curbs and exalts me at once, and the influence is more powerful than it has ever been in any other sublime environment. A cathedral

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has never been large enough for me ; my soul with its old Titanic prayer strove to soar higher than the Gothic pillars, and wished always to burst out through the roof. On the summit of *Rosstrappe* the colossal rocks in their bold grouping made an impression on me at the first moment ; but not for long, for my soul was only surprised, not overwhelmed, and those monstrous heaps of stone grew gradually smaller in my eyes, and in the end they appeared to be no more than the paltry ruins of the razed palace of a giant, in which my soul would not have been comfortable. . . .

On the yellow shore of ocean
Burthened with thought, I was sitting and lonely.
The sun sank lower and lower, and threw
Crimsoning paths athwart the waters ;
And the white and unending waves,
Urged by the driving tide,
Foamed and resounded nearer and nearer.
A marvellous noise as of whisper and whistle,
Of laughter and murmurs, sighing and sobbing,
And through it all pierced a sound as of song,
A gentle homely song, sung by a cradle.
Methought that I heard distant echoes
Of lovely old-world stories,
Which, in days of childhood,
From neighbour's children I learnt ;
Which in the summer evenings
We huddled together to tell,
On the stone steps of the houses,
With tiny hearts aglow to listen,
Eyes that were keen with wonder—
And meanwhile at the windows
Opposite to us were sitting,
Behind the scented flower-pots,

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The grown-up girls of the village,
Faces like roses,
Smiling bright in the moonlight.

But I lay on the side of the vessel,
And was gazing—with half-dreaming eyeballs—
Down into the mirror-like water ;
And kept gazing deeper and deeper—
Till far in the depths of the Ocean,
At first like a darkening fog-mist,
But slowly, with colours distincter,
Domes of churches and towers took substance,
And at last, sunny-bright, a whole city
An old-world, Netherlands city,
Crowded with people—
Sober-eyed men, clothed in black mantles,
With starched white ruffs, and with chains of office,
With their long swords, and with their long faces,
Are striding through the great square and its bustle,
To the courthouse up the high staircase,
Where great stone statues of Kaisers
Keep watch with their sceptres and swords.
Near by—before long rows of houses,
With windows shining like mirrors,
And lime-trees cropped into cone-shapes,
Walk young maidens in rustling silk dresses—
Slender girls with their fresh, rosy faces
Modestly framed in quiet, black mobcaps,
Their golden hair bursting from under ;
While gay cavaliers, attired Spanish-fashion,
Are strutting before them, and bowing.

Dames of advanced age,
In dark dresses long out of fashion,
With prayer-book and rosary in hand,
Are hastening with tripping steps
Towards the mighty Cathedral,

THE SEA

Urged on by the chime of the bells
And the pealing tone of the organ.
Myself, I am seized with great horror,
Sprung from that distant clang :
And endless longing, profoundest pity
Streams into my heart—
My heart which is yet scarce healed—
I feel as though all its wounds
Had been kissed by my dear one's lips.
And so set bleeding again—
Bleeding hot, red, blood-drops—
And that these long and slowly trickle
On an old house there below
In the city down in the Ocean—
On an old high-gabled house,
Which lies desolate, void of all dwellers,
Except that at one lower window
There sits a maiden,
With her head bent down on her arm,
Like a poor and forgotten child—
“Ah ! well I know thee, poor, forgotten child !
In such depths, as deep as Ocean,
Thou hid'st thyself from me,
Only in childish temper,
But could'st no more emerge :
And there thou sat'st a stranger 'mid strange people,
Whole centuries it seemed.
While I, with my soul full of pain,
Was seeking thee, the wide world over,
And always seeking but thee,
Thou ever-beloved—
Long lost,
But found in the end.
Yes, I have found thee ; again can I gaze on
Thy fair, sweet face,
Thy wise, true eyes,
Thy dearly-loved smile—

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And ne'er will I lose thee again.
I will come down in the deep to thee,
And with arms far-extended
I will rush to thy heart."
But just in the nick of time
The captain caught me by the leg,
And dragged me away from the gunwale,
And cried with an angry laugh,
"Why, Doctor, the devil is in you !"

CHAPTER II

THE PICTURES OF TRAVEL

To MOSES MOSER.

LÜNEBURG, *October, 1825.*

As soon as I settle down at Hamburg or Berlin, I shall continue the "Rabbi." I shall describe my last journey. My poems increase, and by Easter I shall be able to publish another little volume . . . My mind is filled with anxieties, and already I see myself before the fools of Hamburg. . . .

To FRIEDERIKE ROBERT.

LÜNEBURG, *October 12, 1825.*

I am glad to hear, dear lady, that you have met my uncle, Solomon Heine. How did he please you? Tell me: Tell me! He is a considerable man, one who has the most excellent qualities allied with great defects of character. We are continually at differences, but I have an extraordinary love for him; I love him almost more than myself. We are very similar too in character: we have the same obstinate boldness, unfathomable softness,

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and unreliable crankiness—truly. Fortune has made him a millionaire and myself a poet, and has therefore fashioned us altogether differently in ways of living and thought. I beg you to tell me how you liked him? I shall be seeing my uncle again next week, for I am going to Hamburg to set up as an advocate there.

To CHRISTIAN SETHE.

LÜNEBURG, *November 19, 1825.*

I will write to you from Hamburg as usual. Perhaps I shall be able to tell you by way of news, that I am settled down there as an advocate, am married, writing much, etc.

To MOSES MOSER.

HAMBURG THE DAMNED, *Dec. 19, 1825.*

You are doing me much wrong! I do not ask for long letters, only a few lines will satisfy me! I do not have even that, and never have I been in such need of them as now when civil war has once more broken out in my bosom, and all my feelings are stirred up in revolt—for me, against me, against all the world . . . how I sit in A B C street, weary of aimless running about, and feeling and thinking, with the night outside and fog and hellish sights, and great and small run to the shops for their Christmas presents—and you, my dear Moser, have no reason to complain of my niggardliness, and as I am not in funds, and do not wish to buy you an ordinary toy, I will send you something quite unusual for Christmas—a promise that I

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will not shoot myself out of hand. If you knew what is going on inside me at present, you would see that the promise is indeed a great present, and you would not laugh as you do now, but you would look as serious as I do at this present moment.

A short while ago I read "Werther." That was real happiness for me. . . .

For my material life, it is not worth the trouble of talking about. You are seeing Cohen, these days, and he will tell you how I came to Hamburg to become an advocate and failed. Probably Cohen will not be able to give you the reason for it; but I cannot either. I have other things in my head, or rather, my heart, and I shall not bother about finding the reasons for the way my affairs have gone. I shall stay here until the Spring, and be occupied with myself, and, I think, with preparations for the lectures which I shall deliver at the University of Berlin.

Of the seven years which I spent in German Universities, I wasted three beautiful blooming years of my life in the study of Roman casuistry, jurisprudence, the most illiberal of the sciences. . . . I carried those cursed studies through to the end, but I never could bring myself to make use of the knowledge so acquired, and perhaps because I felt that others could surpass me in advocacy and pettifogging I hung my doctor's hat up on the peg. My mother looked more grave than usual. But I had become a grown man, and was of an age when it is necessary to dispense with maternal care. The good lady had grown older and, while she gave up the conduct of my life after so many fiascoes, she lamented that she had not made me take orders.

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They loved one another, yet neither
Would tell the other so ;
With love they were almost heartbroken,
Yet each looked on each as a foe.

They parted at last—and sometimes,
Though only in dreams, they met ;
They had long been dead, those lovers,
But themselves scarce knew it yet.

Ah me, ill-fated Atlas ! who must bear
A world, a world of sorrow on my shoulders.
Bear the unbearable the while my heart
Is perishing within me.

O haughty heart, yet thou hast chosen so.
Demanding happiness, yes, bliss unending,
Or else unending sorrow. Haughty heart,
And now thy fate is sorrow.

To MOSES MOSER.

I wish to have printed next Easter, under the title of
“The Travel-book : First Part,” the following pieces :

(1) A new “Intermezzo,” some eighty little poems, for
the most part pictures of travel, of which you already
know thirty-three.

(2) The “Journey to the Harz Mountains,” which you
will see to-day in the *Gesellschaft*, though not in full.

(3) The “Memoirs of Poland,” which you already know,
thoroughly revised and with a preface.

(4) The “Sea-pictures,” of which you will receive a part
herewith . . . Tieck and Robert, if they did not create,
have at least made known the form of these poems : but

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their contents are the most individual that I have yet written. You see, every summer I emerge from my chrysalis, and a new butterfly flutters forth. I am not limited to my lyrical-malicious two-strophe manner. The second and third of the "Travel Books" will, please God, be made up of a new sort of Pictures of Travel, letters about Hamburg and the "Rabbi," which, alas, is now held up again.

To KARL SIMROCK.

HAMBURG, *Dec.* 30, 1825.

The good reception of my first productions has not—as unfortunately is usually the case—rocked me into the sweet belief that I am now a genius, once and for all, and need to do nothing but to let the dear clear stream of poetry flow peacefully from me to the admiration of all the world. No man knows more than I, how difficult it is to put forth in literature anything that does not already exist, and how unsatisfying it must be for every profound spirit to write merely for the pleasure of the idle herd. . . . We are both past the effusions of the years of the fledgling and the fledgling's love, and if upon occasion we still put forth lyrics, they are impregnated with a more spiritual element, with irony, which still plays jolly tricks with you *à la* Goethe, but with me leads me into grimness and bitterness.

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To MOSES MOSER.

HAMBURG, *Jan. 9, 1826.*

I am living altogether alone. I am reading Livy, revising my old ideas, digging up a few new ideas, and writing poor stuff which makes no matter. As to my outward circumstances I can and will say little to-day: but this much I will confide in you: things go better with me, than I know myself. I am my own greatest torment.— But I am in such a state of inward commotion that I can think of nothing outside myself. . . . The only society that I have is at my sister's house, and my uncle's, and that of the Syndic Sieveking, and the Candidate Wohlwill. My uncle is very well disposed towards me indeed, . . . which is all the more praiseworthy of him as he is surrounded by people who are hostile to me. I am now detested by Christian and Jew alike. I am very sorry that I had myself baptized: I do not see that things have gone any the better with me since: on the contrary, I have had nothing but misfortune— Is it not foolish? Scarcely am I baptized than I am decried as a Jew. But I tell you there have been nothing but contradictions since then— But not a word: you are too wise to do more than smile at it.

I see that you have deposed Marquis Posa, and now want to present Antonio. Believe me I am neither Tasso nor—mad. . . . I care nothing what people think of me, and they can say of me what they will: but it is a different matter if they ascribe to me, myself, what they think and say. That touches my honour.

I fought twice at the University, once because they

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looked askance at me, and once shot at me, and once because an improper word was used to me. These are attacks on my personal honour, without the integrity of which I could not exist. I believe that Cohen has said in my uncle's house that I am a gambler, and live an idle life, that I must have fallen into ill hands, and that I have no character, in short, and more of the same tenor, either to make himself important, or from coarseness which thinks to make itself useful in that way— Yes, I am furious—my honour is most deeply injured: but what hurts me more than anything is the knowledge that it is my own fault for giving myself away so frankly and childishly to my friends or the friends of my friends. . . .

It was a good time when Dümmler produced “Ratcliff” and “Almansor,” and you my dear Moser, admired the fine passages in them and muffled yourself in your cloak and spoke pathetically, like Marquis Posa. It was winter— And yet it is as though it were warmer than that to-day, April 23, to-day when the Hamburgers are bustling about with the feeling of spring, and wearing nosegays of violets, &c. &c. It was much warmer then.— I remember the Psalm. “We sat by the river of Babel” was then your faith, and you recited it so beautifully, so splendidly, so touchingly, that even now I am on the verge of weeping, but not only for the psalm. At that time you had good ideas about the Jews, the meanness of the Christian proselytisers, the meanness of the Jews, who in having themselves baptized do not only aim at evading difficulties, but also seek to gain something by haggling, and you had excellent ideas about these things which some day you ought to write down. You are independent enough to dare to write it in spite of Gans: and as for me,

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you must not hesitate on my account. As Solon said: no man can be called happy before his death, so also it may be said that no man can be called an honest man before he is dead. . . . Forgive my ill humour: it is directed most against myself. Often I get up at night and stand before my mirror and abuse myself. Perhaps I am looking into the soul of my friend as into a mirror; but it seems to me that it is not so clear as it used to be.

To VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

HAMBURG, *May* 14, 1826.

And now, after I have put it off for so long, I must write to you suddenly and in haste. But this is not a letter, merely a request that you will give the enclosed book to our dear, kind, noble Friederike in my name, and say charming things to her from me. The actual letter which I have to write to you shall follow, and I will tell you roughly how things go with me, how I am living, and what I am and am not writing. Only this much at present: my health is better and better, and the air here does me much good.

My material condition is still the same: I have not yet succeeded in building me a nest anywhere, and I am altogether lacking in that talent which insects, and a few of the *Doctores juris* here, possess. I have had to abandon my idea of being an advocate here—but do not imagine that I am going away immediately; I am quite happy here; this is the classic ground of my love; everything looks at me as though I were bewitched; much sleeping life is waking in my bosom; the spring is come again in my heart; and if the old headaches leave me, you may

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expect many books from me.—And if my material condition is pitiful, my fame protects me from being touched. Alas, and I confess it to myself, my fame will not be served much by the publication of the first volume of my “Travel Pictures.” But what am I to do? I had to publish something, and I thought that even if the book is not of general interest and is not a great work, yet nothing in it can be called bad. . . . I have broken with many useful friends, partly through my own fault, and partly not, and in doing so I have gained many adversaries . . . I am in this respect anxious, not so much on account of the miserable economy of our literature in which one is so easily surpassed by the unimportant in the judgment of the public, but because in the second volume of the “Travel Pictures” I am going to speak regardless of discretion of such a wretched state of affairs; I am going to ply the scourge and shall ruin the book forever with the leaders of public opinion. Something of the sort is necessary: few have the courage to say everything; I have no more expressions of hostility to fear, for none have been withheld from me, and you shall see your dear miracle. . . .

Another and a greater trouble was the terrible thought that the book is really too poor to be dedicated to the wittiest lady in the universe. But I found comfort in the thought that Frau von Varnhagen will not turn from me, whatever I may write, good or bad. With you, Varnhagen, it is a little different; it is not enough for you that I should show how many strings I have to my lyre, but you want all the notes of it to be linked up into a great concerto—and that is to be the “Faust” which I am to write for you. For who should have more right to my poetical offspring than he who has arranged all my

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strivings and attempts in poetry, and led them to the highest!—

To KARL SIMROCK.

You will receive with this my latest little book, fresh from the press. From its contents you will see that it is not calculated to rouse curiosity and it will not excite more than the interest of a day. My idea is to work out in prose in the following volumes of the “Travel Pictures” what you endeavour to work out with your *Xenien* in hexameters. I am now a lonely fellow and have to make the attempt alone. . . .

In my next volume of “Travel Pictures” you shall see the Rhine flowing. It is doubtful if the public will find the “North Sea Pictures” to their taste. The unusual irregular meter may possibly make ordinary sugar-and-water readers sea-sick. Nothing follows the old honest level road, the old track, the old highway. You can imagine then, my dear Simrock, how much I love the sea; I shall go to the water again soon, and then it will be some time before I go again to Berlin.

To JOSEF LEHMANN.

HAMBURG, *May* 26, 1826.

You ask me how I am living here? O, my dear Lehmann, call it what you will but not—living. In isolation and retirement I am occupied only with science and the restoration of my health. It is improving gradually, and if I get away, you may expect much to delight you from me both in life and in literature. . . .

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It is very jolly : in spite of many fatalities that oppress me, I can still count absolutely on my friends, and you, among them, have always given me the fairest proofs of friendship. And strange ! It seems to me at this moment that it could never be otherwise, and that those who have learned to know me fully cannot take away from me their love and friendship. . . . There has been misunderstanding between myself and Moser for some time past, and I write no more to him about my intentions, still less about what I am doing, and least of all about my poetry. That seems to bore him, and, who knows ?—he may be right.

TO ADOLF MÜLLER.

HAMBURG, *June 1, 1826.*

I want you to have a good opinion of me, and I am therefore taking the liberty of sending you the first volume of my "Travel Pictures." It contains a part of the journey on foot which took me through your *Weissenfels* and gave me an opportunity of seeing you. You and Herr von Goethe are the only people whom I visited throughout the journey—and it was a splendid journey through Saxony, Thuringia, Hesse, etc. If it interests you, you will be able to read more about it in the third volume of the "Travel Pictures." I hope the first part will win your approval, and that I shall in that way be indemnified for the great hardship I shall endure on account of the book. You, my dear Councillor, know best at what a cost one is frank in Germany. However, this great cost shall not frighten me.

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To WILHELM MÜLLER.

HAMBURG, *June 7*, 1826.

The "North Sea" is one of my last poems, and you will see what new notes I have struck, and in what new ways I have developed. . . . Prose has taken me up in her wide arms and in the ensuing volumes of the "Travel Pictures" you will read in prose much that is mad, harsh, distracting and provocative, and particularly much that is polemical. The times are too bad, and if a man has force and freedom, it becomes his duty to enter seriously into the fight against the evil, that is so blatantly abroad, and against the commonplace that stretches so wide, so intolerably far and wide. I beg you to incline always towards me, and do not mistake me, and let us grow old together in common striving. I am vain enough to believe that some day my name will be spoken together with yours, when we are both no more—therefore while we live let us be united in love.

CHAPTER III

NORDERNEY

To MOSES MOSER.

NORDERNEY, *July 8, 1826.*

Now I am afloat once more on the North Sea. I love salt water, and I am well and happy when my boat is tossed hither and thither by the waves, and there is comfort for me in the idea of drowning, the only comfort which the horrible priest of Heliopolis has left me—he has not planked over the sea.

How deeply rooted is the myth of the “Wandering Jew!” In the still forests of the valley the mother tells her children the terrible story, and the little ones fearfully close round the hearth. Outside is the night—the post-horn sounds—haggling Jews are journeying to Leipzig for the Fair. We who are the heroes of the story, we do not know it. No barber can shave the white beard the ends of which Time is for ever blackening with new youth.

From here I shall make a little excursion to Holland, but I shall be in Lüneburg again at the beginning of September, and, if you write to me, please address your letters there. Tell my brother where I am in the world,

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

for he does not know. Remember me to Lehmann : he has well deserved that I should think fondly of him.

At Cuxhaven, where I spent nine days on my way here, owing to a contrary wind, I passed many pleasant hours in the society of Jeannette Jacobson, whose married name is Goldschmidt. No, I will not deceive you ; it was not the westerly wind but the westerly lady who kept me for nine days at Cuxhaven. O, she is beautiful and lovely.

To FRIEDRICH MERCKEL.

NORDERNEY; *July 25, 1826.*

The night before last, about one o'clock, I left Cuxhaven. It was a wild night and my humour was not of the gentlest. The ship lay high in the roadstead and the jolly-boat in which I set out to reach it was three times driven back into harbour by the stupid waves. The little boat bounded like a horse, and it was a near thing that a number of unwritten sea pictures were not lost for ever together with their creator. And yet—may the Lord of Atoms forgive my sin—I was quite happy at that moment. I had nothing to lose !

The sea was so wild that often I thought we should be engulfed. But this affinitive element of mine does me no harm. It knows quite well that I can be madder than itself. And besides, am I not Court Poet to the North Sea ? The North Sea knows that I have yet to write a second part.

Things are very lively here. The beautiful lady is here, and Princess Solens, with whom I passed several very pleasant days last year. I have played, and with better luck than at Cuxhaven, where I lost five Louis-d'or.

NORDERNEY

To VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

NORDERNEY, *July 29, 1826.*

My health is better and better. To be completely restored I need the sea-bathing of this place, and to sail on the waves of the North Sea, which is well disposed towards me now because she knows that I sing her. The sea is a fine element. If I am long away from it I feel a curious nostalgia. My "North Sea Pictures" were written *con amore* and I am glad that you like them. I am glad, indeed, that my "Travel Pictures" have had a good reception. Frau von Varnhagen's letter has delighted, really delighted, and almost intoxicated me. Indeed I have never mistaken her. I know her a little. And I confess that no one has so profound an understanding or knowledge of myself as Frau von Varnhagen. As I read her letter it seemed as though I had got up dreaming in my sleep, and stood in front of my mirror and talked to myself and bragged a little. The best of it is that I do not need to write long letters to Frau von Varnhagen. If she only knows that I am alive then she knows also my feelings and my thoughts. She has divined the reasons for my dedication better, I think, than I. It seemed to me that I wished to express in it that I belong to somebody. I run about the world so wild that sometimes there come people who want to make me their property, but they have always been people who did not particularly please me. And so long as that is the case there shall always be written on my collar: *j' appartiens à Madame Varnhagen.*

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

To FRIEDRICH MERCKEL

NORDERNEY, 4 *August*, 1826.

I am not so happy here as I was last year, but it is the fault of my own temper rather than of the other people in the place. I am often unjust to them. There are moments when I fancy that the beautiful lady from Celle is not so beautiful as she was in 1825. And the sea does not seem to be so romantic as it used to be—and yet I have had on its shores the sweetest and loveliest mystical adventure that ever came to inspire a poet. The moon seemed to wish to show me that there were still splendours in the world for me. We said never a word—only one long, deep look, what time the moon made music—and as she passed I took her hand. And I felt her press mine stealthily—my soul trembled and took fire—I wept afterwards.

What is the use? If I am bold enough to snatch happiness, I cannot keep it long. I am afraid that suddenly the day might come—only the dark gives me courage. Lovely eyes; they will live long in my heart, and then they will fade away and so dissolve into nothing—even as I.

The moon is used to silence; the sea chatters for ever, but one can rarely understand its words, but you, the third who know now my secret, will hold your peace, and so it will remain hidden in its own night.

I am at odds with the lady from Celle. She tries deliberately to vex me at every turn. That I owe to malicious gossip. But I am still enchanted by her. I am torn between anger and delight when I hear her voice. A
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devilish state of feeling. I am much with Prince Kossowski, a very witty man. Farewell.

HAIL TO THE SEA!

Thalatta! Thalatta!

Oh, let me hail thee, eternal sea!

Oh, let me hail thee ten thousand times

From spirit exulting,

As once thou wast hailed by

Ten thousand hearts of Hellas

Struggling with misery, yearning for home delights,

World-renowned hearts of Hellas.

The billows were heaving,

Were heaving and roaring;

And freely the sun poured upon them

Its radiance of rose and of opal;

Startled, the flocks of sea swallows

Fluttered afar, loud-screaming;

The war steeds were stamping, the bucklers were clanging,

And a cry like the shouting of conquerors arose:

Thalatta! Thalatta!

Oh, let me hail thee, eternal sea!

The speech of my country I hear in thy waters;

Like dreams of my childhood once more I see sparkling

The surging realm of thy waves;

And memory tells me once more the old story

Of all the exquisite toys thou dost cherish,

Of all the bright dazzling eyes of Christmas,

Of all the scarlet branches of coral,

Gold-fishes, pearls, and many-hued shells,

Which thou secretly hoardest

In thy deep, transparent crystal house.

Ah, in strange lands how I languished in desolation!

Like a poor faded flower

Enclosed in the zinc of a botanist's vasculum,

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

My heart lay dead in my breast.
I feel like one who through long months of winter
Has waited hopeless in the dark sick-chamber,
And who against hope once more issues forth.
For, dazzling there shines forth to meet me
Spring, decked with emeralds, roused by the sunbeams,
Whilst snow-white the blossoming fruit-trees whisper,
And newly born flowers gaze on me
With eyes of colour and perfume,
And all things are scent and music, soft breath and
laughter,
And the birds sing aloud in the blue of the heavens,
Thalatta ! Thalatta !

O heart retreating, yet undaunted !
How oft, how oft, to thy cost
Did barbarian maids of the North Land press on thee !
From large and victorious eyes
They shot forth flame-bearing arrows ;
With harsh words, curved like scimitars,
They threatened to tear my breast asunder ;
They beat on my poor bemused brain
With dainty small cuneiform notes.
In vain I upheld my shield against them ;
The darts came hissing, the blows crashed cleaving,
And the barbarian maids of the North Land
Pressed me slow to the sea,
The well-loved, rescuing sea,
Thalatta ! Thalatta !

CHAPTER IV

NEW STRUGGLES

To FRIEDRICH MERCKEL.

LÜNEBURG, *Oct. 6, 1826.*

YOU will have learned from Campe how I have fared since I arrived here. A malignant fever put me off going to Friesland and Holland, but the journey is not abandoned. I shall go sometime from Hamburg direct to Amsterdam by steamer. But I shall describe my last journey. Really it does not much matter what I write about ; everything in God's world is worthy of consideration ; and what I cannot get by looking out of things I get by looking into them. I am unhappily still plagued by my headaches, although bathing has made me surprisingly healthy. I have already written eight long Sea Pictures, very original, perhaps of no very great value, but all the same remarkable ; and I vow that they will be noticed. If only there is some further improvement in my health, the second part of my "Travel Pictures" will be the most wonderful and interesting book to appear in these times. I am not hurrying over it ; Lüneburg was not built in a day. And Lüneburg is by no means Rome. Have you heard whether the black fellow who ought to be

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

hanged has been spreading any more lies about me? I should very much like to know for certain whether he has threatened to thrash me. It is very important for me to know that. *Think of it.* N.B.—I rarely *underline*. I am in poor health, and everything goes slowly. I am in poor health and full of poetry. Christiani heard a traveller who was making a pilgrimage through Germany, talking, as he was talking everywhere, about my “Travel Pictures” God! I must make the second part infinitely better, and it shall be done. I am much with Christiani here, as usual; he is the most charming of my friends

Can I sing too much his praises,
Or too oft that cup replenish?
For he treats me oft to oysters,
Fine liqueurs and best of Rhenish.

Coat and breeches perfect fitting,
And the best of ties he's wearing.
Every day he calls politely
Just to ask how I am faring.

He expresses admiration
Of my room, my wit, my verve; me
Serving he avers he only
Wants to help me and to serve me.

And my Godlike poems learning
He recites them, face aglowing,
For the ladies most politely
His enthusiasm showing.

Oh! how perfectly delightful
Finding such an one; so badly
Are they needed nowadays, for
We good men diminish sadly.

NEW STRUGGLES

To MOSES MOSER.

LÜNEBERG, Oct. 14, 1826.

I have suffered much lately, and am only just beginning to feel capable of thinking and working quietly. I shall be at Hamburg again in January for a short time, and shall have the second part of the "Travel Pictures" printed there at Easter. That part is to be an extraordinary book and should make a great stir. I must put forth something powerful. The second part of the "North Sea" with which the second volume will open is much more original and bolder than the first part and you are certain to like it. I have broken new ground in it, at the risk of my life. I have attempted pure humour in an autobiographical fragment. So far I have shown only wit, irony, caprice, but never pure jolly humour. The second volume will contain also a cycle of letters from the "North Sea" in which I speak, "of all things and a few besides." Won't you present me with a few new ideas for it? I can use everything.

You will have heard that the black fellow, who ought to be hanged, is going about Hamburg saying that he has thrashed me. The swine merely attacked me in the street; a man to whom I have never spoken in my life. The fellow has already denied the attack (he took me by the lapel of my coat and was swept away by the crowd on the Burstah), when I brought him before the police. That was all I wanted. He said that I attacked him in my writings, and later in the street, because of a grudge dating from 1815 (when I was not in Hamburg)

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

The story has been made use of extensively by infamous rascals. But why should I write to you about such dirty matters? But do not worry, if you hear it said that I am to be drawn and quartered. I am sorry that I have never boasted to you of the risks which I run in my life. I am the object of much anxiety.

To KARL IMMERMANN.

What no man knoweth, and what I am telling only to you—and what you must never repeat to anybody—is my plan, my fixed determination to leave Germany for ever, after my stay this winter at Hamburg, when I shall have the second part of the “Travel Pictures” printed. I shall go thence by sea to Amsterdam and thence to Paris. O, how I love the sea! I am so thoroughly in sympathy with this wild element, and I love it when it blusters. If you will give me something for the second volume of my “Travel Pictures,” the best place is open to you, and I will pay you two louis-d’or by way of honorarium, for Campe gives me that per page. It would be very jolly. The “Travel Pictures” serve me as a medium for putting before the public just what I like. They have had an enormous sale, and will soon reach a second edition. I think, however, that the second and third volumes will do even better.

To VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

LÜNEBURG, Oct. 24, 1826.

I have been here four weeks with my parents, and shall stay another two months, and then I shall go to Hamburg,

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and then have the second part of my "Travel Pictures" printed. Then I shall stay there until the spring, and I shall go by sea to Amsterdam, see Holland, and go then to Paris. I have not decided whether I shall visit the Rhine again. But no one is to know of my plans; at least no one who stands in any sort of close relation with me, such as my family at Hamburg or my friends at Berlin, to whom I am always saying that I am coming to Berlin to read: it will be enough for these people to know when I really have set out on my grand tour. Without these precautions they would make all sorts of misunderstandings with their chatter. At Paris I shall make use of the library, see men and the world, and gather materials for a book which is to be European.

The second part of the "Travel Pictures" is to contain (1) the second and third parts of the "North Sea," the last in prose, the first in splendid epigrams, even more original and magnificent than the earlier ones; then (2) a fragment of my life written in a broadly humorous vein which will please you; and (3) the Memoirs of Poland that you know. Perhaps, if there is space for it in the book, I will give to the public (4) "Letters from Berlin, written in the year 1822." But do not mistake me; this is only a fiction in order to say more easily just what I like, and in fact, I am writing the letters now, and am using for them part of the outer structure of the letters which I did in fact publish in the *Westfälischer Anzeiger* in the year 1822. The third part of the "North Sea" consists of letters in which I say just what I like.

And I am writing all this to you, with the idea of letting you see how easy it is for me to weave anything or everything into the second part of the "Travel

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Pictures." If, therefore, you have any particular desire, if you wish to see any matter expressed, or if you wish to see any of our friends pilloried then tell me of it; or, better still, do yourself write in my style the patches which I am to sew on to my book, and you can rely absolutely on my discretion. I can write anything nowadays, and it matters little whether I have a dozen enemies more or less.

To FRIEDRICH MERCKEL.

LÜNEBURG, *Nov.* 16, 1826.

I had a letter yesterday from von Varnhagen. I will send you the lady's letter, charging you upon your life to show it to nobody, and to send it back to me immediately. It is concerned chiefly with my letter, and especially with my plan of going to Paris, there to write a European book. No one is to know anything of this plan. I think I shall achieve something better than Lady Morgan; my task is only to touch on matters which are of general European interest.

To JOSEPH LEHMANN.

LÜNEBURG, *Dec.* 16, 1826.

With regard to the second volume of the "Travel Pictures" you may cherish the most daring expectations; that is to say, you may expect many daring things; good as well? That is another matter altogether. In any case you will see that I speak openly and nobly, and scourge Evil, however honoured and powerful it may be.

NEW STRUGGLES

To FRIEDRICH MERCKEL.

LÜNEBURG, Jan. 10, 1827.

I have been working here at a fearful rate. The infernal business of copying is the worst of it. I will send you a copy of the most splendid part of my book. You will see : *le petit bon homme vit encore*. The book will make a stir, not through private scandal, but through the great matters of universal interest upon which it touches. Napoleon and the French Revolution are in it as large as life—not a word to any one about it. I dare scarcely let Campe know what the book is about a moment too soon. It must be sent away before anybody there knows a syllable of it.

CHAPTER V

LONDON

WHAT strange creatures men are ! In our own country we growl, and every stupidity, every perverseness, makes us angry ; and, like boys, we wish every day to run away from it into the wide, wide world, but when we do go into the wide, wide world, it is too wide for us, and we long secretly for the narrow stupidities and perverseness of home, and want to be sitting once more in the old familiar room and to build us a house behind the stove and cower there in the warmth, and read the *Allgemeine Anzeiger der Deutschen*. So it was with me on my journey to England. Hardly had I lost sight of the German coast than there sprang to life in me a curious after-love for those Teutonic night-caps and periwigs which I had just left so ill-humouredly, and when the Fatherland was gone from my sight I found it again in my heart. . . .

I have seen the most remarkable phenomenon that the world has to show to the amazed mind of man. I have seen it and am still amazed. In my memory there remains the stone forest of houses and in between the surging stream of vivid human faces, with all their gay passions, with all their horrible flurry of love and hunger and hate—I mean London.

Send a philosopher to London : but, on pain of your life, not a poet ! Send a philosopher thither and set him at the

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corner of Cheapside, and he will learn more there than from all the books of the last Leipzig fair; and as the waves of human beings roar about him there will arise before him a sea of new thoughts, the eternal spirit which hovers over the place will waft him up and suddenly reveal to him the most hidden secrets of the social order, and he will hear with his ears and see with his eyes the beating pulse of the world—for, if London is the right hand of the world, the active, strong right hand, then that street which leads from the Exchange to Downing Street must be regarded as the pulse of the world.

But do not send a poet to London! The mere seriousness of everything, the colossal uniformity, the machine-like movement, the shrillness even of joy—this over-driven London oppresses fancy and rends the heart. And if you send a German poet thither, a dreamer who stands before everything that he sees, ragged beggar woman or gleaming goldsmith's shop—oh! then, he will be in a bad way and he will be jostled on all sides and trampled under foot with a mild "God damn!"

I had resolved not to be astonished at the magnificence of London, of which I had heard so much. But I was like the poor schoolboy who had made up his mind not to feel the thrashing that he was about to receive. He failed because he had expected the usual blows with the usual stick as usual upon his back, and instead of that he received an unusual number of strokes on an unusual place with a thin cane. I expected great palaces and saw nothing but little houses. But the very monotony of them, and the infinite number of them, make a powerful impression. . . .

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

To FRIEDRICH MERCKEL.

LONDON, *April 23.*

It is snowing outside and there is no fire in my chimney, therefore this is a cold letter. I am very peevish and ill to boot. I have seen and heard much, but have not had a clear view of anything. London has surpassed all my expectations as to its magnificence, but I have lost myself. I have paid only a few visits—I have not yet seen your friends—and the theatre has been my chief resource so far. I shall stay at most until the middle of June in London, then I shall go for three months to my English watering-place. I am in sore need of my sea-bathing. Living is terribly dear here. So far I have spent more than a guinea a day. I had to pay thirty shillings in landing fee and tips on the steamer, and I had to pay almost a pound in duty on my few books, and so forth,—nothing but fog, coal-smoke, poets and Canning—I wonder how things will go with me in this world! I shall never again, in spite of my better intelligence, be able to let it play stupid tricks . . . that is, I shall never be able to speak absent-mindedly any more. It is so fearfully damp and uncomfortable here, and no one understands me, and no one understands German.

To VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

LONDON, *June 1, 1827.*

You will have received my book, bound in red, for Frau von Varnhagen, and you will have given it to dear

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Friedrieke in my name. And you will also have forwarded Moser's parcel to him. I had to leave it to some one else to look after the books, because I left Hamburg in such a hurry. I could not enclose a line with them on that account. It was not anxiety that took me away, but the law of prudence, which counsels every man not to run any risk where there is nothing to be gained. If there had been any prospect of my gaining an appointment at Berlin I should have gone straight there without bothering in the least about the contents of my book. I think that as our Ministry has fallen there is more prospect than ever of my being appointed and probably I shall return to you and to Berlin. I left Hamburg on the very day that the book was published—a great effort—and I have heard not a word of its fate. I know it in advance. I know my Germans. They will be frightened, reflect, and do nothing. I doubt even if the book will be prohibited. But it was necessary to write it. In these cowardly days of servility something must be done. I have done my best and am ashamed of those hard-hearted friends of mine who were once going to do so much and are now silent. When they are together, and standing in a row, the rawest recruits are filled with courage; but true courage is only shown by the man who stands alone. I foresee, also, that the good men of the country will gradually tear my book in pieces, and I cannot think ill of my friends if they are silent about the dangerous book.

I am on good terms with my family. I am the only member of it with whom I stand ill. I have borne much self-torment lately. My headaches will not leave me, and old wounds are suppurating. At present deafness has, as it were, shut me up in a leaden coffin. I am afraid that very soon I shall be seriously ill. . . .

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

TO FRIEDERICH MERCKEL.

LONDON, *June 1, 1827.*

As you love me say nothing of Cotta's proposals to Campe; you have no right to say anything. I certainly do not want to send Campe away with a flea in his ear. It would be no use, and I am too fond of him to hurt him unnecessarily. He does a great deal for my children, and I am grateful. But I shall not rely any more on his generosity. He stopped a good deal of annoyance by the forty Louis which he gave me in advance. But he has never had any real confidence in me; when I spoke to him of some of the sacrifices that I made for my last book, he put me off with fine words: and the same when I told him that Cotta had offered to pay me handsomely for my essays for the *Morgenblatt*—in short, he has no confidence in me. He must learn to know me in my way of doing things—Ah! I am very cross to-day. I am ill and cannot work properly. And yet I have to pay for all the ideas which I am collecting here with their weight in gold.

TO MOSES MOSER.

LONDON, *June 9, 1827.*

Before I left Hamburg I saw to it that my book was sent to you. You will have found in it all that I have thought and felt and suffered during the last year. I think my "Le Grand" will have pleased you; everything else in the book, except the poems, is food for the mob,

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and it will devour it with gusto. I have won a monstrous following and popularity in Germany with this book: when I am well I can do much; I have a far-sounding voice nowadays. You shall often hear it thundering against the beadles of thought and oppressors of the most sacred rights.—I shall attain an extraordinary professorship in the university of great minds.

You can easily imagine my life here knowing myself and England. I am seeing and learning much. In a few days I shall go to an English watering-place. The chief object of my journey was to get away from Hamburg. I hope to be strong enough never to return to it. But I am drawn towards Berlin. A shallow life, witty egoism, witty sand. Everything is too dear and too distant here. There are many attractive things too—the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, English tragedy, and pretty women. If I can leave England alive it will not be the fault of the women, they do their best. English literature at present is pitiful, more pitiful even than ours—and that is saying a good deal.

To J. H. DETMOLD.

RAMSGATE, *July* 28, 1827.

Leave your Hoffmann and his ghosts who are all the more horrible for walking in the market-place in broad daylight and behaving like one of us. It is I, Heine, who give you this advice. And I give you my example at the same time, as one climbs up from that pit by the aid of one's own hair.—I am high up at present, on the last cliff at Ramsgate and I am sitting in a high balcony, and, as I write, I look down over the lovely wide sea,

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

whose waves clamber up the rocks and roar their most joyous music for my heart. I tell you this, so that you may know that my good advice comes down to you from a good healthy height. I am on the point of leaving England, where I have been since April, and I am going to pass through Brabant and Holland and return in a few months to Germany.

* * * *

It is eight years since I went to London to make the acquaintance of the language and the people! The devil take the people and their language! They take a dozen words of one syllable into their mouth, chew them, gnaw them, spit them out again and they call that talking. Fortunately they are by nature rather silent, and although they look at us with gaping mouths yet they spare us long conversations.

I will confess that if I could stomach nothing in England, neither the people nor the cooking, the reason for it was really in myself. I brought a good stock of ill-temper with me from home, and I increased it among a people who can only kill their boredom in the whirlpool of political and mercantile activity. The perfection of machinery, which is used everywhere in England and has taken over so many human functions, is for me not a little disquieting: this clever driving of wheels, and rods, and cylinders, and a thousand different sorts of little loops and pegs and teeth which move almost with passion, filled me with horror. The certainty, the exactness, the great madness, and the punctiliousness of life in England made me not a little unhappy; for just as the machines in England appear like human beings, so do the human beings appear like machines.

But there is nothing like the black mood that came

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over me once when I stood in the evening on Waterloo Bridge and looked down at the waters of the Thames. It was as though my soul were mirrored in them, as though it were looking up at me out of the water with all its wounds. . . . Then the most miserable thoughts came into my head. . . . I thought of the rose which has been anointed with vinegar, and has lost its sweetest scents and withered too soon. . . . I thought of the lost butterfly, which a naturalist who climbed Mont Blanc saw fluttering there all alone between walls of ice. . . . I thought of the tame she-ape who was so accustomed to men, and played and ate with them; but one fine day she recognised in the dish that was laid before them her own young, and she snatched it away and rushed into the forest with it, and never again appeared among her human friends. . . . Ah! I was so woe-begone, that the hot tears gushed from my eyes. . . . They fell down into the Thames and were carried away into the great sea which has already swallowed up so many human tears without noticing them. . . .

CHAPTER VI

THE BOOK OF SONGS

To VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

LÜNEBURG, *Oct. 21, 1826.*

MY fledgling years, the "Intermezzo," "Heimkehr" and two parts of the "Sea Pictures" will make a fine volume to contain the beginning and the end of my lyrical youth. We can do this, for Maurer and Dümmler offer no opposition. Dümmler compels me to do it. Maurer does and has done nothing for my "Poems." They cannot therefore, let anything leak out of the projected collection of my poems. But do you tell me, whether I have the right to do it or not?—of course many poems will be omitted, many altered and many new ones added.

To FRIEDRICH MERCKEL.

LÜNEBURG, *Nov. 16, 1827.*

Some of my friends are urging me to publish a complete collection of my poems, chronologically arranged, and carefully selected, and they think that they would be as popular as Burger's or Goethe's or Uhland's. Varnhagen

THE BOOK OF SONGS

has given me many precepts. I should include part of my first poems, and I have the right to do so, for Maurer has not paid me a penny, and the circulation has been wretched; I shall include almost the whole "Intermezzo"—Dümmler cannot grudge me that—and then the later poems if Campe, of whom I would not ask a shilling in payment, will publish the book, and is not afraid of injuring the "Travel Pictures" thereby. As I say, I would not ask a shilling for this book; cheapness and the other requisites of popularity would be my only considerations; I should be delighted to show Maurer and Dümmler that I know how to help myself, and this book would be my *chef d'œuvre* and would give a psychological picture of myself—the gloomy serious poems of my youth, the "Intermezzo" bound up with the "Heimkehr," pure blooming poems, such as those from the "Journey to the Harz Mountains," and a few new poems, and in conclusion the colossal epigrams that go with them. Find out from Campe if he can fall in with such an idea, and if he can promise a sale for such a book—it would be no ordinary collection of poems. If he cannot, then I will forget all about my fine plan. I call it fine, because I should throw in many fine things, and at the same time I should be able, knowing my public, to attach myself to their passing interests.

To MOSES MOSER.

LÜNEBURG, Oct. 30, 1827.

The "Book of Songs" is not a collected edition of my published poems. . . . It is beautifully fitted out and like a harmless merchant-ship it will sail quietly away under

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the protection of the second volume of the "Travel Pictures" into the sea of oblivion. The second volume being a man of war, carrying all too many cannon on board, has incurred the world's displeasure.

(Paris in the Spring of 1837.)

I give to the world the new impression of this book not altogether without apprehension. It has cost me the greatest effort; I hesitated for almost a year before I could bring myself to look through it hurriedly. At the sight of it there awoke in me all the uneasiness which oppressed my soul ten years ago when it was first published. This feeling will only be understood by the poet or poetaster who sees his poems printed for the first time. The first poems! They must be written on old odd sheets of paper, and faded flowers must be between them, or a lock of golden hair, or a discoloured ribbon, and there must be here and there a trace of a tear. . . . But first poems in print, printed in very black type on very smooth paper, have lost their maiden charms and excite in the composer of them a shuddering distrust. . . . Yes, it is ten years since these poems first appeared, and I give them in chronological order, and in the beginning are poems which were written in those still earlier years when the first kisses of the German muse burned into my soul. Alas! The kisses of the kindly wench have lost since then much of their glow and freshness! In so many long years of marriage the ardour of the honeymoon must gradually be consumed in smoke, but the tenderness of it was all the more heartfelt, especially in bad times, and she kept for me all her love and loyalty, the German muse!

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She comforted me in the days of oppression, she followed me into exile, cheered me in the hours of despair, never left me in the lurch, and she was able to help me in my need for money, the German muse, the kindly wench!

I have made as little alteration in the poems themselves as to the order in which they come. Only here and there in the first part a few verses have been improved. To save space I have omitted the dedications. But I cannot refrain from mentioning that the "Lyrical Intermezzo" is taken from a book which appeared in 1823, with the title of "Tragedies," and was dedicated to my uncle Solomon Heine. I wished in that dedication to testify to the great regard I had for the man, and to my gratitude for the love that he showed me at that time. . . .

I deliver up the "Book of Songs" to the public modestly and I crave their indulgence: for the frailness of these poems may make some amends for my political, theological, and philosophical writings. . . . But I must observe that my poetical and my political, theological, and philosophical writings are sprung from the same thought, and that the one cannot be condemned without the other being brought into disapprobation.

This is the old enchanted wood
With lime tree flowers scented ;
The moon shines out most wonderful,
And I am nigh demented.

And I went on and as I went
The nightingale was singing,
She sings of love and love's lament
Small comfort to me bringing.

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She sings of love and love's lament
Of tears and merry-making,
Her laughter is mournful, her sobs are so gay,
Forgotten old dreams awaking.

And I went on and as I went
I saw in front of me clearly
A castle great in an open place,
Its towers rising sheerly.

The windows were closed and everywhere
Was silence, still complaining ;
It seemed as though the calm of death
Within those walls were reigning.

A sphinx lay by the gate, begot
Of fear and lust in teeming ;
A lion's body and paws, her head
And breasts a woman seeming.

A lovely woman ! her hot eyes
They told of wild desires ;
Her speechless lips were arched to kiss,
And smiled of yielding fires.

The nightingale, she sweetly sang,
I could withstand no longer ;
And when I kissed her worshipful face,
I knew which was the stronger.

The marble face took life once more,
The stone then fell to sighing,
She drank of my kisses the fire and heat
With my warm passion vying.

She almost drank in all my breath
In ecstasy unending,
She held me close with lion's claws
My wretched body rending.

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What torture sweet, what woeful bliss !
The pain like the joy beyond measure,
Her claws did wound me horribly,
Her mouth's kiss gave keen pleasure.

The nightingale sang. O lovely sphinx !
O love, why dost thou blend me
Thy blessed joys with pangs of death,
And rob where thou dost lend me.

O lovely sphinx ! O read me now
This riddle strange and vexing ;
For with it these ten thousand years
My mind I've been perplexing.

I might have said all that just as well in prose. But on reading my old poems through in order to polish them up for a new impression, I am surprised in spite of myself at the ring of the rhyme and rhythms. . . . Oh ! Phœbus Apollo ! If these verses are bad, thou wilt forgive me. . . . For thou art an omniscient God, and thou knowest well why I have not been able these many years to apply myself altogether to the rhythm and harmony of words. . . . Thou knowest why the flame which once delighted the world with its brilliant display of fireworks had suddenly to be turned to the feeding of far more serious fires. . . . Thou knowest why it now consumes my heart with its silent heat. . . . Thou dost understand me, great, beautiful God, thou who dost thyself exchange ever and anon thy golden lyre for the strong bow and the deadly arrows. . . . Dost thou remember Marsyas whom thou didst mortally wound ? That was long ago, but now there is need that thou shouldst make another example. . . . O, eternal Father, thou dost smile !

CHAPTER VII AUTUMN TRAVELS

To FREIDRICH MERCKEL.

NORDERNEY, *Aug.* 20, 1827.

As you see, I am at Norderney again. I heard that there was strong feeling against me here, talk of killing me, etc., and I came here as quickly as possible. "Now that shows courage," said some of my old acquaintances when they saw me arrive. However, I think I have no need of courage now that I *am* here: in the actual coming and in despising any disturbance that might be made to intimidate me, was courage. This time I have a right to brag. England set me up financially, but I shall never do like Walter Scott and write a bad, though lucrative, book. I am the knight of the Holy Ghost . . . I had some fear in Holland, but I made haste to reach here and not to miss the bathing season. I shall stay here for about four weeks.

WANGEROGE, *Sept.* 11, 1827.

You see that I did not stay at Norderney. I left orders there to send on letters to me here. I have appeared in heroic light at Norderney. A little before I left Hamburg

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I showed myself to be timid, but I have amply made up for that now. I am terribly bored here. I am quite alone.

Once at Langerog, after everybody had gone, I spent two weeks with the schoolmaster. They were by two weeks too long. I had already sent my luggage away and I wanted to go with my bundle by way of Wangeroge and Oldenburg to Hamburg. But days passed before there came a ship. I had myself rowed out to the first ship that came and did not budge from it. We were becalmed and the captain could not put out to sea and would not put in to land. So we stayed lying off the coast, until I could bear it no longer and at ebb tide, with my bundle on my head, walked all the way to the land through the sea. After that I spent some time again alone with the schoolmaster at Langerog. Then they drove me into the doldrums. Heavens, that is a strange life! If I had described it at all in my poems, no one would have understood it, because no one knew it. Indeed it seems incredible to me when I think of it now, how, with my bundle on my head, with the waters behind me, I walked on foot through the North Sea.

To VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

HAMBURG, Oct. 19, 1827.

When I received Frau von Varnhagen's "Responsum" I was on the point of coming to you, and everything was arranged for the journey when I received a letter from Munich which made me decide to go thither. They have wished me far from here for a long time. Now I am promised Holland and Brabant. In any case I shall find

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peace there, and that is my first consideration at present. In January 1828, the "Political Annals" will appear at Munich, edited by your friend Heine and Dr. Lindner. This will be the first sign of the meaning of my presence in Munich. More of this later. I accepted the editorship because I was convinced that you will be not only satisfied by it, but glad of it. You will foresee the policy. In a few days I shall go to Munich. I will write to you on the way. . . .

The third volume of the "Travel Pictures" will appear as soon as I have written it. I am neither young, nor have I a starving wife and children. I will therefore speak more freely than ever. Frau von Varnhagen shall be satisfied. I would write, my dear friend, a letter as long as the world, as long-winded and intolerable as my own life, but—I am just about to visit this morning a lady whom I have not seen for eleven years, of whom it is rumoured that I was once in love with her. She is Madame Findländer of Königsberg, a sort of cousin of mine. I saw her husband yesterday as a foretaste. The good lady hurried hither and arrived yesterday, on the day when the new edition of my "Sorrows of Youth" was published by Hoffmann Campe. The world is stupid and dull, and lifeless, and smells of dried violets.

But I am the editor of the "Political Annals," and I am firmly convinced that when asses foregather and wish to insult each other, they say, "Man."

If thy eye offend thee, pluck it out; if thy hand offend thee, cut it off; if thy tongue offend thee, cut it out . . . In the new Bedlam in London I talked to a mad politician, who told me in confidence that God is a Russian spy. The fellow should be a colleague in my "Political Annals." . . .

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To VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

LÜNEBURG, *Oct. 30, 1827.*

I am just about to leave here (I have no great faith in Hanoverians) and shall stay a few days at Cassel. I am going to Munich by way of Frankfort on the Main. I left Hamburg on Saturday, tearing myself away from quite amusing company. They say that I am in love with Peche, the actress, madly in love. Two people know that that is impossible—myself and Frau von Varnhagen. You will have heard in Berlin that Wolfgang Goethe has spoken disagreeably of me: that would hurt Frau von Varnhagen.

* * * * *

I was told that Ludwig Börne was still living at Frankfort, and when I had to go through that town in the year 1827, on my way to Munich, I made up my mind to visit Doctor Börne at his house. I did so, but not without much inquiry and many failures. Whenever I asked for him I was looked at frigidly, and very few people in the town where he lived seem to know him and still fewer to bother about him. . . .

I had some difficulty in recognising the man, whose appearance, as I had seen him before, remained vividly in my memory. There was no trace of his discontented distinction, or his former sinister quality. I saw a contented little man, very thin, but not ill, a little head with smooth black hair, a patch of red on his cheeks, very lively bright brown eyes with intelligence in every look, every movement, every sound. He received me warmly and affectionately. Three minutes passed and we fell into

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the most intimate conversation. Of what did we talk at first? When cooks come together they talk of their mistresses, and when German writers come together they talk of their publishers. Our conversation began, therefore, with Campe and Cotta, and when, after the usual complaints, I admitted Campe's good qualities, Börne confided to me that he was pregnant with a collected edition of his works and would go to Campe for this undertaking. I was able to assure him that Julius Campe was no ordinary bookseller, who only did business with the noble, the beautiful and the great, and will only make use of a good conjunction of circumstances, but that he very often prints the great, the beautiful and the noble, under very unfavourable circumstances, and, in fact, does a very bad business with them. Börne listened very attentively to these words and as a result of them he went to Hamburg to arrange with the publisher of the "Travel Pictures" for a collected edition of his works. When they have done with the publishers, two writers, who are in conversation for the first time, begin to exchange compliments. I will pass over what Börne said of my excellence and will only mention the slight fault-finding which he let trickle into the foaming cup of his praise. He had been reading a little while before the second part of the "Travel Pictures" and he thought I had spoken with too little reverence of God, who created Heaven and Earth, and rules the world so wisely, and with exaggerated respect of Napoleon, who had been only a mortal despot. . . .

The work of Wolfgang Menzel had just appeared, and Börne rejoiced that some one had arrived who had the courage so recklessly to attack Goethe. "Respect," he said naïvely, "has always kept me from saying such things in public. Menzel, who has courage, is an honest

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man and a scholar. You must know him ; he will yet give us great joy ; he has much courage ; he is a very honest man and a great scholar." He returned often to this theme. I had to promise him that I would visit Menzel at Stuttgart, and he wrote me to this end a card of introduction, and I can still hear him saying excitedly : "He has courage, really extraordinary courage ; he is a good, honest man, and a good scholar ! . . ."

With droll kindness he won from me a promise to give him three days of my life. He (Börne) would not let me go, and I had to go about the town with him and call on all sorts of friends, both men and women.

The three days which I spent at Frankfort in Börne's company passed in almost idyllic peacefulness ; he spared no pains to please me. . . He was as gentle as a child. Up to the last moment of my stay at Frankfort he was perpetually with me, watching me to see if he could show me some further affectionate attention. He knew that I was going to Munich on the inducement of old Baron Cotta to take up the editorship of the "Political Annals," and to devote my activities to certain projected literary institutions. It was a question of founding for the Liberal Press those organs which have since exercised so good an influence. The venom and the meanness with which the ultramontane aristocratic propagandists attacked me and my friends are well known.

"Beware of coming into collision with the parsons of Munich," were the last words that Börne whispered in my ears as I left. As I sat in the coupé of the coach he remained looking after me long and sadly, like an old sailor who has retired on shore and is filled with feelings of pity when he sees a youngster going to sea for the first time. . . . The old fellow thought then that he had said farewell for

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ever to the treacherous element, and would be able to bring his days to a close in the safe harbour. Poor man! The gods would not grant him this peace! He had soon to put out again on the high seas, and then our ships met while the terrible storm raged in which he was wrecked. How it howled! How it roared! By the light of the yellow lightning which darted out of the black cloud wrack I could see how courage and care chased each other across the man's face! He stood at the tiller of his ship and defied the waves which threatened to swallow him up, now drenching him with spray, now sousing him through and through; and he was so wretched and yet so comic a sight as to bring laughter and tears together. Poor man! His ship was anchorless; his heart was without hope. . . . I saw the mast break and the wind tear down the rigging. . . . I saw him reach out his hand to me. . . . I could not take it. I could not deliver up the precious cargo, the blessed treasure entrusted to me, to certain loss. . . . I was carrying on board my ship the gods of the future.

CHAPTER VIII

THE POLITICAL ANNALS

To VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

Munich at last, about Nov. 28, 1828.

I ARRIVED a few days ago. Cotta, who stayed a few days longer for me, has already gone back to Stuttgart. His wife is an amiable lady. My verses give her pleasure, and she likes me personally. Things do not look so bad as I had expected. The people are afraid of its not pleasing me, and they do not know that all I ask in the world is a quiet room. I shall keep myself to myself and write much.

I was eight days at Cassel. Jakob Grimm, who seemed to like me . . . is working at his history of German law! Ludwig Grimm struck me—a long German face, with eyes turned longingly heavenwards. I spent three days at Frankfort with Börne. We spoke much of Frau von Varnhagen. I never should have believed that Börne would be so much attached to me; we were *inseparable* up to the moment when he accompanied me to the coach. After that I saw no one at all except Menzel at Stuttgart. I did not see the noble Snger there. Menzel's book on literature contains fine things.

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TO JULIUS CAMPE.

MUNICH, Dec. 1, 1827.

I am editing the "Annals" with Dr. Lindner, and also some articles in the *Ausland*. Do not be afraid. The third volume of the "Travel Pictures" will not suffer, and my best hours shall be given to it. If I had not to consider that I might perhaps have been persuaded to take over the *Morgenblatt*, the editor of which is just dead, or the editorship-in-chief of the *Ausland*, and so have earned very, very much money. But I want to be free, and if the climate is really as terrible as they have threatened I must not be fettered. If my health is endangered, I shall pack my box and go to Italy. I shall not starve anywhere. I do not care about marks of honour; I want to continue to live. . . . Everywhere in my travels I found the "Travel Pictures" *en vogue*, everywhere enthusiasm, compliment, and admiration; and I should not have believed myself to be already so famous. I have two men to thank for it: H. Heine and Julius Campe. These two must hold together. I at least shall not change in order to better myself or for money. I think we shall grow old together, and always understand each other. Now that I am more independently situated than heretofore, do you accept my assurance of an unalterable disposition towards you. I am now satisfied with you—but I am writing vaguely. I wished to say really that even now that I am become famous I am afraid of the fate of German writers—an early death.

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To FRIEDRICH MERCKEL.

MUNICH, *Sylvester Eve*, 1827.

The climate is killing me, but otherwise I am well enough off. I am well guarded. The king is a spruce little fellow. In eight days from now the first number of the "Annals," edited by Heine and Lindner, will appear. There is a little essay of mine in it on Liberty and Equality.

Munich is a city built by the people themselves, and by succeeding generations, whose spirit appears in their buildings, so that one sees a succession of spirits of different times, from the dark red spirit of the Middle Ages, which steps forth in armour from the Gothic porches of the churches, to the cultured bright spirit of our own times, which holds up for us a mirror in which each of us can look at himself with gratification. In this succession there is the quality of reconciliation; the barbaric no more disturbs us, and the grotesque no more offends us when we regard them as beginnings and necessary transitions. We become serious, but are not put out at the sight of the barbaric cathedral which still rises like a bootjack above the town, concealing the shades and ghosts of the Middle Ages in its womb. Just as little are we put out, nay, we are even amused, when we look at the bag-wig castles of a late period, the rude German imitations of the smooth artificiality of the French, the splendid buildings of insipidity, crazily scrolled without, and within even more elaborately decorated with screaming coloured allegories, gilded arabesques, stucco, and those escutcheons on which the High and Mighty are

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depicted. As I say, the sight of these things does not strike discord in us, but rather helps to make us value highly and properly the present, and when we look at the new buildings erected by the side of the old, it is as though a heavy periwig were taken from our heads, and our hearts set free from steel fetters. I am speaking of the bright temples of art and the noble palaces which issue complete and fine from the genius of the great master, Klinge! But, between ourselves, it is rather ridiculous to call the city a new Athens, and I should be hard put to it to represent it as such.

To WOLFGANG MENZEL.

MUNICH, *Jan.* 19, 1828.

Life is very pleasant here, and if your lungs are good and you think you can stand the climate, I advise you to come. Do you at least come on a visit some time. Stay with me. I can put you up, and do you be my guest as I was yours at Stuttgart. If our descendants should some day meet in literary conflict, perhaps they will, like Glaucus and Diomedes, change weapons, and I think my grandson will have the best of it. Farewell, and think well of me.

To VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

MUNICH, *Feb.* 12, 1828.

Cotta is treating me very generously. I am pledged to him until July, and he gives me 100 karolin for the half-year.

THE POLITICAL ANNALS

I will never in my life go back to Hamburg: terribly bitter things happened to me there. They would have been insupportable were it not that only I know of them. I am becoming very serious here, almost German. I fancy the beer must be doing it. I often long for the capital, Berlin. When I am well I shall try and see if I cannot live there. I have become a Prussian in Bavaria. What men do you advise me to keep in with in order to lead to a speedy return?

To WOLFGANG MENZEL.

MUNICH, *April 10, 1828.*

Ah! Menzel, how boring are the contents of the "Annals," with the exception of our essays. I am convinced that the Germans have no inclination for politics—for there are no good political writers to be found. I am still ill and long for Italy. I am writing very little. Kolb will tell you how I fare. It is a bad look out here. A sea of little souls and a bad climate. . . .

If I have not approached you it has not been from lack of goodwill, but because I have come upon nothing reasonable in this place as yet. But I give you my word of honour you shall not escape me. I was almost impotent mentally this winter, and now I am distracted by the spring in Munich. In a fortnight I shall retire into the mountains for solitude and to work. There should be much to write of Munich. Narrow-mindedness of the most magnificent sort. I have not yet spoken to Schelling and Görres. But I see all the more of the two great lights of the day, the *dioscuri* of the heavens of modern poetry, M. Beer and E. Schenk. I have written an

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account of Beer's tragedy in the *Morgenblatt*, and shown the world how little I am affected by his fame, but the naughty world has taken it amiss and calls it a mystification of the public. I have had to suffer for my good-naturedness.

To JOHANN FRIEDRICH VON COTTA.

After what I told you yesterday you will easily understand how important it is for me that these three books enclosed should be sent as soon as possible to the king. Please do not forget to take them with you when you go to the king. I should also be very glad if you would tell him that the author himself is much gentler, better, and perhaps altogether different from his early work. I think the king is wise enough to value a sword only by its sharpness and not by the good or ill use that has been made of it. Excuse me if I am putting too much upon you, but my continuance here depends so much upon it.

To WOLFGANG MENZEL.

MUNICH, *July* 16, 1828.

I am just about to go into the mountains. I shall have leisure there, and perhaps will write to you about my life here. Ah! if only I could induce you to come here! You have admirers here, and would enjoy the life.

* * * * *

There was winter in my soul; my thoughts and feelings were, as it were, snowed up. I was so withered and dead, and in addition I had troublesome politics, sorrow for the

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death of a dear child, and an old chagrin, and a cold in the head. Besides I was drinking much beer, because I was told that it makes the blood flow. But the best Attic brew would not have any effect on me, for I had got used to porter in England.

In the end there came a day when all was changed. The sun broke forth from the heavens and fed the earth, the old child, with the milk of his beams; the hills trembled with pleasure, and the tears of their snow flowed freely; the ice coverings of the lakes cracked and broke; the earth opened her blue eyes; the loving flowers and the murmuring forests sprang from her bosom, the green palaces of the nightingales, and all Nature smiled, and her smile is called Spring. Then there began in me, too, a new spring, new flowers budded forth from my heart, feelings of freedom put forth shoots like roses, and a secret longing, like young violets, and among them many a useless nettle. Hope reared her bright green over the graves of my wishes, and the melodies of poetry returned, like migratory birds that spend the winter in the warm south and seek once more their deserted nests in the north, and my deserted northern heart sang again and bloomed as once it did—only I know not how it all came about. Was it a dark or a fair sun, that awoke once more the spring in my heart and kissed all the sleeping flowers in my heart, and, smiling, bade the nightingales return to it? Was it affinitive Nature herself seeking her echo in my breast, and seeing herself mirrored in it in her new splendour of Spring? I know not, but I think that this new enchantment came over my heart on the terrace of Bockenhausen, opposite the Alps of the Tyrol. As I sat there with my thoughts, it seemed as though I saw a lovely boy's face peep over the mountains, and I longed for wings to fly

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away to the land where he lived—Italy. I felt the scent of lemons and oranges blown about me, wafted down from the mountains, cajoling and full of promise to charm me away to Italy. Once in the golden half-light of the evening I saw him on the peak of a mountain, the young god of Spring, his head, all joy, crowned with flowers and laurel, and with laughing eyes and lips aglow, he called to me : “ I love you, come to me in Italy ! ”

CHAPTER IX

THE ITALIAN JOURNEY

WHILE the sun shone ever fairer and most glorious in the Heavens, and clad mountains and castles in veils of gold ; there was ever more warmth and radiance in my heart, and all my breast was filled with flowers, and they put forth shoots and grew over my head, and through the flowers of my heart there smiled at me the fair maiden-divine : a captive in such dreams, myself a dream. I came to Italy, and, as upon my journey I had almost forgot that I was journeying thither, I was almost afraid when the great Italian eyes looked at me, and all the gay, vivid, warm and buzzing life of Italy glowed to meet me. . . .

To EDUARD VON SCHENK.

LIVORNO, *August 27, 1828.*

You will sooner or later read in print what I think of Italy. I am plagued by my want of knowledge of the Italian language. I do not understand the people and cannot talk with them. I see Italian, but I do not hear it. But I am often not altogether without conversation. The stones here speak, and I understand their dumb language. They seem to feel deeply what I am

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thinking. A broken pillar of the time of the Romans, a crumbling Lombard tower, or a weather-beaten Gothic arch, understands me right well. I am a ruin wandering among ruins. Like and like understand each other quickly. Often the old palaces wish to whisper some secret to me, and I cannot hear them for the dull roar of day: then come I again at night, and the moon is a good interpreter who understands the language of stones, and can translate it into the dialect of my heart. Yes, I can wholly understand Italy by night, for then the young nation with its young language of the the operas is asleep and the ancients arise from their cold beds and talk with me in the finest Latin. There is something ghostly in coming to a land where one does not understand the living language and the living people, and instead one knows intimately the language which flourished there a thousand years ago, and long since dead, is only spoken by midnight spirits—a dead language.

However, there is a language in which one can be understood from Lappland to Japan by one half of the human race. And it is the fairer half, which is called *par excellence*, the fair sex. This language flourishes especially in Italy. What use are words where such eyes with their eloquence cast their glances so deep into the heart of a poor Tedesco, eyes which speak better than Demosthenes and Cicero, eyes—I am not lying—which are as large as stars. . . .

To MOSES MOSER.

BAGNI DI LUCCA, Sept. 6, 1828.

You will receive this letter from the baths of Lucca, where I bathe, gossip with pretty women, climb the

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Apennines, and commit a thousand follies. I should have much to write to you about, but I see to my horror that I am running out of paper. I shall stay here for a fortnight more, then I am going to Florence, Bologna, Venice. I think much of you, and I deem it unkind of you not to have answered my letter from Munich. I led a delightful life at Munich, and shall be glad to return thither and stay there for ever. During the last weeks of my stay there I had my portrait painted, and as I left in a hurry, I gave the artist your address, and told him to send the picture to you at Berlin. Probably you have already received it. It is destined for my parents at Hamburg, and I had it sent by Berlin so that you and my friends could see it . . . Cotta is plaguing me to found a new journal instead of the "Political Annals." I know not what I shall do. I have no friends on whose literary support I could rely. I stand alone. For the present I shall go on amusing myself in Italy. I am living much and writing little. I am reading the finest poems, and poems of heroes. At Genoa a rascal swore by the Madonna to stab me; the police told me that such people kept their word as a matter of conscience, and advised me to leave the place immediately—but I stayed for six days, and continued my usual walks by night along the sea-shore. Every evening I read Plutarch, and should I be afraid of such an assassin? . . . When I return to Germany I shall publish the third volume of the "Travel Pictures." It is thought in Munich that I shall not let fly so much at the nobility, since I am living in the halls of the *noblesse*, and love the most amiable aristocrats—and am loved by them. But they are wrong. My love for the equality of men, my hatred of *Clerus*, were never stronger than at present. I am become almost one-

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sided. But to do anything a man must be one-sided. The German people and Moser will never do anything very much because of their many-sidedness.

To SOLOMON HEINE.

LUCCA, *Sept.* 15, 1828.

You will receive this letter from the baths of Lucca in the Apennines where I have been taking the water for the last fortnight. Nature is beautiful here and men and women are amiable. In the mountain air that one breathes here, one forgets his little troubles and sorrows and breadth comes into the soul.

I have been thinking of you so much in these days, and so often have longed to kiss your hand, that it is quite natural that I should write to you. If I were to put it off until I came down from the mountains and bitterness and sorrow came to my heart again, I should write of bitterness and sorrow. But that shall not be: I will not think of the things I might complain of in you which are greater than you suspect. Therefore I pray you to lessen the degree of the complaints which you may have to make against me, since they are all reducible to terms of money, and if they were reckoned up in *hellers* and *pfennigs* would only amount to a sum which a millionaire could quite easily throw away—but my complaints against you are incalculable, infinite, for they are of a spiritual nature, rooted in the depths of offended sensibilities. If I had ever by a single word or a single look been wanting in respect for you, or have injured your house—I have loved it only too much!—then you would have the right to be angry. But not so now; if all that you allege against

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me were counted up, it would all go comfortably into a purse of no very great capacity. And I say, that if the grey bag were to be too small to hold all that Solomon Heine complains of in me, and were to break—do you think, my uncle, that it would make as much matter as the breaking of a heart that has been choked with injuries?

But enough; the sun is shining so beautifully to-day and when I look out at the window I see nothing but smiling vine-clad hills. I will not complain: I will only love you as I have ever done, and I will only think of your soul and confess that it is more beautiful than all the splendour that I have yet seen in Italy.

To EDUARD VON SCHENK.

FLORENCE, *Oct. 1, 1828.*

Ah! Schenk, my soul is so full, so overflowing that I know no other way of relieving myself than by writing enthusiastic books. At Lucca where I spent the longest time and the most God-like, I wrote about half a book, a sort of Sentimental Journey. I have thought of you and Immermann for the most part as my readers. . . . Yes, dear Schenk, you shall give your honest name to this book; it is dedicated to you. But be not afraid; it shall first be given to you to read, and it will contain many pleasing things and withal gentle. I must give some public testimony to my feelings for you. You have deserved it of me: you are one of the few who saw to it that my position was assured, and, as truly as we serve God, I hope the King of Bavaria will some day thank you for it. I feel much strength in myself, and . . . I will turn it to good.

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To TEODOR VON TJUTSCHEFF.

FLORENCE, Nov. 11, 1828.

You know the state of my affairs with regard to my appointment as Professor. It was arranged with Herr Schenk that as soon as I had arrived in Italy I should send him my address so that he could give me news of the royal decree. To this end I wrote almost four weeks ago to Schenk to tell him to send me the news to Florence, *poste restante*. This morning I hurried to the post and found no letter. I have written again to Schenk and told him that I shall stay here to await his answer. There may be a thousand reasons for his silence, but as he is a poet, I suspect that it is indolence, that indolence of mind, which besets us when we have to write to our friends. This observation holds good for you too—concerning myself, that you may know that I should not have written either to Schenk or yourself, if it were not that I must have as quickly as possible the news which is to decide me either to stay in Italy or to return to Munich, which I shall do as soon as I receive the decree of my appointment.

To JOHANN FRIEDRICH VON COTTA.

FLORENCE, Nov. 11, 1828.

So that you may not think that I am in love with a dancer, and am staying here for that reason and being as lazy as Börne, I have written up the beginning of my Italian diary, that is I have removed strong words and chapters so that it can be published, and soon in the *Morgenblatt*.

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I have spent some very pleasant days at the baths of Lucca, and at Leghorn. I have been here for six weeks, waiting for letters and studying the fine arts—the ballet is one of them. I have already called your attention to the fact that I am not in love with a dancer, although such a love sorts well with a cold in the head and a cough, and is just as great a misfortune. On the contrary I am industrious. I am writing a book, reading Malthus and Bentham, and have thought out in my own head a new theory of the law of punishment which will please you.

As for the continuation of the “Annals,” I do not know if I can tell you anything definite. If you cherish a desire not to let it come to an end I thought it would be well to keep the title to a certain extent, but to make it easier. “New Annals, a Journal of Politics, Literature, and Economics,” that would be a title which would give the editor the greatest freedom, and one which would serve to interest the literary public and give him the opportunity of using up stuff which the *Ausland* cannot take. As for the editorship, I confess that neither my political knowledge, or rather my knowledge of current politics, nor my manner of writing make me fitted to be the editor of such a journal. But Baron, if you wish particularly, to see my name as editor on the title-page of the “Annals,” I will tell you frankly what I think, so far as I know myself. . . .

To GUSTAV KOLB.

I have written to Baron Cotta to-day ; if Lindner insists on retiring from the “Annals” I may have to be appointed

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Editor in order to continue publication and in that case I do very much want Dr. Kolb to be my co-editor. Besides my friend Dr. Kolb will have to take on his shoulders the whole burden of editing it, at least until next May, when I return to Munich.

Dear Kolb, Baron Cotta himself will tell you how little I am led by my private interests; my only wish is to maintain a journal for liberal opinion, which has few organs of its own in Germany, and I thought that you, my dear Kolb, would be glad to make a sacrifice for such an end. It is a time of the battles of ideas, and the journals are our fortresses. I am by habit lazy and indolent, but where, as here, a general interest is to be served I shall not be found wanting. Then do not let the "Annals" go under; my name is at your service.

* * * * *

Think of it; I never went to Rome; I have never seen Rome! It was strange that I did not go there. When I was in Northern Italy I wanted to go to Rome, but found that I had no money. For it only occurred to me when I returned to Germany, that I could dispose of a whole heap of English bank notes which I had kept from my stay in London. But it would have been only to temporise, for I was suddenly overcome by a sick longing to see my father, and I could not away with it, and returned. There was no apparent reason for it, but I could not help it. On the way I had a letter from my brother saying that my father was dangerously ill and that I would have further news from Herr Textor at Würzburg. I went at once to Würzburg, and when I arrived there my father was dead.

He was a good man, and through all these years I have

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not been able to grasp the loss of him or to bear it patiently. It is strange that we never believe in the death of a man, unless we have seen him die, and that we do not believe that a man whom we love can die.

Yes, yes! They talk of meeting again in transfiguration! What have I to do with that? I know him in his old brown overcoat and I shall see him again in it. He used to sit at the head of the table with salt-cellar and pepper-pot in front of him, one on the left, the other on the right, and if the salt-cellar were on the right and the pepper-pot on the left he used to change them about. I know him in his brown overcoat, and I see him again in it!

CHAPTER X

A SUMMER AT POTSDAM

To MOSES MOSER.

POTSDAM, *April* 22, 1829.

I am well, thinking and working—Heaven! when I think how little I have thought and worked in the last six months, I have good reason for thinking and working.

To FRIEDRIEKE ROBERT.

POTSDAM, *May* 2, 1829.

It is dreadful weather here; the flowers of spring are fain to blossom forth, but a cold wind of reason blows upon the young cups and they close again sorrowfully.

C'est tout comme chez nous! whispers my heart, my heart that in spite of the bad weather loves you and other people much. . . .

I am no longer a solitary Crusoe here. A few officers have landed on my island, cannibals. Yesterday evening in the New Gardens I fell into the company of some ladies, and I sat among the fair of Potsdam like Apollo among the cows of Admetus.

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The day before yesterday, I was at *Sansouci*, where everything is bright and blooming, but, dear Lord! it is only a warmed up winter, streaked with green, and on the terraces and pine trunks disguised as orange trees, I strolled about and sang in my head:

Du moment qu'on aime,—l'on devient si doux
Et je suis moi-même—aussi tremblant que vous.

The monster in “*Zemire and Azor*” says that I, poor monster, I, poor enchanted prince, am so softly fashioned that I am like to die. And oh! if a man wishes himself dead, then he is already half dead. I have laid aside my great humorous work, and am applying myself afresh to the “*Italian Journey*,” which is to fill the third volume of the “*Travel Pictures*,” and I shall hold a reckoning with all my enemies in it. I have made a list of all those who have sought to injure me, so that in my present mood of softness I may forget no one. Ah! sick and wretched as I am, as though in mockery of myself, I am now writing of the most brilliant time of my life, a time when intoxicated with high spirits and the joy of love I ran shouting about the peaks of the Apennines, and dreamed of great, wild deeds that should spread my fame over all the earth even to the farthest islands where in the evenings by the fire the seamen would tell of me; now I am tamed since my father's death; now I may only be the cat in such a far island, sitting by the warm hearth and listening to the tales of famous deeds. . . .

* * * * *

Yes, it is very strange that once I was in love with a girl seven years after her death. When first I met little Very, she pleased me much. I was for three days busied with her and found the greatest delight in all that she did and

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said, in every expression of her wonderful charming self, but I never was moved to excess of tenderness. Nor was I so in the months that passed until I heard that she had died suddenly of fever. I forgot her altogether, and I am sure that for years I never gave one thought to her. Seven years had passed and I was at Potsdam to enjoy the beautiful summer in undisturbed solitude. I came into touch with no one. For company I had only the statues in the gardens of Sanssouci. Then it happened one day that there came into my mind a face and a rare trick of speech and movement without my being able to recollect to what person they had belonged. Nothing is more disquieting than such a rummaging in old memories, and it came to me as a glad surprise when a few days later I remembered little Very, and knew that it was the dear forgotten image of the child that had hovered before me and made me so uneasy. Yes, I was glad of the discovery, like a man who has unexpectedly found again his dearest friend: the faded colours slowly took life again, and at last the dear little creature stood vividly before me, smiling, pouting, merry, and more beautiful than ever. From that time the dear vision never left me: it filled all my soul: wherever I went, wherever I stood, it stood and walked by my side, talked with me, but gently and without any great tenderness. But I was every day more enchanted by this vision, which every day gained in reality for me. It is easy to conjure spirits, but it is hard to send them back again into their darkness and void: they look at us so beseechingly, and our hearts do intercede for them. . . . I could not tear myself away and I fell in love with little Very, seven years after her death. So for six months I lived at Potsdam altogether wrapped up in this love of mine. I kept from all contact

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with the outer world more rigorously than ever, and if anybody brushed against me in the street I felt the most uneasy sensation. I had a profound horror of such encounters, such as perhaps the spirits of the dead in their wandering by night do feel; for spirits, they say, are just as frightened when they meet a living man, as a living man is when he meets a ghost. It chanced that there came a traveller to Potsdam whom I could not avoid—my brother. At the sight of him, and upon his telling me the latest events and news, I awoke from my dream, and I suddenly felt fearfully how horribly alone I had been living for so long. In my strange condition I had not noticed the passing of the seasons, and I was amazed to see the trees, which had shed their leaves, and were covered with the hoar frost of autumn. I left Potsdam and little Very, and in another town, where important business awaited me, I was very soon drawn into the torment of hard reality by very tiresome relations and affairs. . . .

CHAPTER XI

COUNT PLATEN

THE place in which I first heard of Count Platen was Munich, the scene of his efforts, where he is much lauded by all who know him, and where, as long as he lives, he will be immortal . . . I never saw him myself, and whenever I want to think of myself I call to mind the queer spleen with which my friend Doctor Lautenbacher once let fly at the folly of poets in general, and Count Platen in particular, who with a laurel wreath upon his brow once obstructed those who were walking on the public promenade at Erlangen. . . .

I was little surprised when on the day before my departure for Italy I heard from my friend Doctor Kolb that Count Platen was very hostile to me, and had already prepared my ruin in a comedy called *King Œdipus*. . . . Others tell me that the Count hates me, and opposes me as an enemy. As for the holy men who proclaimed themselves with pious wrath against me I could only gain by its being made clear that I was not one of them. . . .

In North Germany, whither my father's death called me suddenly, I received at last the monstrous creature which had crept out of the great egg, on which our beautiful plumed ostrich had been sitting for so long. . . . Grief, which I would not profane, allowed me only two months

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later, when I was taking baths in the island of Heligoland, to read *King Œdipus*, and then in a high mood from long contemplation of the great splendid sea I could not fail to perceive the smallness of purpose, and the patchiness of the work of the noble author. His masterpiece showed him to me as he is, with all his staleness, his plentiful lack of intellect, his imagination without imaginative force. . . . He is most harsh to Immermann. He does not even spare Houwald, good soul. Müllner whom, as he says, he has "replaced by real wit," is raked up from the grave. Children and children's children are not left alone. Raupach is a Jew . . . "writes tragedies in the dumps." It is far worse for "the baptized Heine." Indeed, dear reader, there is no mistake; it is myself at whom he is aiming, and you can read in *King Œdipus*, that I am really a Jew, and how, when I have written love songs for a few hours, I sit down to clipping ducats; and how on the Sabbath I hobnob with long-bearded smugs, and sing the Talmud; and how on Easter-night I slay a young Christian, and out of malice often choose an unlucky writer for the slaughter. No, dear reader, I will not deceive you; these well-painted pictures are not in *King Œdipus*, and that is all the fault I have to find with it—that they are not there. . . . However, true merit has ever had its reward, and the author of the *Œdipus* will not fail to find his . . .

To MOSES MOSER.

HELIGOLAND, Aug. 6, 1829.

After a little storm at sea, I had the happiness to find myself here, where I am living well and cheerfully on the

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red rock. Indeed, I am very well and very cheerful. The sea is my affinitive element, and the sight of it works a cure for me. I was unspeakably wretched, as I feel now, when I was in Berlin; you must have suffered then. . . I wish you could have seen the sea; perhaps you would have understood the delight with which every wave fills me. I am a fish with hot blood and a chattering maw; on land I am like a fish on land.

* * * * *

Workaday and grey the sky is!
Workaday and grey the city!
Bleak and grim where Elbe goes by is
What is mirrored—more's the pity.

Long their noses, very slowly
Wiped or blown by beggars riding,
Snivelling with accents holy,—
For their manners are abiding.

Lovely South, since my return here
To this dung-heap and this weather,
Mine thy homage, and I yearn here
For thy skies and Gods together.

To KARL IMMERMANN.

HAMBURG, Nov. 17, 1829.

Yesterday morning I trounced Count Platen, and yesterday evening I applauded Karl Immermann. I had so long delayed the first business that I had to apply myself to it; it has only been done half successfully, and I was just as curious as others to see what I should do. You, my dear Immermann, have played the judge; I shall play the

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executioner, or rather I shall do it in right good earnest. I was for a long time sad for the death of my father, and I am only just beginning to be in a better condition.

Old Cotta is a good fellow. A few evenings before I left Munich when I told him that the Platen squib had been published by him, he told me that I could get it from his people. It would have cost me only a word, and the printing of it would be stopped, but I declined, as you may imagine. . . .

By the way my dear Immermann, my book, the second half of which is interesting, because for the first time I have attempted to make a character live and speak. Perhaps I shall be able to send you the piece completed by next autumn; it is called "The Bathers of Lucca," and is only a fragment of a larger novel of travel. . . If it is published as a whole the Count, as is his due, will be flung out of the book. . . .

I have no grudge against him, but against his colleagues who stirred him up against me. I saw their good intent, and how they wished to crush me in popular opinion, and I should be a fool or a rogue, if I were to give quarter from any consideration. My life is so pure that I can look forward calmly to their spreading scandal about me. . . . While Platen was wagging his tail at Cotta's, he wrote to Schenk that Cotta was starving him, that something must be done for him with the king, and that he could not live long as he was in a decline. At that time Beer swore to say nothing injurious of Platen, because the royal grant of 600 gulden depended upon Schenk. I spoke in his favour; I spoke to Madame Cotta for him. I did even more that I cannot now say anything about, and at this very time the wretched fellow was writing the *Ædipus*. . . . After a battle I am mildness

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itself, like Napoleon who was always much moved when he rode over a battlefield after a victory. Poor Platen ! *C'est la guerre !* It was no tourney in jest, but a war to the death, and I cannot yet see all the consequences of my book. . . .

To VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

HAMBURG, Jan. 3, 1830.

Since my return from the sea, I have been living in retirement here and writing and seeing through the press the third volume of my "Travel Pictures." You will easily discover of whom I was thinking as I wrote, and upon whose approbation I counted. I do much wish that the "Bathers of Lucca" may please you with its characters. My Hyacinth is the first character that I have drawn life-size. I shall try larger creations in comedy as well as in the novel form. There is a fool here who gives himself out to be the Marchese Gumpelino and cries "murder" and takes horrid plunges. As for Platen, I am very curious to have your judgment, I ask no praise and I know that blame would be unjust; I have done my duty and hang the consequences. At first people were anxious to know what will happen to Platen. Now, as always after an execution, there is compassion for him, and I should not have handled him so severely. But I do not see how any one could have been more gently destroyed. People do not see that I only castigated him as the representative of his party. It was a war of men against men, and the reproach which is publicly made against me, that I, the lowly born, should have spared the noble estate, makes me laugh—for that was precisely

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my motive: I wished to make an example whatever the consequences.

There are domestic troubles as well, worry about my publishers—do not misunderstand me—my anxiety is partly literary, partly for my personal safety, partly for my future, for I see how on all sides the ground is being dug away from under my feet. I am telling you all this because I am going to ask: "Shall I come to Berlin?"

No one feels more than I that I have done myself much injury with the Platen chapter, and that I have offended the better class of the public—but I feel also that with all my talents I could not have done better, and that—*coûte que coûte*—I *had* to make an example.

The question of satisfaction is already on the carpet. . . . You will remember that it was in my mind from the beginning. . . . Then there is once more the complaint that I have done a thing unheard-of in German literature. As if the times were always the same! The Schiller-Goethe-Xenien campaign was only a sham war, it was the period of art, the semblance of life was in question, art, not life itself. Now the highest interests of life itself are at stake, the Revolution enters into literature, and this war is a more serious affair.

I say this because I make no claim to a citizen's crown in the Platen story. I was looking after myself—but the reasons for doing so had their origin in the general combat. When the priests at Munich first attacked me and first flung the Jew in my face, I laughed—I thought it mere stupidity. But when I scented a systematic attack, when I saw how the absurd bogey was gradually growing into a vampire, when I perceived the aim of Platen's satire, when I heard through the booksellers of

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the existence of similar productions steeped in the same poison, and handed about secretly in manuscript, then I girded my loins and struck as quickly as possible, and as lustily. Robert, Gans, Michel Beer and others have always borne in Christian fashion, and maintained a prudent silence when they have been attacked as I have been. I am of another clay, and it is well. It is well when the evil find a just man who fights to justify himself and others recklessly and mercilessly.

CHAPTER XII

LIFE IN HAMBURG

IN cataloguing the remarkable features of the Republic of Hamburg, I cannot avoid mentioning that in my time the Apollo Hall on the "Drehbahn" was very brilliant. It has fallen on evil days now, and philharmonic concerts and conjuring displays and scientific lectures are given there. Once it was otherwise! Trumpets blared, drums rattled, ostrich feathers waved, and Heloise and Minka ran through the movements of the oginski-polonaise, and everything was very decorous. Brave days, when fortune smiled on me! And fortune's name was Heloise! She was a sweet, dear fortune, bringing happiness; with rosy cheeks and lily-white nose, warm scented lips, and eyes like the blue mountain lake; but there was a little stupidity in her brow, like a dark bank of clouds over a gleaming landscape. She was slender as a poplar and lively as a bird, and her skin was so tender that it was swollen for twelve days with the prick of a hairpin. Her pout when I pricked her lasted only twelve seconds, and then she smiled. Brave days when fortune smiled on me! Minka smiled more rarely, for her teeth were not pretty. But her tears were the prettier when she wept, and she wept for every misfortune of others and she was bountiful always. She gave her last shilling to the poor. She was so kind of heart. This soft, yielding character was

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strangely in contrast with her outer appearance. A brave Junoesque figure; a white bold neck ringed about with wild black tresses, as by voluptuous snakes; eyes which shone commanding the world from under their dark triumphal arches; proud arching lips of carmine, commanding hands of marble, on which, alas, were freckles; and she had on her left hip a brown birth-mark in the shape of a little dagger.

If, dear reader, I have brought you into so-called bad company, then you may find comfort in the thought that it has not cost you so dear as it did myself. But later in this book there will not want for ideal women, and even now I will introduce you to two respectable women whom I met and learned to honour at this time—Madame Pieper and Madame Schnieper. The first was a beautiful woman at her ripest; she had great black eyes, a great white brow, black hair (false), a bold Roman nose, and a mouth that was a guillotine for reputations. Indeed, there was no better machine for the execution of a reputation than Madame Pieper's mouth; she did not leave it wriggling long; she made no elaborate preparations, and did the best of reputations come between her teeth, she only smiled—but her smile was a falling axe, and honour was cut off and fell into the bag. She was a pattern of respectability, uprightness, piety and virtue. The same may be said of Madame Schnieper. She was a tender lady; she had little breasts, generally covered with gauze of a melancholy thinness, fair hair, bright blue eyes, which looked piercingly out of her white face, horribly prudent. It was said that you could never hear her footsteps, and indeed she would often be standing by your side before you were aware, and then as noiselessly she would disappear. Her smile also was fatal to reputations,

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but was not so much an axe as like that poisonous wind of Africa that withers every flower with its breath, and every reputation withered wretchedly away, did she but lightly smile upon it. She was ever a pattern of respectability, uprightness, piety and virtue.

I would not fail to sing the praises of the sons of Hammonia, and to cry the fame of certain men who are much valued—valued at some millions of marks; but I shall suppress my enthusiasm for the present so that it may burst forth later in bright flames. I have in my mind no less than to erect a temple of honour for Hamburg, on the same place as that projected ten years ago by a famous writer. . . . But for some reason or other, no matter what, the work was not completed, and as I have always wished, naturally, to do something great in the world, and have always striven to achieve the impossible, I have undertaken this monstrous project, and I shall erect for Hamburg a temple of honour, an immortal and colossal book, in which I shall describe the magnificence of all its inhabitants without exception. And incidentally I shall tell of the noble philanthropy which did not appear in the journal, in which I told of great deeds, which nobody will believe, and I shall give as a vignette a portrait of myself sitting on the *Jungfernstieg* before the Swiss pavilion and thinking of Hamburg's splendour. . . .

—Ah! That is a long time ago. I was young then and foolish. Now I am old and foolish. Many a flower has withered since then, and many a one has been trampled under foot. Many a silken gown has been torn since then, and Herr Seligmann's great striped cotton has lost its colour. He himself is gone—the firm is now “Seligmann's widow, deceased”—and Heloise, gentle creature, who seemed to have been created only to walk on soft flowered Indian carpets, and

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to be fanned with peacock's feathers, she died in a sailor's brawl amid punch and tobacco smoke, and to the sound of bad music. When I saw Minka again—she called herself Kathinka then and lived between Hamburg and Altona—she looked like the Temple of Solomon after Nebuchadnezzar had destroyed it, and she reeked of Assyrian canister—and when she told me of Heloise's death, she wept bitterly and tore her hair in despair and fainted away and had to drink a large glass of brandy to be restored to consciousness.

And the town itself, how it was changed! and the *Jungfernstieg*! The snow lay on the roofs and it looked as if the houses had grown old and their hair turned white. The limes of the *Jungfernstieg* were only dead trees with barren twigs which moved ghost-like in the cold wind. The sky was vividly blue, and quickly clouded over. It was a Sunday, five o'clock, the common meal-time and the carriages rolled by; ladies and gentlemen descended from them with a frozen smirk on their hungry lips—Horrible! the dreadful reflection shuddered through me in that moment that there was an unfathomable imbecility on those faces and that the men who passed me seemed to be imprisoned in some strange delusion. Twelve years ago I had seen them at the same hour going through the same performance with the same expression, like the mannikins of a town-hall clock, and they had gone on counting their money in the same way without ceasing, had gone to the Exchange, entertained each other, wagged their jaws, paid their tips and gone on counting their money; twice two is four—"Horrible!" I cried: what if it should suddenly occur to one of these people, sitting on his office stool, that twice two is really five, and that he has therefore been miscounting all his life and has wasted the whole

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of his life by a horrible mistake! But a mad illusion took me once and when I looked more closely at the people strolling by it seemed to me that they themselves were only numbers, Arabic figures; and a crabbed Two went by with an unpleasant Three, his pregnant, full-bosomed lady wife: Master Four hobbled by on crutches, a disagreeable Five came waddling, round-backed, with a little head; then came a well-known little Six, and an even more well-known evil Seven—but when I looked closely at the unhappy Eight staggering by, I recognised the Insurance Broker, who once went adorned like a Whitsun ox, but now looked like the leanest of Pharaoh's lean kine—pale, hollow cheeks he had like empty soup plates, a chalk-red nose like a winter rose, a shabby black coat, which was polished smooth and white, a hat in which Saturn with his scythe had cut air-holes, but his boots were polished bright as a mirror—and he seemed no more to think of having Heloise and Minka for breakfast and supper; he seemed much more to long for a mid-day meal of customary beef. Among the noughts rolling by I recognised many an old friend. These and the other human figures rolled by, hungry, hungry, while not far from the houses of the *Jungfernstieg* grimly comic passed a funeral, a melancholy procession! Behind the hearse strutting on their thin legs in black silk hose, like marionettes of death, walked the well-known servants of the Senate, privileged mourners in a parody of old Burgundian costumes, short black cloaks and black French hose, white wigs, and white chokers over which their red cipher faces peeped out drolly: short swords at their hips, and green umbrellas under their arms.

But still more strange and bewildering than these figures, which passed by in silence like a Chinese shadow-

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play, were the sounds which came to my ears from another direction. They were harsh, jarring, dull sounds, a crazy squalling, a troublous rippling, a desperate tapping, a gasping and panting, a groaning and moaning, an indescribable icy cold cry of pain. The pond of the *Alster* was frozen, only near the bank a great wide square had been cut in the ice, and the horrible sounds that I heard came from the throats of the white creatures swimming about in it; they cried out in the horrible anguish of death, and oh! they were the same swans that had once moved my soul with their softness and brightness. Ah! the lovely white swans, their wings had been broken so that they might not fly to the warm south in the autumn and now the north held them fast in his dark ice caverns—and the waiter of the pavilion thought that they would be all right there, and that the cold would be good for them. But it is not true, it is not well for a swan to be prisoned in a cold pool, almost frozen, and to have its wings broken so that it cannot fly away to the beautiful south, where there are lovely flowers and golden sunbeams and blue mountain lakes— Ah! I was once in not much better case, and I understood the agony of the wretched swans, and when it was dark the stars above peeped out in brightness, the same stars that once in warmth of love in the lovely summer nights had wooed the swans but now looked down so wintry cold, so frostily clear and almost scornfully—I know well that the stars are not creatures of love and compassion but only gleaming illusions of the night eternal images in a sky that is a dream, golden lies in the dark blue void——

CHAPTER XIII

THE JULY REVOLUTION

TO VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

WANDSBECH, *April 5, 1830.*

I AM so isolated that at present you are the only *pouvoirs intermediaries* between the better me and the better world of appearances. I have been for ten days now all alone in Wandsbech and I have spoken to no one except Thiers and the good God. I am reading the "History of the Revolution" of the one author and the Bible of the other. I never feel the need of solitude more than at the beginning of Spring, when the awakening of nature shows itself even in the faces of the Philistines of the town and makes them make terrible grimaces. How much more nobly and simply do the trees bear themselves, growing green in peace and knowing exactly what they want! . . .

Things went only too well with me at Hamburg last month, especially after the end of the carnival. I have no talent for being an invalid, and when I was fit to work, except for my physical ill-health and a certain uneasiness of mind—caused in part by my last book—I took to my usual mode of living, which consists in being no longer

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confined to the house and grabbing for my tiresome sick body as many of the joys of life as possible. After such a life, however, when I am exhausted I am usually seized with a desire to work, and the lightness of heart and indifference with which I have left the fleshpots and she-fleshpots, the delights of theatres and balls, the good and bad society of Hamburg, in order to bring myself to solitary study, convinces me that I am different from others. Great projects are whirling in my brain, and I hope that many of them will come to maturity and appear this year.

I cannot tell whether I shall be left in peace enough to be able to carry them into execution.

* * * * *

HELGOLAND, *July* 1, 1830.

I am weary of this guerilla warfare and long for peace, at least for a condition of affairs in which I can give myself freely to my own natural inclinations, my dreamy way of living, my fantastic thoughts and ruminations. What irony of fate, that I, who am so fain to sleep on the pillow of the life of silent contemplation, should be marked out to whip my fellow Germans from their complacency and spur them on to activity. I, who most dearly love to occupy myself with watching trailing clouds, with unravelling metrical word-puzzles, with listening to the secrets of the spirits of the elements, and with losing myself in the wonder-world of old tales . . . I have to edit "Political Annals," to further the interests of the time, to excite revolutionary desires, to stir up passions, to go on pulling the nose of the poor honest German and rouse him from his sound, giant sleep . . . Indeed, I have

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only been able to make the snoring giant sneeze gently, and have been far from waking him up . . . And if I snatched away the pillow from under his head he put it back again sleepily . . . Once in despair I was about to set fire to his nightcap, but it was so damp with the sweat of his thoughts that it only smoked a little . . . and the honest fellow smiled in his sleep. . . .

I am tired and I long for rest. I shall make myself a German nightcap and draw it down over my ears. If only I knew where to lay my head. It is impossible in Germany. Every moment a policeman would come and shake me to find out if I were really asleep, and this idea robs me of all ease. But, indeed, whither shall I go? South again? To the land where the citrons bloom and the golden oranges. Ah! Before every citron tree there stands an Austrian sentinel and thunders as you approach a frightful: "Who goes there?" Like the citrons, the golden oranges are very sour at present. Or shall I go North? North-East perhaps? Ah! the white bears are more dangerous than ever, now that they are becoming civilised and wear kid gloves. Or shall I go once more to that infernal England: I do not hang there in effigy, but how much less could I live there in person!

HELIGOLAND, *Aug. 1.*

— — You have no idea how I am profiting by the *dolce far niente* here. I haven't brought a single book about politics with me. My whole library consists of Paul Warnefried's "History of the Lombards," the Bible, Homer, and some trash about witches. I should like to write an interesting little book about witches. I should begin by research into the last traces of heathenism in

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modern times since the invention of baptism. It is very remarkable how long and in what disguises the beautiful beings of the Greek mythology have remained in Europe.

There is a fresh light to-day, and in spite of all the melancholy doubts with which my soul is tormented, wonderful presentiments come over me . . . Something extraordinary is happening in the world . . . The sea reeks of cooking, and the monks in the clouds looked so sad last night, so troubled. . . .

I walked alone on the shore in the twilight. All about me was solemn silence. The high vault was the dome of a gothic church. The stars hung there like countless lamps, but they burned low and flickered. The waves of the sea roared like a hydraulic organ : stormy chants, full of sorrow and despair, but triumphant withal. Above me was a bank of white trailing clouds that looked like monks, all passing with bowed heads and sorrowful faces, a melancholy procession . . . It looked almost as though they were following a funeral . . . "Who is to be buried? Who is dead?" said I to myself. "Is great Pan dead?"

(HELIGOLAND, *August 6.*)

While his army was fighting the Lombards, the King of the Heruleans sat quietly in his tent and played chess. He threatened with death any one who should bring him news of defeat. The scout who was watching the battle from a tree kept on crying : "We conquer! We conquer!"—until at last he groaned aloud: "Unhappy King! Unhappy Heruleans!" Then the King knew that the battle was lost, but too late! For the Lombards in the same moment rushed into his tent and slew him. . . .

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I had just been reading the story in Paul Warnefried, when my thick mail came from the mainland with the news, warm, glowing, hot. There were sunbeams wrapped up in printed paper and they kindled my soul so that it burned with a wild flame. It seemed as though I could set fire to all the ocean, even to the North Pole, with the flame of my exultation and the mad joy that blazed in me. Now I know why all the sea smelt of cooking. The Seine spread the news in all the sea, and in their crystal palaces the lovely water ladies, who have ever looked with favour upon all heroes, have given a *Thé dansant* to celebrate the great event, and therefore the sea smelt of cooking. I ran madly about the house and kissed my fat hostess and then her old sea-dog friend. I embraced the Prussian magistrate, from whose lips the frosty smile of disbelief had not altogether disappeared. I clasped the Dutchman to my heart. . . .

(HELIGOLAND, *August 10.*)

Lafayette, the tricolour, the Marseillaise . . . my desire for rest is gone. I know now what I ought to do, what I must do . . . I am the son of the Revolution and I take up the charmed weapons upon which my mother has breathed her magic words of blessing . . . Flowers! Flowers! I will crown my head with flowers even in the last fight. And my lyre, give me my lyre that I may sing a song of battle . . . Words like flaming stars that have shot from the Heavens to burn palaces and illumine hovels . . . Words like bright javelins, that go whizzing up to the seventh Heaven and smite the pious hypocrites who have crept into the Holy of Holies . . . I am all joy and song, all sword and flame!

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(*November 29, 1830.*)

There was a time of depression and inactivity in Germany when I was writing the second volume of the "Travel Pictures," and having it printed as I wrote. But before it appeared something of it had leaked out to the public. It was said that my book aimed at stirring up again the spirit of freedom which had been crushed, and steps were taken to suppress it. With such rumours afloat it was as well to hurry up the book and rush it through the press. As it had to contain a certain number of pages in order to evade the attentions of a laudable enough censorship, I was like Benvenuto Cellini, who, when he had not bronze enough for the casting of his Perseus, threw into the furnace all the pewter plates on which he could lay his hands in order to complete the model. It was quite easy to detect the pewter from the bronze, especially at the pewter end of the statue, but those who understood the craft did not betray the master.

But as everything in the world can be repeated, there occurs a similar embarrassment in certain places in this volume; and I have had to cast a whole heap of pewter into the mould, and I hope that my pewter moulding will be put down to the needs of the times.

Ah! the whole book was written from the needs of the times, like earlier writings with the same object. The author's intimate friends who are acquainted with his private affairs know right well how little he is urged to take the tribune by self-seeking, and how great are the sacrifices that he has to make for every word of candour which he has spoken and, please God, will yet speak.

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Now words are deeds the consequences of which cannot be measured ; no man can rightly know whether in the end he will not have to be a martyr for the words that he has spoken.

I have been waiting in vain for several years for the words of those bold speakers who once used to argue in the societies of young men of Germany and overcame me with their rhetorical talents and made speeches full of so many promises. They were so loud beforehand, and are so silent in the aftermath. How they despised the French then, and foreign tongues and the frivolous un-German traitor to the Fatherland who lauded the French ! Every word of praise has been made good in the great week.

Ah ! the great week of Paris ! The spirit of freedom which spread from thence to Germany has upset the bedroom candles here and there so that the red curtains of certain thrones have caught fire and golden crowns have grown hot under blazing night-caps ; but the old bailiffs, on whom the Imperial Government rely, bring along fire-buckets and spy all the more warily and bind the faster the secret chains, and already I perceive that a yet closer prison wall is rising invisibly about the German people.

Poor captive people ! despair not in your need ! O that I could speak catapults ! O that I could blaze forth fire-bolts from my heart !

The coating of ice about my heart melts and a strange sorrow creeps over me. Is it love ? Love for the German people ? Or is it sickness ? . . .

I am filled with a great joy ! As I sit and write music sounds under my window, and in the elegiac fury of the long-drawn melody I know the hymn of the Marseillaise, with which brave Barbarossa and his comrades hailed Paris, the *ranz des vaches* of liberty, at the sound of which

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the Swiss of the Tuileries were overcome with homesickness, that triumphant song of Death of the Gironde the old, sweet cradle-song.

What a song! It sends fire and joy shuddering through me and kindles in me the glowing star of inspiration and the rockets of raillery. Yes, they shall not fail in the great firework display of the age. Streaming flames of song ringing out shall flow from the heights of the joy of Liberty in brave cascades, as the Ganges hurls himself down from the Himalayas! And thou, sweet Satire, daughter of great Themis and goat-footed Pan, lend me thy aid. Thou art on thy mother's side sprung from the race of Titans, and thou dost hate, even as I, the enemies of thy kindred, the weakling usurpers of Olympus. Lend me thy mother's sword that I may slay them, the detested brood, and give me the reed-pipes of thy father that I may pipe them down to death.

Already they hear the fatal piping and panic fear seizes them, and they fly in the shape of beasts as in the days when we piled Pelion on Ossa.

Aux armes, citoyens!

I can write no more, for the music under my windows sets my head whirling, and ever louder comes the refrain up to my ears:

Aux armes, citoyens!

* * * * *

TO VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

HAMBURG, Nov. 19, 1830.

As there are birds who have a presentiment of a physical revolution by storm, earthquake or flood, so

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there are men who feel the coming of social revolutions, and are paralysed, stunned and dumfounded by it. That has been my condition this year until the end of July. I was sound and well, but I could do nothing but read the history of the Revolution day and night. I was for two months by the sea in Heligoland, and when the news of the great war reached there it was as though I knew it already of myself, as though it were only a continuation of my studies. On the Continent I assisted at events here which might well have put a less stout heart out of countenance with the beautiful. Nevertheless, I am undertaking to make out of old materials a little book for the times. I shall call it "A Supplement to the Travel Pictures." I sent it a fortnight ago to Leipzig, where it is being printed for Hoffman and Campe, and I think you will have it in three weeks. You will not be deceived by my political preface and after-word in which I pretend that the book was written at an earlier date. Ten sheets of the first half are old matter, and of the second only the conclusion is new. The book is deliberately one-sided. I know very well that the Revolution embraces every social interest and that the aristocracy and the Church are not its only enemies. But I have represented them as the only allied enemies so as to consolidate the struggle. I myself hate the *aristocratie bourgeoise* even more. . . .

To VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

HAMBURG, April 1, 1831.

When I remarked after last July how Liberalism had won so many men suddenly, and how the oldest Swiss of the old *régime* had cut up their red coats to make Jacobin

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caps, I had no small inclination to retire and write novels. But when the affair spread and terrible news, though false, came from Poland, and those who cried for liberty hushed their voices, I wrote an introduction to a work which you will receive a fortnight from now, and in which, moved by the urgent needs of the times, I was perhaps almost rushed off my feet, and—you will find in it plenty of carelessness, and you will pardon it as well as the dreadfully bad style. However, I wrote even more crazy stuff which I threw into the fire, when it took shape again more blithely than ever. What now? Now I am thinking of new retrogression: I am full of evil prophecies, and every night I dream. I am packing my box and going to Paris in order to breathe fresh air and to devote myself altogether to the blessed feelings of my new religion, and perhaps to be consecrated as its priest. . . .

* * * * *

ANNO 1829

Give me a wide and noble field,
Where there at least is room to die!
O from this narrow huckstering world,
Ere I am stifled, let me fly!

Their meat and drink is of the best,
And, blind as moles, they take their pleasure;
The opening in a poor-box lid
Their charity would more than measure.

Cigar in mouth, and idle hands
Stuck in their pockets, see them pass!
Their stomachs are beyond reproach—
'Tis how to stomach *them*, alas!

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They deal in every spice that grows,
But roots, the sweetest, cannot quell
The putrid foulness of their souls,
That vile as rotten haddocks smell.

O had I seen some monstrous vice,
Some crime colossal, bloody, found—
Aught save these virtues, morals smug
Of twenty shillings in the pound !

Ye clouds above, O bear me forth
To Africa, to Lapland drear :
To Pomerania itself—
No matter where, if far from here !

O take me with you ! But the clouds
Are far too wise to pause or heed.
For, when they travel o'er this town,
They hurry on at double speed.

BOOK IV
IN EXILE
(1831-1848)



CHAPTER I

FIRST IMPRESSIONS IN PARIS

I HAD done and suffered much, and when the sun of the July Revolution rose in France I was very weary and stood in need of some relaxation. The air of my own country was every day more unwholesome for me, and I had seriously to think of a change of climate, and I had visions; the clouds oppressed me and cut all sorts of terrible capers before me. Often I thought the sun was a Prussian cockade; at night I dreamed of an ugly black vulture that ate my liver, and I was very melancholy. I also made the acquaintance of an old judge of Berlin who had passed many years in the fortress of Spandau, and he told me how unpleasant it is to have to wear irons in winter. It seemed to me very unchristian not to warm the irons a little. If our chains were warmed a little they would not make so unpleasant an impression, and even men of a chilly nature could then bear them well; care should also be taken to scent fetters with roses and laurel as they do here in this country. I asked my old judge if he had often been given oysters to eat at Spandau. He said, "No," and that Spandau was far from the sea. Meat, too, he said, was rare there, and there was no other winged creature than the flies that fell in the soup. At the same time I made the acquaintance of a French *commis voyageur*, who travelled in wine and could not praise enough the

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jolly life of Paris, saying, how the sky is hung with fiddles, and how they sing from morning to night the Marseillaise and "*En avant, marchons !*" and "*Lafayette aux cheveux blancs,*" and how liberty, equality, and fraternity are written up at all the street corners ; incidentally he praises the champagne of his firm, of whose cards he gave me a great number, and he promised me letters of introduction to the best Parisian restaurants, in case I should ever visit the capital in search of pleasure. And now as some sort of recreation is necessary, and Spandau is too far from the sea to eat oysters there, and the fly soup of Spandau did not attract me much, and also the Prussian chains are very cold in winter and would not be good for my health, I made up my mind to go to Paris and in the fatherland of champagne and the Marseillaise to drink the one and to hear the other, together with "*En avant, marchons !*" and "*Lafayette aux cheveux blancs.*"

On May 1, 1831, I crossed the Rhine. I did not see the old river god, Father Rhine ; I contented myself with throwing my visiting card into the water. I only saw the cathedral of Strassburg from a distance ; he wagged his head like good Old Eckart when he sees a youngster going to the Venusberg.

At Saint Denis I awoke from a sweet morning sleep and heard for the first time the cry of the driver—"Paris ! Paris !"—and the handbells of the cocoa-sellers. Here already you breathe the air of the capital which is visible on the horizon. An old rascal of a tout tried to persuade me to visit the tombs of the kings, but I had not come to France to see the kings ; I contented myself with letting the guide tell me the legends of the place, how, for instance, the wicked Pagan king had Saint Denis' head cut off, and the Saint ran from Paris to Saint Denis with his head

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in his hand to be buried there, and to have the place called after him. "If you think," said my guide, "if you think of the distance you cannot but be amazed at the miracle that any one could go so far on foot without a head"—and he added with a strange smile: "*Dans des cas pareils il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.*" It was worth two francs and I gave them to him *pour l'amour de Voltaire*, whose mocking smile I had already met in him. In twenty minutes I was in Paris, and entered through the triumphal arch of the Boulevard Saint Denis, which was originally erected in honour of Louis XIV., but now served to glorify my entry into Paris. I was really surprised by the crowd of gay people, dressed very tastefully like fashion plates. Then I was impressed by them all speaking French, which is with us the mark of the polite world; but everybody is as polite here as the aristocracy in my country. The men were all so courteous, and the lovely ladies all so smiling. If any one jostled me without at once begging my pardon, then I could wager that he was a fellow countryman; and if ever a pretty woman looked sourly, then she had either been eating *Sauerkraut* or could read Klopstock in the original. I found everything so amusing, and the sky was so blue, and the air so sweet, so generous, and the beams of the July sun flickered hither and thither; the cheeks of the fair Lutetia were touched with the flaming kisses of that sun, and in her bosom her bridal nosegay was not yet withered. At the street corners "*Liberté, égalité, fraternité*" had in places been erased.

I sought at once the restaurants for which I had my letters of introduction; the proprietors assured me that they would have received me without letters of introduction, that I had such an honest and distinguished appear-

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ance as to be a recommendation in itself. Never did a German cookshop-keeper say the like to me, even if he thought it; such a fellow thinks that he must say nothing pleasant, and that his German frankness compels him only to say to one's face disagreeable things. In the manners and speech of the French there is so much of that precious flattery that costs so little and yet is so kindly and refreshing. My poor sensitive soul, that often recoiled in shyness from German coarseness, opened out to the flattering sounds of French urbanity. God gave us our tongues so that we might say pleasant things to our fellow men.

There was a hitch in my French when I arrived; but after half an hour's conversation with a little flower-seller in the *Passage de l'Opéra*, my French, which had grown rusty since the Battle of Waterloo, became fluent again and I stumbled about in the most gallant conjugations and explained to my little friend the Linnæan system, by which flowers are classified according to the filaments; she herself followed another method and divided the flowers into those which smelled sweet and those which smelled offensively. I believed that she applied the same method of classification to men. She was astonished that I was so learned, in spite of my youth, and she trumpeted the fame of my learning through all the *Passage de l'Opéra*. I drank in delightedly the sweet scents of flattery and was much amused. I walked on flowers, and many a roast pigeon flew into my open gaping maw. What amusing things I saw on my arrival! All the notabilities of public pleasure and official absurdity.

Paris delighted me much with the cheeriness which appears in everything, and influences even the most doleful disposition. Strange! Paris is the scene of the greatest tragedies of the history of the world, tragedies at

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the memory of which hearts in the most distant lands tremble, and eyes grow wet ; but it is with the spectator of these great tragedies as it was once with me when I saw the *Tour de Nesle* at the Porte St. Martin. I was sitting behind a lady who was wearing a hat of rose-red gauze, and this hat was so wide that it cut off altogether my view of the stage, so that I could see the tragedy enacted through the red gauze of the hat, so that all the horrors of the *Tour de Nesle* appeared in the rosiest light. Yes, there is such a rosy light in Paris, which makes bright every tragedy for the spectator, so that it does not touch his enjoyment of life, and so the terrors which we bring to Paris lose their most bitter sting. Sorrows are strangely softened. In the air of Paris wounds are healed quicker than anywhere else ; there is something so noble, so gentle, so sweet in the air, as in the people themselves.

The winter season began soon after my arrival in Paris and I entered into the life of the *salons*, in which society moves about more or less merrily. What struck me as most interesting in this society was not so much the equality of its fine manners as the difference between its component parts. Often, as I looked at the people in a great *salon*, gathered there peacefully, it was like being in one of those curiosity shops where the relics of all ages lie about higgledy-piggledy. A Greek Apollo next a Chinese pagoda, a Mexican *Vizli-puzli* next a Gothic *Ecce homo*, Egyptian idols with dogs' heads, sacred grotesques of wood, ivory, metal, etc. There I saw old musketeers, who had once danced with Marie Antoinette ; Republicans of the indulgent *Observant*, who had been idolised in the National Assembly ; *Montagnards* without pity or stain ; former men of the Directorate who had been enthroned in the Luxembourg, high dignitaries of the

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Empire, before whom all Europe had trembled; ruling Jesuits of the Restoration; in short, all the decayed deposed gods of old times, in whom all faith is lost. Their names cry aloud, when they are stoned, but the people stand near each other peacefully and amicably, like the antiquities in the shops of the *Quai Voltaire*. In Germanic countries where the passions are less amenable to discipline such a sociable living together of such heterogeneous people would be impossible, and in the cold north the need of talking is not so strong as in warmer France where the greatest enemies, if they meet in a *salon*, cannot long maintain gloomy silence. In France pleasure-seeking is carried to such a pitch that the French are for ever striving to please not only their friends but also their enemies. They are for ever dressing up and cutting capers, and the women have to look to it to surpass the men in coquetry: but they succeed.

I do not wish to convey any ill meaning in this observation, no ill meaning, I mean, as regards the French women and last of all as regards the Parisian women. I am their greatest admirer, and I admire them for their faults even more than for their virtues. I know nothing more apt than the legend that Parisian women came into the world with every possible fault, but that a good fairy has taken pity on them and cast a spell on every one of their faults so that they have the effect of new attractions. This good fairy is Charm. . . .

TO VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

PARIS, *June 27, 1831.*

La force des choses, the power of things! In truth I have not carried things to extremes, but things have carried me

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to a high extremity, to the top of the world, to Paris—yes, yesterday I stood on the topmost peak of this summit, on the Pantheon.

I am surrounded by spies. Although I am keeping clear of political intrigue, they are all much afraid of me. Indeed, if they make war on me, then let them know that I shall let fly at them, and with all my strength. I foresaw everything six months ago, and would fain have retired into poetry and left to others the rough and tumble of battle—but it could not be: *La force des choses*, we are pushed to an extremity. At Frankfort where I stayed for eight days and talked with several congregationalists I discovered the source of many of my own ills, which had been inexplicable to me. I led a deadly life at Hamburg; I did not feel secure, and when the idea of going to Paris came to me, I was easily persuaded when a great hand beckoned to me. However it would be easy to flee if one did not drag the Fatherland along with one on the soles of his shoes! . . . I shall probably stay here for weeks, and then go to bathe at Boulogne, and then back here—for how long? Things can go no worse with me here than at home where I have nothing but struggling and necessity, and cannot sleep, and all the sources of life are poisoned. Here indeed I am drowned in the vortex of events, the dayspring, the roaring Revolution. I am made of phosphorus, and—I drown in a wild sea of men. I burn away by natural combustion. . . .

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To MOSES MOSER.

PARIS, *June 27, 1831.*

You will interpret my silence as a poet's vanity. I must keep you from making this mistake. I was never sensitive about a judgment of yours upon the *Poet*, and whether you blamed or praised anything that I did as man, I was, if not indifferent, certainly not vulnerable. I am neither hurt nor insulted and my silence is not a dumb protest. I only complain of the gods who have left me for so long in error as to your opinion of my life and work. You have not understood my work and it is that that troubled me. You do not understand it, you have never understood my life and work, and our friendship has not come to an end, but rather never existed. We never ask of a friend agreement, but understanding of what we do : he may praise or blame according to his own principles, but he should always understand and grasp the necessity of it from our own point of view, even if it is altogether different from his own.

Farewell, send enclosures not by the town post, but by express and be convinced of my regard and love.

To COUNT MAGNUS VON MOLTKE.

PARIS, *July 25, 1831.*

I have not yet seen the work which I have published against you. . . . The introduction was written in hatred and passion and all sorts of objectionable things have happened in printing. It is possible that I shall have to disown it in its present shape. In any case, my dear

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Count, you are not treated gently enough in it, and so I beg your pardon. . . .

I must mention in addition with regard to Count Moltke that he was here in Paris in July last year, and tried to involve me in a war of words about the aristocracy, in order to show the public that I had misunderstood and wilfully misrepresented his principles. But it was a serious matter for me at that time publicly to debate upon a theme which must have made such a terrible appeal to the passions of the moment. I told the Count of my scruples and he was good enough not to write against me. As I have attacked him first, I could not have ignored his answer, and a reply should have been made from my side in due course. For his discretion the Count deserves the highest praise, and that I do now accord him, and all the more readily because I have found him to be, personally, a cultured and what is more, a thoughtful man, who would have deserved to be treated not as an ordinary nobleman in the preface to the Kahldorf letters.

TO JOHANN FRIEDRICH VON COTTA.

PARIS, Oct. 31, 1831.

Unhappy circumstances make it necessary for me to wander for many years more in foreign lands. Life in Paris, where I shall stay as long as possible, is not exactly cheap: I have had to give up many of my old clubs, and since the great week I have been much reduced, like most of my friends in Berlin and Hamburg, who have all lost much money. . . . Everything is quiet here. If things become livelier and anything important happens you shall have a report of it for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. . . .

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When I came to Paris in the summer of 1831 nothing astonished me so much as the exhibition of pictures that was opened there, and although the most important political and religious revolutions took up my attention, I could not avoid writing first of the great revolution which has taken place in art here, and the aforesaid *salon* was to be regarded as the most significant sign of it. I had, no less than the rest of my fellow countrymen, a strong prejudice against French art and, particularly against French painting, the late development of which was quite unknown to me. Painting in France was in a peculiar condition. It followed the social movement and had grown young again with the people.

Ah! it is needful that the melodious history of humanity should bring comfort to our souls in the discordant uproar of the history of the world. Now, at this moment, I can hear more menacing, more deafening than ever the discordant uproar, this maddening din; drums roar and arms clash; a tossing sea of men and women is rushing with crazy pangs and curses through the streets, the people of Paris yelling, "Warsaw has fallen." . . .

In such a din all thoughts and images jostle one another and are in confusion. . . . Yesterday I could write no more of this report after I had gone in the middle of it to the Boulevards, where I saw men, deadly pale, drop down from hunger and misery. But if a whole people is to drop down dead in the Boulevards of Europe—then it will be impossible to write any more in peace.

If the eyes of the critic are troubled with tears, then his judgment is of little value.

My old prophecy of the end of the period of art, which began in Goethe's cradle and will come to an end in his

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coffin, seems to be near fulfilment. . . . Our present art must perish because its principles are rooted in the old *régime*, in the past of the Holy Roman Empire. . . . The new age will beget a new art, which will be in spiritual union with itself, which will not need to borrow its symbols from the dead past, and must produce a new technique altogether different from what has been. . . .

* * * * *

It was in the autumn of 1831, a year after the July Revolution, that I saw Doctor Ludwig Börne again at Paris. I visited him at the Hôtel de Castille, and I was not a little surprised at the change which appeared in all his being. The little flesh that I had formerly noticed on his body had altogether disappeared, perhaps melted by the rays of the July sun which, alas, had also penetrated to his brain. Sparks flashed from his eyes. He sat, or rather he lived, in a great dressing-gown of bright silk like a tortoise in its shell, and when he thrust out his skinny little head I felt uncanny. But pity gained in me when he reached out his poor emaciated hand from his wide sleeve, in greeting or for a friendly handshake. There was a certain quavering sickliness in his voice, and on his cheeks was the hectic flush of consumption. The sharp distrust that was in his every feature and movement was perhaps a result of the hardness of hearing from which he had begun to suffer long ago, and which steadily increased and made conversation with him difficult. "Welcome to Paris," he cried, "this is good! I am sure that all the good men who have done their best will soon be here. This is the convention of the patriots of all Europe, and all nations must join hands in the great work."

CHAPTER II

CHOLERA

To VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

(PARIS, *the middle of May*, 1832.)

I HAVE been wanting to write to you for the last two months. But the infernal cholera came between and now I have for the last fortnight been having violent pains in my head, worse than usual. Now, thank God, fear of cholera has rid me of many a tiresome fellow. It was not from courage that I did not fly from Paris when the panic broke out: to tell you the truth I was too lazy. Börne wanted to go away long ago, and it was unjust to ascribe his departure to fear. However, I did not see him for a fortnight before: we were on very bad terms. He had let loose upon me certain Jacobin intrigues which I did not like at all. I regard him as a madman. . . .

(PARIS, *April 19*, 1832.)

I have been much disturbed in my work, mostly by the horrible screams of my neighbour who died of cholera. I must say that the circumstances have had an ill effect upon the following pages. I am not conscious of having felt

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the slightest uneasiness, but it is very disturbing to hear too clearly the sound of Death sharpening his scythe. A nervousness, more physical than mental, of which it is impossible to be rid, would have driven me away with the other foreigners, but my best friend lay ill. I tell you this, so that my remaining in Paris may not be looked upon as bravado. Only a fool could bring himself to defy cholera. It was a fearful time, far more horrible than that earlier time when executions took place so quickly and so secretly. A masked hangman with an invisible guillotine drove about Paris. "One after another we are put into the sack," said my servant every morning with a groan, as he told me the number of the dead or of the death of a friend. The phrase, "Put into the sack," was no figure of speech. Coffins soon gave out and the majority of the dead were buried in sacks. As I walked past a public building last week and saw the merry people in the great hall, the buoyant, gay French children and the neat, chattering French women making their purchases there laughing and joking, then I remembered that during the cholera time there were in this place, piled high one on another, many hundred white sacks which contained corpses, and that there were very few voices to hear and, all the more disagreeable, only those of the gravediggers counting over the sacks for the graves with uncanny indifference, and in muffled tones recounting them as they loaded the carts with them, or grumbling aloud and freely that they had been given a sack too few, and then not infrequently a strange quarrel would arise. I remember that two little boys stood by me with sad faces and one asked me if I could tell him in which sack his father was.

The stillness of death reigns over all Paris, a stony expression, serious, is on all faces. For many evenings

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together few people were seen on the *Boulevards*, and what few there were hurried quickly by, with their hands or a cloth in front of their mouths. The theatres are empty. If I go into a *Salon* people are astonished to see me still in Paris, since I have no business to keep me here. Most of my friends, my fellow countrymen, left at once. Obedient parents had received orders from their children to come home as quickly as possible. God-fearing sons fulfilled at once the tender prayers of their dear parents who wished them to return home: honour thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the earth! In others there awoke suddenly an infinite longing for the dear Fatherland, for the romantic countries of the venerable Rhine, for the beloved hills, for gracious Suabia, for the land of devout love and faithful women, and pleasant songs, and a more healthy air. It is said that more than 120,000 passes were issued at the *Hôtel de Ville*. . . .

My barber told me that an old lady had sat the whole night through at her window in the *Faubourg Montmartre* to count the corpses carried by: she counted three hundred corpses and when day broke she herself was seized by the frost and the convulsions of cholera and died soon. Wherever one looked in the streets one saw funeral processions or, what is even more melancholy to see, hearses followed by no one. As the existing hearses were not enough, all sorts of vehicles had to be used, which, covered with a black cloth, looked fantastic enough. In the end these too were not enough and I saw coffins carried by in *fiacres*. They were laid in the middle so that both ends stuck out of the open windows. It was a revolting sight when the great furniture vans, which are used for removals, were driven round like omnibuses for the dead, *omnibus mortuis*, and the

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coffins were exposed in the streets and taken by the dozen to the cemetery.

I will not tell the things that I saw at *Père-la-Chaise*, so as to spare your feelings. It is enough to say that hardened as I am, I could not rid myself of a profound horror. One can learn how to die by the side of a death-bed, and so wait for death cheerfully and calmly; but one cannot learn how to bear with being buried among the cholera corpses in the graves of quick-lime. I hurried away as quickly as possible to the highest hill of the churchyard, whence one sees the town lying so beautiful before one. The sun had just gone down, the last rays seemed sadly to take farewell, the mists of twilight veiled sick Paris like a white shroud, and I wept bitterly over the unhappy city, the city of liberty, of inspiration and martyrdom, the Redeemer City, which has suffered so much for the universal salvation of mankind.

CHAPTER III FRENCH AFFAIRS

TO FRIEDRICH MENKEL.

DIEPPE, *Aug.* 24, 1832.

I AM going through so many great things in Paris; I am watching the history of the world with my own eyes. I consort *amicalement* with its greatest heroes, and some day, if I am given life, I shall be a great historian. I have had better fortune lately in the writing of *belles lettres*. The whirlpool in which I am swimming was too great for me to be able to be free to work in poetry. I have missed fire with a novel; but I shall probably publish some fragments in a collection which I am going to prepare this winter, and in which I shall also include the "Rabbi." I have written few poems, but I must write some more for a special impression of the "New Spring," so that it may look like a book. I am more industrious than I was, for the simple reason that I need six times as much money in Paris as in Germany. . . .

FRENCH AFFAIRS

To FERDINAND HILLER.

PARIS, *Oct. 24, 1832.*

If any one asks you how I am tell him "like a fish in water," or rather, tell people that when one fish in the sea asks another how he is, he receives the reply: "I am like Heine in Paris." Remember me to Professor Oppenheim at Frankfort—he drew my portrait—and ask him, in case he should wish to send me one or two copies of the lithograph as a present, to give me them through you. You will find me still in my old lodging and up to my neck in the most delightful society. I spent two months by the sea, as I do every year, and for the first time have been bored with it. I now go to the opera diligently, I am a hanger-on of Louis Philippe; my cheeks are ruddy; two fingers of my left hand are crippled; I wear coloured coats and gay waistcoats—you will hardly recognise me.

To VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

PARIS, *28 March, 1833.*

I am still unable to write to you. As soon as I take up my pen to say a word to you then my head turns dizzy and my heart is torn. And I am otherwise so calm, and self-control itself.

But there are at present happening in my life things which would move a stone. This morning I received the news of the death of my uncle de Geldern at Düsseldorf, where he died at a time when I must feel this misfortune more profoundly than at any other. Ah, my dear Varnhagen,

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I feel now the meaning of the Roman saying: "Life is warfare." So I stand in the breach and see my friends falling round about me. Our good friend has fought doughtily, and has well earned her laurels. I cannot write for weeping—oh! we poor men, we have to fight with tears in our eyes. What a battlefield is this earth!

This morning a book of mine was published here by Heideloff, an article in German on Literature, which I wrote for his *Europe Litteraire*. I will send you both versions: there are good sword-blows in it, and I have sternly practised my duty as a soldier.

I know that I give you poor comfort, my dear Varnhagen. No man can give comfort; only Time. Time, the sly Saturn, heals us of every wound, only to deal new wounds to our hearts with his scythe.

You will have understood why I did not write to you on Robert's death, and that of his wife.

There is some consolation for me if you liked my article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. For I am not confident of its value. I wrote it partly to justify myself in this way, partly for mere gain. Do you think it would be worth while some day to send out into the world a dozen of such articles as a book? It is a form not much used. . . .

* * * * *

"The Return Home," which first appeared in the "Travel Pictures," is dedicated to the late Freidericke Varnhagen von Ense. I can be proud of having been the first to pay open tribute and homage to that great lady. It was a great thing for August Varnhagen to do, disregarding every petty consideration, to publish those letters in which Rahel's personality is revealed. The book came at the right time for it to produce its utmost effect; to strengthen and console. It is as though Rahel

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knew the posthumous mission that was marked out for her. She believed that she would recover, and she waited ; but when there was no end to the vigil, she shook her head impatiently, looked at Varnhagen and died quickly—so as the sooner to rise again. She reminds me of the tale of that other Rachel, who arose from the grave and stood by the wayside and wept to see her children going into captivity.

I cannot think of her without sorrow, my dear, dear friend, who gave me always an inexhaustible sympathy, and often used to be not a little worried about me in the days of my youthful fits of annoyance, the days when the flame of truth gave me more heat than light. . . .

To VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

PARIS, July 16, 1833.

Things are still going well with me ; better than ever indeed, and my physical illness has not been so serious lately. But I have still to struggle against my nerve trouble ; it hinders me in my work and I have much to do, but only a small retail business. My life has become a business, a horrible peddling business.

I could not send you the letters you ask for because I left them in Germany. I only brought one letter because it expressed most profoundly one of the bitterest feelings that has ever moved me. My greatest trouble two years ago was that I had to leave the children of my family, especially my sister's youngest child. But duty and prudence bade me go. I had to choose between laying down my weapons altogether, and fighting all my life, and I chose the latter, and the choice was not lightly made.

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But I was forced to take up arms in the beginning by the scorn of strangers, by the cloud over my birth—in my cradle already was the line of march laid down for all my life. . . .

* * * *

I hear that the preface to the "French Affairs" has appeared in such a mangled shape that I am compelled to publish it in its original form. I shall order a special impression of it, and I ask that it may not be thought that my object is to annoy or injure those at present in power in Germany. I have rather endeavoured to moderate my expressions as much as truth would permit. I was not a little astonished to see that the preface was considered too bitter. Good Lord! What will it be like if ever I allow my heart fully to express itself in unguarded language! And it may come to that. The unpleasant news which reaches us every day to set us groaning is quite likely to move me to it.

Forgive me, dear reader, if these lines are not fitted to the seriousness of the times. But my enemies are too ridiculous! I say enemies. I give them this title from courtesy, although they are mostly only my slanderers. They are little people who in their hatred do not reach even to the calf of my leg. With blunt teeth they gnaw at my boots. They wear themselves out with barking down them.

It is more distressing when my friends mistake me. That might upset me, and indeed it does so. . . .

Among our Jacobin *émigrés* who have made such a row since the days of July are certain imitators of that style of polemic which I practised during the period of the Restoration with firm disregard of consequences and at the same time thoughtful self-assurance. But they have

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conducted their affair very ill, and instead of ascribing the personal grievances which arose from it to their own clumsiness, their indignation fell upon the writer of these pages, whom they saw go unmolested. They were like the ape who had watched a man shaving. As soon as the man left the room the ape came and took the razor from the drawer and lathered himself and then cut his throat. I do not know how far these German Jacobins have cut their throats, but I see that they are bleeding profusely. Now they rail at me. "See," they say, "we have lathered ourselves honestly and we bleed in a good cause, but Heine is not honest in his shaving; he is not properly serious in his use of the razor; he never cuts himself; he quietly washes the lather away and whistles carelessly as he does so, and laughs at the bloody wounds of those who have cut their throats in sober earnest."

Be content; this time I have cut myself. . . .

I am publishing in this book a number of articles and reports which I wrote for the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* to satisfy the needs of the moment, in stormy circumstances, with an object easily conjectured, and under limitations even more easily conjectured. I am publishing these anonymous fugitive pages in book form under my own name so that no one else, as I have been threatened, may collect them according to his own fancy and arrange them according to his own caprice, or mix up with them any other matter ascribed to me in error.

I make use of this opportunity to declare definitely that for the last two years I have published not a word in any political journal in Germany except the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. This paper, which is of such great merit in its world-renowned authority and might well be called the *General News* of Europe, seemed to me, on account of its

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reputation and its extraordinarily large circulation, to be the proper journal for reports which have only been intended to aid in comprehension of the present. If we can make the masses understand the present, then nations will no longer be incited to war and hatred by the hack writers of the aristocracy. The great union of peoples the blessed alliance of nations will be brought about, and we shall no longer need in our mutual distrust to feed standing armies of many hundreds of thousands of murderers. We shall make use of their swords and horses for the plough, and we shall attain peace and well-being and liberty. To effect all this is the object of my life: it is my office. The hatred of my enemies can be taken as a pledge that hitherto I have fulfilled this office faithfully and honestly. My enemies will never mistake me even if my friends, in the frenzy of passion, take my deliberate calmness for indifference. Now indeed they will mistake me less than at the time when they believed themselves to have reached the goal of their desires and the hope of victory blew out the sails of their thoughts. I had no share in their folly, but always I shall share in their misfortunes. I shall not return home as long as there is a single one of those noble fugitives who could not lend an ear to reason in the mightiness of their enthusiasm, remaining in exile in a strange land. . . .

To HEINRICH LAUBE.

PARIS, *July* 10, 1833.

You have no idea what a storm is raging about me at present. I have the *juste milieu*, the hypocritical Catholic Carlist party, and Prussian spies about my ears. My

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"French Affairs" has appeared in French, together with my preface complete and unabridged. The preface has also been published by Heideloff in German, and is probably also at Leipzig by this time, where you will see it. I would send it you if I were not afraid that you might be compromised. Take care. There is no safety here. Several Germans were arrested here, and I am afraid that I may be arrested at any moment.

Perhaps my next letter will be dated from London. I am impressing all this on you to urge you to be careful and moderate.

I thank you with all my heart for all the friendly things that you have written and published about me. Rest assured that I understand you, and do therefore prize and honour you. You stand higher than all others, who only understand the Revolution superficially and do not grasp the profound questions raised by it. These questions are concerned neither with forms nor persons; neither with the introduction of a republic nor the limitation of a monarchy; but with the material well-being of the people. The spiritual religion which has prevailed hitherto was wholesome and necessary as long as the greater part of men and women lived in wretchedness and had to find comfort in a Divine Religion. But since it has become possible through the advance of industry and economics to extricate men from their material wretchedness and give them blessedness on earth, since—you understand me. And the people will understand us when we tell them that now they shall eat beef every day instead of potatoes, and shall work less and dance more.

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To VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

My book, the French translation of the "Affairs," is a great success. I have to thank the translator that the unabridged preface was added to it. This, the product of my passionate indignation at the resolutions of the *Bundestag*, will perhaps prohibit my ever returning to Germany; but it will perhaps save me from death *à la lanterne* at the next insurrection, since my gentle fellow countrymen can no longer accuse me of being in league with Prussia.

My publisher at Hamburg printed the preface especially and with parentheses from another land. Although I forbade him to publish it, he sent some copies to Poland, and a German here has completed the preface with the aid of one of these copies and the French translation, and published it on his own responsibility. I am telling you this so that you may not blame me for the greatest follies in it. I have no intention of seizing the moment demagogue-fashion, and I do not believe in the possibility of an immediate effect on the Germans. Beside, I am retiring from politics and busying myself at present for the most part with art, religion and philosophy.

CHAPTER IV

SAINT-SIMONIANISM

TO VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

PARIS, *Middle of May*, 1833.

I AM much occupied now with the history of the French Revolution and Saint-Simonianism. I shall write books about both. Last year I learned to understand much by watching party dealings and the phenomena of Saint-Simonianism, for example, the *Moniteur* of 1793 and the Bible. I want now only health and a life free from care. I have had many opportunities of gaining such a life, but always under conditions for which I had a certain repugnance, not as a patriot, but as a man of culture. I certainly agree with what you say about Saint-Simonianism. Michel Chevalier is my very good friend; one of the finest men I know. That the Saint-Simonians have withdrawn is perhaps a good thing for the doctrine itself, it falls into wiser hands. The political part especially, the doctrine of property, will be better worked out. For my part I am only interested in the religious ideas, which only need to be expressed for them sooner or later to enter into the common life. Germany will fight lustily for its spiritualism : *mais l'avenir est à nous*.

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

I have had long discussions on religion with Michel Chevalier, who wishes to be remembered to you.

To PROSPER ENFANTIN IN EGYPT.

PARIS, *April 8, 1835.*

You wished to know about the progress of ideas in Germany in recent times in order to understand the relation in which the intellectual movements of that country stand to the synthesis of your doctrine.

I thank you for the honour which you have done me in asking me to give you information concerning these things, and I am glad to find an opportunity, by the way, of coming into contact with you even at such a distance.

Permit me to dedicate this book to you ("On the History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany"). I believe that it may sort with the tendency of your thought. However that may be, I beg you to accept it as a token of esteem and sympathy.

At the time, the name to which I made this dedication was, so to speak, a shibboleth, and stood for the most advanced party in the struggle for the emancipation of mankind, which has been defeated by the *gens-d'arme* and courtiers of the old social order. While I patronised the vanquished, I hurled at their opponents a haughty challenge and openly proclaimed my sympathy with the martyrs, who were being maltreated at that time and mercilessly held up to scorn in the journals and in society. I was not afraid of giving myself up to the absurdity with which this good cause, it must be confessed, is a little affected. The position has changed since then. The martyrs of those days are no longer despised and perse-

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cuted ; they no longer bear the cross, unless perchance it is the Cross of the Legion of Honour ; they no longer run barefoot through the deserts of Arabia, there to seek the free woman—these deliverers from the marriage yoke, these destroyers of the marital fetters, married after their return from the East, and became the boldest wooers of the West ; they even wore boots. Most of these martyrs are now well-to-do ; several of them are newly fledged millionaires, and many of them have reached the most honourable and lucrative positions—there is speedy travelling with railways. The earlier Apostles, who were fired with enthusiasm for all mankind and a Golden Age, are not content with preaching an Age of Silver, the dominion of the God of Silver, who is the father and mother of everybody and everything—he is perhaps the very God who has been foretold in the words : All is in Him, nothing is outside Him ; without Him is nothing. But He is not the God to whom the author of this book bows his head. . . .

As the French do not understand the language of our German schoolmen, I have, in discussing the Being of God, made use of the same expressions which have been familiarised by the apostolic zeal of the Saint-Simonians ; as these expressions do express barely and definitely my meaning, I have kept them in the German version. Squires and parsons who have lately feared the power of my words more than ever, and have sought to make me unpopular, will probably misuse these expressions in order to accuse me of a seeming materialism and atheism ; they will probably make me out a Jew or a Saint-Simonian ; they will probably bring all sorts of accusations of heresy against me before their riff-raff. No consideration or caution shall induce me to veil my conception of Divine

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things with the usual equivocations, and my friends will probably be angry with me for not concealing my thoughts and for bringing to light the most delicate matters, and for causing trouble—neither the animosity of my enemies, nor the silliness and folly of my friends, shall keep me from expressing straightforwardly and openly my opinion of the most vital question of humanity, the existence of God.

I do not belong to the materialists who clothe the spirit in flesh ; rather do I give to bodies their spirits ; I spiritualise bodies, I sanctify them.

I do not belong to the Atheists, who deny ; I affirm.

The Indifferentists, the so-called wise men who will not express an opinion on God, are the real blasphemers of God. Such silent blasphemy is now a social crime, for by it misconceptions are subserved, which have always been a prop for despotism.

The beginning and the end of all things is in God.

CHAPTER V THE SALON

PARIS, *Oct. 17, 1833.*

"I GIVE you this counsel, gossip: let me paint on your crest not a golden angel, but a red lion. I am used to painting red lions and you shall see that, even if I painted a golden angel for you, it would look like a red lion."

These words of an honest fellow artist shall stand in front of the first volume of the "Salon," since they can meet every reproach which may be made against it. To be done with it, let me say at once that this book, with certain unimportant exceptions, was written in the summer and autumn of 1831 at a time when I was occupied chiefly with cartoons for future red lions. I was then living in the midst of all sorts of uproar and disturbance.

The sanctimonious of every shade will sigh deeply over many a poem in the book, but it will not do them any good. Another "succeeding generation" has perceived that every word and every song of mine springs from a great, divinely joyous idea of Spring, which, if not better, is at least as respectable as that gloomy, mouldy Ash Wednesday idea which has sadly de-flowered our lovely Europe and peopled her with ghosts and *Tartuffes*. Where

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once I skirmished, lightly armed, is now a great war toward—and I am no longer in the front rank.

Thank God! The July Revolution has let loose the tongues that have for a long time seemed tied: aye, when those who were suddenly awaked wished to reveal at once all that has been clothed in silence, then arose a great outcry which deafened my ears and robbed me of my joy, and not myself alone. Often I was seized with a desire to give up my spokesman's office altogether, but that is not so easy to do as to give up a secret office of state, though that brings in more than the highest public tribunate. People imagine that what we do is a matter of idle choice and that we pick out of the supply of new ideas one for which we wish to speak and work, and struggle and suffer, as a philologist chooses his classic with which he is occupied all his life in commenting upon—no we do not seize an idea, but the idea seizes us, and enslaves us, and whips us to the arena, so that we, gladiators perforce, may fight for it. So it is with every true tribunate or apostolate. It was a sorrowful confession that Amos made to King Amaziah: "I am no prophet, nor son of a prophet, but I am a cowherd who gathers mulberries; but the Lord took me from my flock and said to me: 'Go hence and prophesy!'" It was a sorrowful confession that the poor monk made when he stood arraigned for his teaching before the Emperor and the Empress at Worms and declared that recantation was impossible, and concluded with these words: "Here I stand. I can no otherwise. God help me. Amen."

If you knew this sacred impulse you would no longer cry out upon us, and shame upon us, and no longer would you calumniate us—indeed, we are not the masters, but the servants of the Word. It was a sorrowful confession that

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Maximilian Robespierre made: "I am the slave of Liberty."

And I, too, will make confession now. It was no vain desire of my heart that made me leave everything that was dear to me, and fair and smiling, in the Fatherland—there were many to love me there: my mother, for instance—but I went without knowing why. I went because I must. Afterwards I was very weary. I had for so long before the days of July fulfilled the office of prophet that the inward fire consumed me, so that my heart was worn out by the mighty words that broke forth from it like the body of a woman in the hour of birth. . . .

I thought: When there is no more need of me I will live for myself for a space and write the beautiful poems, comedies and novels, the tender and gay play upon thoughts which are gathered together in my brain-pan, and I will slip away quietly to the land of poetry where I lived so happily as a boy.

And I could have chosen no place where I could be in a better position for carrying out this project. It was at a little villa close to the sea, near *Hâvre-de-Grace* in Normandy. A wonderfully beautiful view of the great North Sea, an ever-changing and yet simple prospect: to-day a grim storm, to-morrow a pleasant calm, and high above the white trailing clouds, gigantic, fantastic, as though though they were the walking shadows of those Normans who have lived their wild life upon these waters. But under my window there grew the most lovely flowers and plants. Roses that looked at me love-lorn, red carnations with their most pleading scent, and laurels that clambered up the wall to me and grew almost in at the window, like the flame which pursues me. Yes, once I ran timidly behind Daphne, and Daphne runs after me like any Moll,

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and thrusts her way into my room. What I once longed for pleases me no more, and I would fain have peace, and wish that no man should speak of me, least of all in Germany. And I would fain write songs in peace, and read them only to myself, or, perchance, to some hidden nightingale. And what I wished began to come to pass—my mind was soothed by the spirit of poesy, familiar noble poems and golden visions dawned upon my mind; once more I was lost in dreams, and drunk with fairy lore, and enchanted, and I needed only to take my pen and write down in peace what I felt and thought—I began.

But now it is common knowledge that a poet in such a state does not sit in his room, but often runs into the open fields, his cheeks glowing, inspiration in his heart, and gives no heed to the way by which he goes. So it was with me, and, without knowing how, I suddenly found myself on the high road from Havre, and in front of me peasants were driving slowly their high carts loaded with all sorts of poor chests and boxes, old Frankish furniture, women and children. By the carts marched the men, and to my great surprise when I heard them speak, they spoke German, the Suabian dialect. I understood: they were emigrants, and when I looked at them closer there rushed through me a sudden feeling such as I have never known in my life. My blood rushed suddenly into the chambers of my heart and knocked against my ribs, as though it must burst from my breast, as though it must get out as quickly as possible, and my breath choked me. Yes, it was the Fatherland itself that I encountered; on those carts sat fair-haired Germany, with his grave, blue eyes, his sad and all too thoughtful face, and in the corners of the mouth was still that sad tightness over which I had waxed so weary and so angry, but now it touched me to sorrow—for

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if, in the hot desire of youth, I had often girded at the perverseness and Philistinism of my home, if, in my happy Fatherland, pompous as a Burgomaster, slow as a snail, I had often excited squabbles such as always occur in large families, all memory of such things was gone from my soul as I beheld my Fatherland in exile; in a strange land, in exile. Even his crimes became suddenly dear and of much worth to me. I became reconciled even to his pettiness and I shook his hand. I shook the hands of those German emigrants as if I were giving to my Fatherland the handshake of a new bond of love, and we spoke German. These people were very glad to hear the sound of it on a road in a strange land, the anxious shadows flitted from their faces, and they almost smiled. And the women, of whom many were very pretty, called their pretty "Godden!" from the carts, and the youngsters greeted me blushing and polite, and the tiny children shouted at me with their little toothless mouths. "And why have you left Germany?" I asked them. "The land is good and we would gladly have stayed there," they answered, "but we could no longer endure it." . . .

From this encounter my heart was filled with a profound sorrow, a black gloom, a leaden despair, that I cannot describe in words. I, who had been roaring so lustily as a conqueror, I walked limply and simply home like a broken man. It was not the effect of patriotism suddenly roused. I felt it was something nobler, something better. For years everything that bears the name of Patriotism has been offensive to me. The cause itself had been spoiled for me in some measure by the sight of the mummery of those black fools who made a regular trade of patriotism and donned a trade uniform, and divided

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themselves into masters, journeymen, and apprentices, and had their guild cries with which they went out into the country to fight.

Patriotism is one thing; a true love of one's country is another. It is possible to love one's Fatherland, and live eighty years in it without knowing it; but for that one must have stayed at home. One best knows the nature of spring in the winter; and the best songs of May are written behind the stove. The love of freedom is a prison flower, and only in captivity does one feel the value of liberty. And love for the German Fatherland begins on the German frontier, but it waxes strong at the sight of German unhappiness in a strange land.

I am no patriot, I assure you, and if I wept on that day it was because of the little girl. It was towards evening, and a little German girl whom I had noticed among the emigrants stood alone on the shore, as if lost in thought, and looked out over the wide sea. She was, perhaps, eight years old; she wore two pigtails neatly plaited, a little short Suabian coat of woollen flannel; she had a pale sickly face, great serious eyes, and in a soft anxious, though at the same time curious, voice, she asked me if that was the ocean? . . .

Far into the night I stood by the sea and wept. I am not ashamed of those tears. Achilles wept at the sea, and his mother with her silver feet had to arise from the waves to comfort him. I, too, have a voice in the waters, but not so much a voice of comfort, as rousing, commanding, and very, very wise. For the sea knows everything; the stars confide to him by night the most hidden secrets of the Heavens; in his depths is the fabulous sunken treasure like the hoar-old tales of the earth that are long since dead; he listens by all coasts with the thousand thousand

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curious ears of his waves, and the rivers, which flow down to him, bring him all the news that they have gleaned from the most distant lands or have overheard in the chatter of the little brooks and mountain streams. But if the sea reveals his secrets to a man, and whispers to the heart of a man the great word that liberates the world, then, Peace, farewell! and, peaceful dreams farewell! Farewell to the novels and comedies that I began so charmingly, and that will not for long be continued!

The colours for the golden angels are almost dry on my palette, and only a bright red, that looks like blood, and is used for painting red lines, has remained soft. Yes, my next book will be a red lion, neither more nor less, and after the above confession, a public that is worthy of all reverence will find excuses for it.

CHAPTER VI

THE FRENCH TRANSLATION OF THE “TRAVEL PICTURES”

To MAXIMILIAN HEINE.

PARIS, *April* 21, 1833.

GIVE me your advice as a doctor, what to do for my headaches from which I have suffered these last two months more than ever. It is perhaps the result of great mental activity. Not that I have been working much lately but the difficulties which I have had to encounter in consequence of political events, have prevented my working. My position is only brilliant externally; I am almost crushed by the most extraordinary marks of honour. You have no idea what a colossal reputation I have—but it is a burden like any other and has necessity, vexation, distraction, trouble and torment in its train.

I understand now only too well why all famous men have an unhappy life. Give me your advice, dear Max; shall I go to a watering-place again this year? The sea has never yet suited me ill, actually ill. But it did not do much for me last year. In any case I cannot leave Paris until August, for I am having my “Travel Pictures” translated into French and my translator is so bad that I

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have to do most of the work myself. Then I have to write a series of articles on Germany, a promise which I should not keep, were it not that I need an enormous amount of money here. I have spent enormous sums this last year.

* * * * *

When I made use of the talent for translation of the late Loeve-Weimars I was astonished at the way in which, while we were collaborating, he made me feel my ignorance of French idioms in his own linguistic superiority. When we had committed an article to paper after hours of work, he would praise my familiarity with the spirit of the French idiom so seriously, and with such apparent astonishment that I was forced to believe in the end that I myself had translated it, the more so, as the subtle flatterer used to assure me frequently that he understood German only very little.

It was a strange whim of Loeve-Weimars that he who understood German as well as I should yet assure everybody that he knew no German. . . .

It will always be a question difficult for me to decide how a German writer should be translated into French. Ought thoughts and images to be expunged if they do not fit the civilised taste of the French, and if they might appear unpleasing to them or perhaps even absurdly exaggerated? Or should one introduce into the fine society of Paris the unlicked German with his transrheneish originality, with all his Germanisms, fantastically coloured, and even loaded with hyperromantic decorations? I for my part do not think that the unlicked German should be translated into the disciplined French, and so I present myself in my native state of barbarism, like the Indians of Carriacou, for whom such a kindly reception was prepared last summer. And I too am a warrior hero, like the great Takouabeh. He

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is dead now, and his mortal frame is carefully preserved in the museum of the *Jardin des Plantes*: that zoological Pantheon of the realm of beasts.

My book is an Exhibition Hall. Enter it without fear. I am not so bad as I look. I have only painted my face with savage colours in order to frighten my enemies more in battle. At bottom I am as gentle as a lamb. Calm yourselves and give me your hands. You may also touch my weapons, even the quiver and arrows, for I have blunted the points of them, as is the custom with us barbarians when we approach a hallowed place. Between ourselves, the arrows were not only sharp, but also poisoned. To-day they are quite harmless, and you can amuse yourselves by looking at the gay coloured feathers: your children could use them as a toy.

The style, the linking of the thoughts, the turns, the grotesque interpolations, the unusual expressions, in short, the whole character of the German original is as far as possible rendered word for word in the French translation of the "Travel Pictures." The sense of beauty, the elegance, the grace and charm have been mercilessly sacrificed to literal fidelity. It is now a German book in French, and this book makes no claim to please the French public but to make the public acquainted with a foreign original. In short, I wish to instruct, not merely to amuse. In this way we Germans have translated foreign writers, and there was this much use in it that we gained new points of view, word forms and turns of language. Such an acquisition could not harm you. Having undertaken to make you acquainted in the first place with the character of this exotic book it does not matter much that I present it to you abridged because several passages only contain local and passing allusions, puns and other specialities of

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the kind and therefore could not be reproduced in French ; and because several of the passages are most inimically directed against certain persons unknown in this country, and might, if they were repeated in French, give rise to the most unpleasant misunderstandings.

This book with the exception of a few pages was written before the July revolution. At that time the political pressure in Germany had produced a general dull quiescence ; men's minds were sunk deep in the lethargy of despair, and if any man dared to speak, he had to do so the more passionately, the more he despaired of the victory of freedom and the more bitterly the party of the priests and the aristocracy raged against him. I used the expressions " priests " and " aristocracy " from habit, because I was for ever making use of these words at that time, when alone I was chanting this polemic against those champions of the past. These words were then understood throughout the world, and I must confess that I adhere to the terminology of 1789, and I expended a vast quantity of tirades against Clerics and Nobles, or as I called them the Priests and the Aristocracy. But I have gone further along the path of progress since then, and my beloved Germans, roused by the July cannon, have trod in my footsteps and now speak the language of 1789 or 1793, and are still so far removed from me that they have lost sight of me and say that I have remained behind them. I am accused of being too moderate, of being in league with the aristocrats, and already I see the day breaking when I shall be accused of connivance with the priests. The truth is that now I understand by the word " aristocracy," not only the nobly born, but rather all those who, whatever name they may bear, live at the expense of the people. The fine formula for which together with so many other

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admirable things we are indebted to the Saint-Simonians, "Exploitation de l'homme par l'homme" (The exploitation of man by man) raises us above all declarations against the privileges of birth. Our old war-cry against the priest has also been replaced by a better phrase. It is no longer a question of upsetting the old church, but of building up the new, and far from wishing to abolish priests, we are nowadays thinking of being priests ourselves.

Without a doubt the period of negation is not yet passed for Germany, it has only just begun. In France on the other hand it seems to have come to an end; at least I think that people have to devote themselves to positive activities and build up again all that the past has left us of Good and Beautiful.

From a sort of literary superstition I have left my book its German title. Under the name of "*Reisebilder*" it has made its way in the world (with more success than the author himself), and I wished it to keep this happy title also in the French edition.

END OF VOL. I.



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